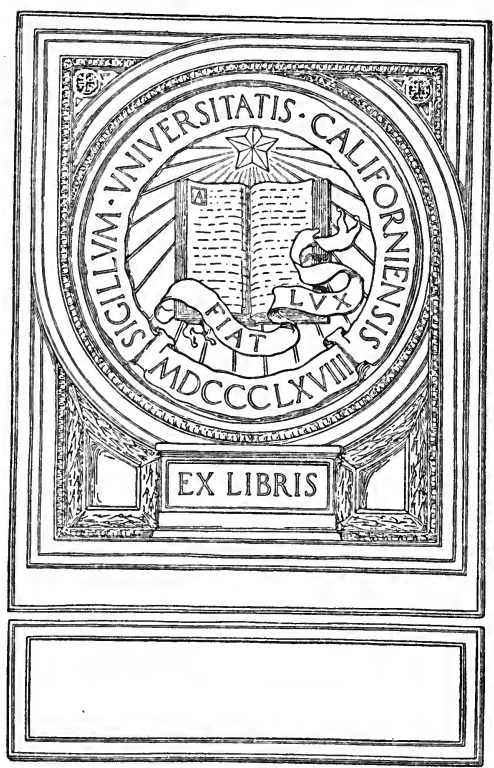


INDIANA WRITERS
OF
POEMS AND PROSE.

"Sons and Daughters of our Statehood,
Gathered in a fair bouquet;
Dropping sweet thoughts from your pen-points
Like the bursting buds of May."

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Hamilton, Edward Joseph. comp.
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INDIANA WRITERS
OF
POEMS AND PROSE.



THE WESTERN PRESS ASSOCIATION, PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO, 1902.

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in

TO WHOM ADDRESS

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PREFACE.

It is with pride the publishers present this volume to the literary world. It has been compiled from selections graciously tendered by the best writers of verse and prose native-born of the Hoosier State. The likeness of each contributor graces the page opposite the manuscript. It is the most interesting, complete and worthy work of the kind ever published and can never be equalled by any other single State or country in the entire world.

Edward Joseph Hamilton,
Compiler.

THE WESTERN PRESS ASSOCIATION,
CHICAGO.

M147337



Their people are righteously proud of them, and they
of their people.

— James Whitcomb Riley.



DEDICATORY.

Sons and Daughters of our Statehood,
Gathered in a fair bouquet;
Dropping sweet thoughts from your pen-points
Like the bursting buds of May.

May the fragrance of these heart-thoughts
'Round your names its sweetness bind,
Until each a beauteous setting
In the hearts of men shall find.

Or like gems of richest lustre,
In our statehood's royal crown;
May each name in golden letters,
Be through ages handed down.

—Laura Galbraith Burke.

Anderson.



MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

The turbulent tide of the mutable years
May bring to me pleasure, may bring to me tears;
May give to me honor, may bring to me shame;
May lead me to misery, lift me to fame.
It matters but little—this truth comes to me,
That whatever I am, or wherever I be,
Though crowds may applaud me, though mobs
may deride,

One love still is constant, whatever betide.
That constancy nothing of earth may disprove;
It beams like a star in the heavens above;
'Tis my mother's unchanging, unchangeable love.

I've seen love's refulgence beam forth on the face
With a glory and beauty no limner could trace.
I've seen its bright halo encircle the head
And its aureole flame in the glory it shed;
And all this has faded as fadeth the light
Of the day at the silent approaches of night;
For builded on passion, and selfish in trust,
The morning found promise, the evening found
dust.

My mother's love beams like a tremulous star.
Its radiance guides me by pathways afar.
How errant I wander, how erring I be,
It beams as unchanging as ever on me.
A rainbow of promise it makes of her tears
Which arches the void of my prodigal years.
There is hope and compassion and peace in its sky;
There is gold at its foot which no money can buy;
And, spanning the course which the angels have
trod,

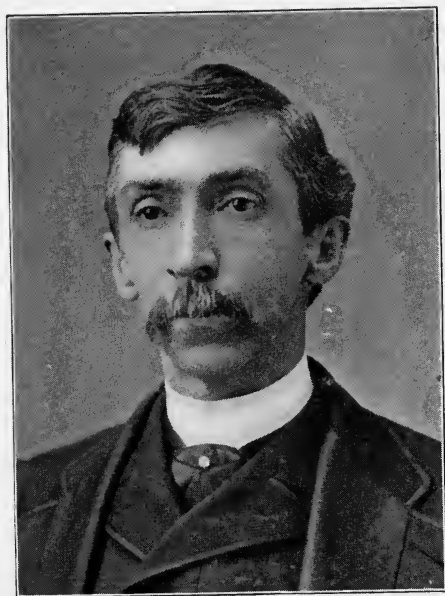
It borrows its hues from the glory of God.

A love so unselfish, so pure through the years,
I never shall meet down this valley of tears.
I may seek the world over, but seek it in vain,
For a love like the love of my mother again.
It lives though the bounds of the world may
remove;

It beams like a star in the heavens above—
My mother's unchanging, unchangeable love.

—Cadmus Crabill.

South Bend.



BEULAH

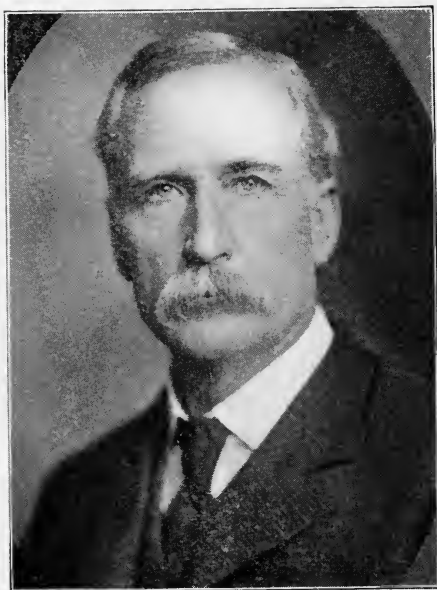
When the autumn winds are roaring,
And the autumn rains are pouring
Unceasingly against the pane,
Beating there a sad refrain;
When the fire is burning dimly,
And the shadows waver grimly
Along the chamber wall;
Then on my heart dark shadows fall.

All my joy to sorrow turning,
All my life within me burning,
While my throbbing heart and brain
Throb unto the sad refrain
Of the shower against the pane,
For my darling, sainted Beulah
Whom I lov'd, and lov'd me truly
Hath cross'd the Stygian river,
And is gone from me forever.

Ere the last fond word was spoken,
The thread of life was broken,
And in the misty haunted twilight,
Between the sunlight and the starlight,
Her spirit took its flight,
To the regions which are light,
To be seen no more by mortals.
Yet she stands within the portals
Of that far off Silent Land,
Beckoning with her slender hand.

—Alfred Bryant Miller.

South Bend.



Out of his recollection of this childhood, however, nothing was stronger than his love for that strange and mysterious father. What was it about him that so fascinated the boy and gave him that deep love and profound respect which for years hid his faults and made him his ideal man?

He could, years afterward, hear the old horses drive up before the house in Hesper, where he boarded and went to school in winter; he could hear his father's voice as he called to them and stopped them; he could see himself rushing out to meet his father; he could recall a little shame as he noticed something about the horse or sleigh or his father's dress that was more rustic perhaps than even that rustic village of Hesper, and then the rush of shame at such a thought; did not his father come for him every Friday night and take him back every Monday morning, and was there not an account always open at William Price's store where he could get during the week anything he wanted? No boy ever had a better father.

Then he remembered how, one evening, in that good Quaker family where he was boarding—Elijah Tabor's it was I think—he heard them talking about spiritualism. They had forgotten that he was around; nice, good boy, they thought; always reading or playing on an old melodeon; never any trouble.

Elijah remarked, "It is strange that people can be led aside by so singular a superstition; I doubt if any really are deceived by it; it is easier to believe that they are all frauds and deceiving than that any human being, man or woman, could be so led astray."

If they had noticed they might have seen the little fellow over in the corner look off his book. He was evidently paying attention.

Elijah went on: "It is only these long haired people, wild-eyed, and unbalanced in mind, that take up such a belief; no respectable people would have anything to do with it."

But this was too much for the boy; his chivalry was aroused; the love of father and mother was boiling in his heart; the Hannah O'Mara nature, of ready words and quick emotion, was astir within him.

He sprang to his feet.

"It's a lie, it's a lie!" he cried, and burst out sobbing.

Then he threw down his book, got his hat and coat, and was putting them on when good Sarah Tabor, who had been like a mother or a kind aunt to her little boarder, went to him and said in her mildest and gentlest voice: "James, thee musn't take things so to heart; nobody meant thy father or mother; nobody knew of them."

The boy was sobbing and hysterical.

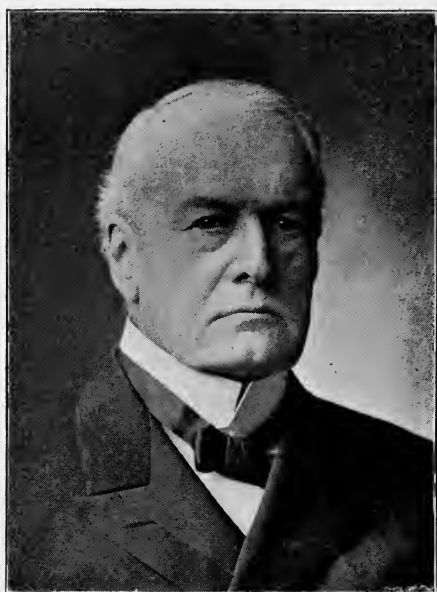
"Elijah will tell thee himself he did not mean thy father," she continued soothingly. Then seeing he was about to go out, she asked: "Where is thee going, James?"

"I'm going home," the boy replied; "I won't stay here."

"But thee cannot go home this cold night all that distance," the good woman said; "I cannot allow thee to; thee is placed in my charge and might get lost and perish in the snow." So with her mild voice and her calm reasoning she pacified him; took his coat from him, and got him to go off to his room.

They talked about the incident, those dear good Friends; they said how careful one must be of what enters into the ear of childhood; they spoke of how easily the little emotions are stirred, and how hard it is to calm them; and of how filial love is and perhaps should be stronger than all belief.

—James Alexander Wickersham.



PROGRESS.

I have described to you the wondrous progress of the countries bordering on the Pacific. We owe it to our country, and to our flag, that with these benefactions of trade and commerce spiritual, mental and moral improvement should go.

By rapid and effective progress the ground, which for many a year lay fallow, has been prepared for the sowing of the seed, and the Christian societies in our midst are to do this work.

All science, all art, all diplomacy, have prepared for them the arena of a conquest which will be greater than that of arms, or of commerce.

The telegraph which belts the world, the wireless pulsations which beat the air, the cable which underlies every sea, the railroads which circumvent the earth, the printing presses which multiply their issues day by day, and hour by hour, the throbbing steamships whose keels vex every ocean, the stately banks, the schools and colleges, the warehouses, the manufactories are all only the precursors of the final result—the conversion of the world to Christianity!

—Charles Denby.

Evansville.



DE WITCHIN' HOUAHS.

When de dusky gawd ob da'kness fol's his mantle o'er
de lan',
An' de mystic voices whispah froo de silence deep an'
gran',
Dar am choristers nocturnal chantin' requiem to de
day,
An' de birds ob ebil-omen hovah low alon' de way.

Li'l' katydids am 'sputin' 'mongst de fol'age ovahhead.
An' de rivah am a-moanin' kin' ob skeery-like an' sad;
De moon, a-sinkin' slowly down behin' de sighin' trees,
Sen's a kin' ob glow unearthly froo de leafy canopies.

In de fragran', dew-drenched medders matchless, nod-
din' blossoms fa'r
Vent de sweet intoxication ob dar fragrance on de a'r:
'Way off yondah on de watah dar's a steamboat puffin'
pas'
Wif heh lights a-blinkin' kin'ly an' heh paddles beatin'
fas'.

Frum his den up in de hillside sly ol' Reyna'd's slippin'
out,
Maybe ovah in de marshes Jack-o'-lanthn's bobbin'
'bout;
Frum a treetop in de hollah hoots an owl up at de
moon,
Till de heralds ob de mawnin' come a-peerin' froo de
gloom.

In de peaceful, witchin' houahs 'twixt de midnight an'
de dawn,
Free frum worldly strife an' worry yo's a-restin' till
de mawn,
Fo' dey am de witchin' houahs edgin' on anothah lan',
When de voices frum de da'kness mek a chorus deep
an' gran'.

—David Abbott Piatt.

Lawrenceburg.



A PSALM OF THE RESURRECTION.

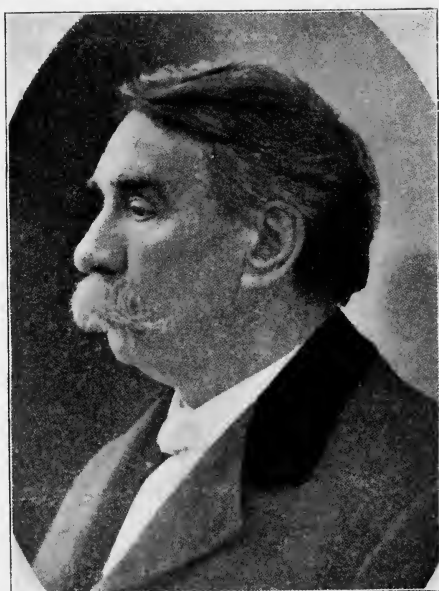
The springtide speaks of Christ
And His dear love,
And tenderly commemorates
His resurrection hour,
When with the Law of Life,
He rent in twain the veil of death,
And through the rift there opened to the gaze
Of fainting, faltering man,
The morning beams of immortality.

On every hand the bursting buds
Fortell earth's resurrection hour,
When all the world shall blossom as the rose,
Reflect the Law of Love,
And once again enact the miracle of life.

E'en thus
The endless springtide in the heart of Christ
Shall e'er unfold itself to man,
And he shall know himself
God's deathless, pure and perfect child;
His joyful heart
Shall vibrate with the universe of Love,
And all the sons of God
Shall join the morning stars in song.

William Bradford Dickson.

Ft Wayne.



MEMORY'S BANQUET.

I am banqueting to-night—

Not with wassail and with wine,
Not with eating and with drinking,
At a bacchanalian shrine ;

For in my lonely chamber

Where the shadows and the light
Are quaintly crossed and checkered—

There I'm banqueting to-night.

In the hush and in the stillness

Of the quiet midnight hour,

I said to memory, "Bring me

The best you have in store ;"

And the feast was spread before me

And the present took her flight,

While the past and I made merry

With our banqueting to-night.

All sorrows were forbidden,

No grief allowed to share ;

Ingratitude and broken faith

Were not permitted there ;

And hate and haters were shut out

And driven from my sight,

For memory had her orders

For the banqueting to-night.

All sunshine hope had promised

And the joys that lasted long—

All the love that filled my soul

With happiness and song,

Sat at the board and cheered me,

Making life a great delight,

As I drank the cup of memory

In my banqueting to-night.

And the comfort and the kindness

That loving hearts have given,

Making life to me the prelude

Of the higher joys of heaven ;

The rich old wine, the vintage

Of the years that took their flight,

But left behind their sweetness

On which I banquet here to-night.

—Will Cumback.



GOD'S HANDIWORK.

I.

THE NEW-BORN BABE.

Is this a winter night, he is so warm!
His little body cuddled close to thee;
Struck soft against thy throbbing heart, his knee,
Crushed sweet upon thy loving lips, his arm.
He has been here so short a while, his form
Is scarcely molded to thy breast yet see,
He seeks thee with his mouth—what ecstasy!
Ah, God! no breath of earth should do him harm!
Life of that life which has enthralled thy own,—
God's blessing born in living flesh and blood,
Love's holy gift to yearning motherhood,—
Thus he is doubly thine. He shall atone
The passions of life's hurried hour, and raise
Thy new-found hopes toward Heaven's hallowed
days.

II.

THE EMPTY ROOM.

The room is empty now which once was thrilled
With her quick presence dominating there;
It has grown mute and lone beyond repair,
Since sound of her and movement have been stilled.
A sense of need that daily contact chilled,
Reveals itself, and much we miss her where
Her weakness was our customary care,—
With what we do for others life is filled!
'Tis when the old are dead we comprehend,
Their generation links our own to God,
And with a half unconscious upward trend,
We follow in the broadest path they trod;
The room is empty but remembrance stays
To claim a kindred thought and shape our ways.

—Rosalie Isabel Stewart.

Evansville.



THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

Upon the broad untraveled deep that rolled,
In dark December's bleak and blustering cold,
Its icy billows on old Plymouth's shore,
A cheering voice, soft blending with the roar
Of wind and wave, made soothing harmony :
And most we honor of that noble band,
The Pilgrim mothers of our native land.
Upon the rugged frontier, where by night,
The hungry barking wolf put sleep to flight,
And all the day, cruel and pitiless,
The savage filled the lonely wilderness
With untold terror, there her daring heart
Took in the peril and the fear its part :
She there the struggling woodman stood beside,
Or nobly o'er his mangled body died,
Who had the strength, all other strength above,
The wondrous power to suffer and to love ;
And thus her queenly "beauty masters the most
strong,"
And lives in warrior's deeds and poet's song.

—May Warthin Dunn.

Indianapolis.



EXTRACT FROM THE OPEN MIND.

There is a single word, constant loyalty to which would keep one's mind always open. It is The Infinite. The very word "infinite" denies finality. Asserting the impossibility of finality, it commands investigation, promises discovery, suggests progress. The mind in each of us is the mediator between our physical and spiritual natures, as the mind of humanity is the mediator between the physical and the spiritual world.

"The open mind" is no less the condition of physical than of spiritual progress. Of all students of physical science the most open minded have been astronomers. The reason for this is doubtless found in the fact that they are obliged to move through an open sea of undetermined space to reach the fields of their observations, to touch the objects of their contemplation. Every advance in physical knowledge has been made in obedience to some one's open mind. There are instances on record of discoveries that have been made in spite of intention by men who, having accepted finalities, set themselves to prove that their finalities were final; and who in the process of attempted proof have felt the finality giving way under the pressure of their own efforts, and have experienced a fall into the unknown, which they yet know to be knowable by the same methods as

those by which they had previously known had become knowable.

No knowledge relating to physical fact could ever seem more certain to its possessor than that the earth is flat and that the great waters are made to divide the lands and to separate peoples; but the dullest schoolboy today knows that the earth is not flat and that the great waters connect instead of separate. No physical fact could be more certainly known by the closed mind than that between the grain of sand and the ant that constructs its well ordered city from the sand grains there is a great gulf fixed; and that between the ant, building and guarding its walled-in community, and Napoleon building an empire there is a greater gulf more firmly fixed. But a single word which we have all gotten used to has shown that between the grains of sand and the ant building thereon, between the ant and the man, who by a single footstep may ruin a thronged city of ants, there is no fixed boundary line; but only a continuous thread of connection and relationship.

A quarter of a century ago most good folks trembled at the utterance of the potent word "evolution," finding in it a threat of revolution against high heaven, and an assertion of infidelity, if not indeed of atheism. The man who discovered the law of evolution which relates all things to all other things, and who gave us this word, by virtue of the open mind saw what he saw. All of the collisions in which humanity has received that series of disturbing jolts apparently indispensable to its progress have been occasioned by the meeting of a closed mind with a new fact, with a hitherto undiscovered law or with a hitherto unnamed force. General as is admiration for an open mind, for the most part, the minds that have avowed themselves to be open, to be conscious that they are unfilled; to be waiting for more to come; have been the objects of jeering comment by the majority.

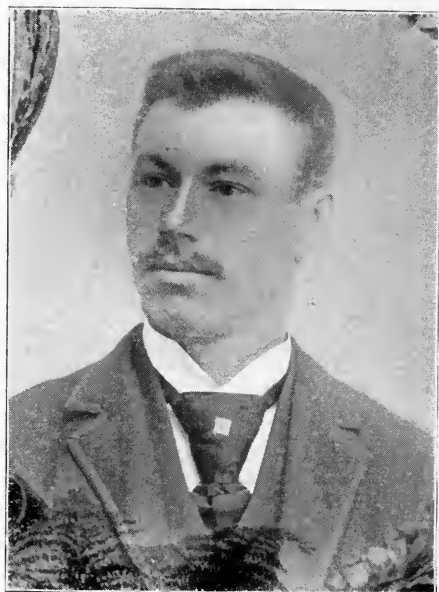
Tesla in his isolated tower announcing his conviction that conscious and intelligent interplanetary communication is but a question of time, is only more, but not differently, jeered at from his predecessors, Morse, Field, Galvani and Volta at their respective stages of work with the same element. They each in turn have expressed views no more anathema to his generation than was Columbus's doctrine of the sphericity of the earth to his. The open mind in each case was the indispensable condition of all that its possessor did. It is the indispensable condition of all that shall be done hereafter.

Party tenets and creeds which are accepted as finalities are the fetters most difficult for the human mind to break. Next to the pride of creed the arrogance of nationality is a lock on the door of the mind. The arrogance of nationality, in the first instance, is individual selfishness and individual vanity expanded and multiplied; in the second instance, it is the result of tuition in an unwarrantable patriotism. Probably few human beings have ever been so blinded to their own defects and so wanting in a desire to improve that they really think themselves superior in all regards to their fellows. A smaller number still of individuals would find it possible to rise in any company and declare their superiority to the others present; boldly saying that their minds are keener, their hearts larger, their intelligence more tutored, their powers better trained, their skill more practiced, their wealth greater, than the corresponding qualities and possessions of their friends present. Yet what we do not permit to an individual we inculcate as a virtue in a people, and the insufferable arrogance that results from this tuition we christen patriotism and put it at the head of the list of civic virtues.

The human mind as a whole must be the reflection of God's mind. The wisdom, the goodness, the mercifulness, the love, the knowledge which are God's qualities are found in the mind of humanity as a whole, but each separate nation is but a single facet of that Infinite Mind, reflecting only one, the dominating mental attitude, and only by being open and accessible to all that is reflected from the other facets, can a national consciousness pass out of its limitations into the possession of the whole; into the consciousness of Humanity.

—May Wright Sewall.

Indianapolis.



IN MEMORY OF MOTHER.

Our mother is an angel now,
Her spirt's flown to Heaven,
The dearest gift of all, I trow,
That's e'er to mortal given.

Three score and ten years she'd seen,
Years fraught with pain and care,
But she is free from them, I ween,
In that bright home o'er there.

We laid her body in the grave,
The grave so dark and cold;
The soul returned to Him who gave—
The body turns to mould.

Her suff'rings she did meekly bear,
Nor murmured at her lot,
The thought oft brings the rising tear—
She can not be forgot.

Dear mother, we'll remember thee,
Although thy voice is stilled;
You've sail'd across the dark, dark sea
Because the Lord so willed.

And may Jehovah guide our bark
Across life's stormy sea,
And bring us safely thro' the dark,
Dear mother, unto thee.

David Huffman Tipton.

Coal City



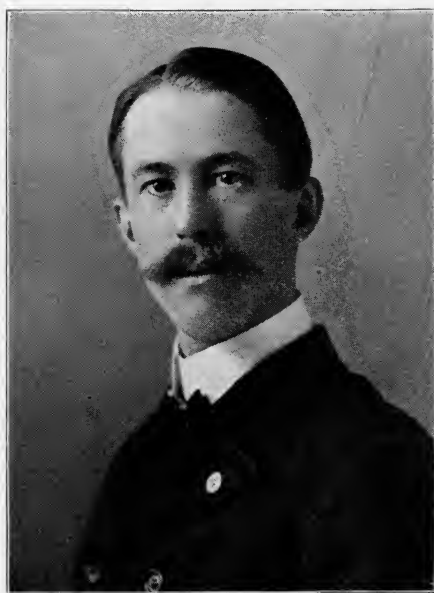
PLATC.

Without a guide, above the wandering fires
Of wisdom sought by those who could not find,
He paled the flaming of the world's desires
With one serenely clear, effulgent mind.

And like the moon that rules the restless sea,
He drew all tides of learning toward his feet,
And saw domains of thought that yet should be—
Measured the universe and found it meet.

—Minnetta Theodora Taylor.

Greencastle.



THE INDIANA CLUB OF CHICAGO.

The distinguishing characteristic of a Hoosier is his intense admiration for the educational system of his state. Well might he be proud, for in this respect Indiana stands as a model. The history of each educational institution is replete with examples of heroism and self sacrifice on the part of their many faithful friends. The graduates and ex-students of the Indiana colleges, appear today as the heir of all these efforts, and can well hesitate, and ask the question, What can we do to pay the debt of gratitude we owe the past?

The answer to this vital question came in a manner most unexpected. The president of that conservative institution, known as the bulwark of Catholicism, urged, in a recent address delivered before the Indiana Club, of Chicago, that a more hearty sympathy exist among the educational institutions of the state. Judge Robert S. Taylor, of Fort Wayne, says, "I could hardly believe my ears, when I heard Father Morrissey tell his Protestant contemporaries that the victories of the past had been won too much by individual effort; that greater victories could be accomplished in the future if all the institutions of the state would more frequently coöperate with one another."

The object is the key note of the Indiana Club of Chicago. Let us go forth to the accomplishment of our duty as brave plumed knights of old. Let honor be our watchword, the sword of truth our protector. Know thy work and do it, and upon the horizon of our state must and will dawn a new era, scattering its rays of blessing upon all mankind and uplifting to greater perfection the educational system of Indiana.

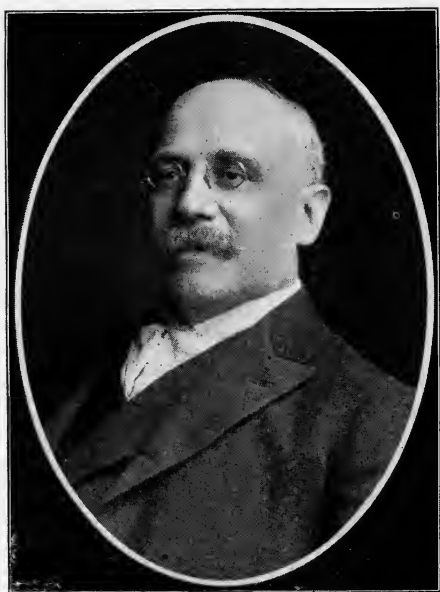
To accomplish such results requires a permanent organization among the graduates of each Indiana college. Let us drink then to that sentiment which makes these organizations possible. That sentiment, loyalty of the college student to his professor, binds us together with cords of silver and gold. Let us drink to this sentiment, which seems should be a graduate's most precious possession. Doubtless each one bears upon his character the distinguished mark of some great teacher. Doubtless each one cherishes the memory of some distinct professor who never lost an opportunity to impress upon the lives of his students those just principles of success: teachers who, when necessary, were willing to make sacrifices for their pupils; teachers whose patient labors in life too often resemble the flowers of the forest, whose fragrance is lost to heedless passers by.

"Honor and reverence, and the good repute
Which follows faithful service as its fruit,
Be unto you the living we salute."

God grant that this sentiment, loyalty of the college student to his professor, will ever bind the members of this organization to "who in the earlier days led our bewildered feet through learning's maze."

—Charles Hugh Leech.

Crawfordsville.



"I'M IN A BOOK AT LAST."

I'm asked for "forty lines of Verse,
or
Eight hundred words of Prose."
Now which the reader'd find the worse,
I'm sure nobody knows.
For all the rhymes I've ever writ
Were voted dull and flat
And not a solitary skit
Escaped the Office Cat!
And so it is that years gone by
I dropped the poet biz
And swore I ne'er again would try
To be what Riley is.
To Prose I turned my weary pen
And wrote it by the yard.
I wrote of Politics and Men,
Of Principles—and Lard:
I wrote of Tariffs and of Trusts;
Of Frauds and of Reform;
I wrote of Bankruptcies and "Busts"
Of Panics and of Storm.
I wrote about the currency;
Of Gold and Silver too;
And sometimes just a word of the
Vile Opposition Crew;
I wrote about the Pugilists,
Of Finance and the Banks;
And then of Prohibitionists
And sometimes of the Cranks;
I wrote of Cleveland and of Blaine,
Of Roosevelt and Hay
I wrote of Kansas and of Maine;
I wrote of William J.,
I wrote of Statesmen wise and great,
Of Politicians small;
Perhaps I wrote some Billingsgate
(I can't remember all.)
But all was written for the day,
And ere the day was done,
It found its straight and certain way
Into oblivion.
And thus, for more than thirty years
I've scribbled hard and fast.
And now, with Poets and with Seers
I'm in a Book at last!

—Samuel Edwards Morss.

Indianapolis.



TO BE AN AMERICAN CITIZEN.

The school boy of to-day is wiser than the venerable philosophers who studied in the groves of Academus.

The magic of the laboratory discloses elements and combinations undreamed of by the fathers of chemistry.

To be an American citizen to-day means more than ever before, it means greater opportunity and enlarged responsibility. Each year finds us camped upon new heights in our onward march.

We look upon our country grown great and strong. We compare it with others and rejoice at the comparison.

We take pride in our territory which spans the continent, which lies within the Arctic circle, and in the distant seas.

We point to our rich fields, our vast forests and to the exhaustless treasures of the earth; to our splendid cities and to our far-reaching highways of commerce; to our enormous trade statistics, to our invincible fleets. But these, all these, are not our chief glory. We find our most cherished rational achievement in the virtue and intelligence and in the all-pervading charity of our people. The rich manifestations of our commercial power, our military and naval strength, great and splendid as they are, are not to be counted when compared with the moral and intellectual grandeur of our people.

There has been some suggestion that the American people are given over to commercialism; that they are possessed of the materialistic spirit, and take too little notice of the development of those finer and gentler qualities which are at once the flower and fruit of our civilization. We find the complete denial of this suggestion in our expanding common school system, in the development of our colleges and universities, in the countless charities and in the increasing number of those who are dedicating themselves to the sacred work of the church.

The pulpit was never filled by abler nor better men—men more thoroughly dedicated to their high and holy calling.

The lecture room was never the source of more wholesome influences than it is to-day.

There is on every hand, in every city, village and hamlet, a generous rivalry among men and women to promote some charity or some work which shall tend to uplift the vicious, the ignorant, and the unfortunate.

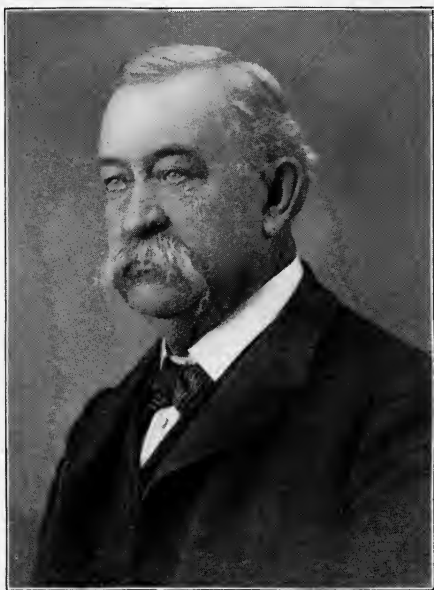
Those who accumulate wealth stand disgraced and dishonored if they do not use it for the benefit of others.

Stand fast for the maintenance of civil and religious liberty for the preservation of these two great fundamental doctrines for which our forefathers contended with titanic power.

Promote civic righteousness; do not avoid the caucus, fearing it will contaminate, but attend it to the end that it may not contaminate the state. In the ballot box our liberties are compounded. See to it that it gives true expression of the public will. Preserve it from pollution; protect it and defend it as you would preserve the Ark of the Covenant, for it has been purchased by the priceless blood of countless heroes upon the battlefields of the republic.

—Charles Warren Fairbanks.

Indianapolis.



LIFE ETERNAL.

While wand'ring in this border land,
We strive in vain to understand
The mystic realm whose rosy glow
Lights with its life all here below.

There's not a crest in all life's ocean,
There's not a wave in all this motion,
But in its struggle to be free,
Each sings eternal life of Thee.

This border-land is but one shore
Of the boundless forever more,
And every noble deed or act
Multiple of some eternal fact.

And they who bend the willing ear,
The voice of angels clearly hear,
Who freely fly across the line
Between the human and divine.

Then health and hope and life unending
Are 'neath the skies now o'er us bending,
Not distant realm which far off lies,
But in our hearts, the heaven we prize.

—Luther Chapin Abbott.

Richmond.



REDEMPTION.

Oh mother Earth, so fair and sweet,
Made for the tread of angels' feet,

By man defiled.

The time has come for thy release
Through Jesus Christ the Prince of Peace
From passions wild.

The greed of man has kept thee bound,
But now we hear a joyful sound,

Men learn to love.

The fatherhood of God we hear,
And brotherhood is growing clear
Like that above.

God meant that earth should be so bright
That every soul should see the light
And find repose.

He taught us how to make it so
Through Jesus Christ long years ago,
As scripture shows.

The gospel makes the way so clear
That death and hell will disappear
When we get right.

No curse upon us in that day
When we walk in the gospel way,
With saints in light.

The love of God and love of man
Makes clear to us a perfect plan.
Let love increase.

The greatest thing on earth we hear,
Seek love that glory may appear,
And sorrow cease.

—Mary Frame Selby.

Richmond.



DANCE OF THE DEWROPS.

"Oho!" said a quaint little drop of dew,

"I'm going to have a dance."

So out thro' the summer night he flew

And gathered the drops from the starry blue

The jollity to enhance.

"Come, hurry along," one bright drop said,

"I'm certain the train is due."

So, taking the Moonbeam line, they sped

Adown its silvery track that led

Where rosy gardens grew.

They danced with the daisy that drooped her head

From the heat of the noonday sun,

And kissed the pinks in the flower bed,

And pressed the rose till she blushed right red,

And the hollyhocks, everyone.

The pansy looked with a sweet surprise

When they stroked her velvet dress,

And bathed her in purple and golden dyes,

And the poppy opened her sleepy eyes

When she felt their soft caress.

They stopped where the little rillet laughed

Neath the honeysuckle vine,

And pilfered sweets, as they gaily quaffed

To the very dregs the fragrant draught

From the breath of the jasminee.

When morning peeped thro' the eastern skies

And fanned, with his rose-hued wings,

The drowsy earth, a glad surprise

Looked out from the depths of his great bright eyes

For he saw the prettiest things.

A-dance o'er hill and a-dance o'er dell,

A-dance o'er shine and shade—

The dewdrops' footsteps softly fell—

How-soft, not a soul that lives can tell.

In opal and pearl arrayed.

They danced o'er gardens afar and nigh,

They danced o'er forests old;

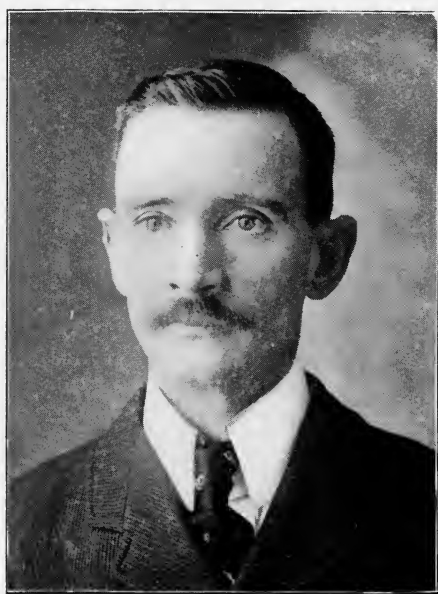
But when he advanced, these elfins shy

Went sailing to the blue, blue sky

In a sunlit train of gold.

—Esther Nelson Karn.

Ft. Wayne.



OLD MONROE.

I'm a Hoosier from the County of Monroe,
And as free as any zephyr winds that blow
 Over hill-top or thro' glen,
 Over morass, bog or fen;
I'm a Hoosier from the County of Monroe.

I'm a Hoosier from the County of Monroe;
With its hills and vales in summer beauties glow
 With the music of the bird,
 Just as sweet as ever heard
By a Hoosier from the County of Monroe.

I'm a Hoosier from the County of Monroe;
'Tis the fairest spot, I care not where you go;
 'Tis the fairest in the state,
 Tho' there's others you relate;
You can never beat the County of Monroe.

When our country needs a man to make her go,
She can find no better one than in Monroe.
 You just place one at the wheel
 And he'll make the country feel
That it has been meandering rather slow.

My native little town is in Monroe,
There's no other like it any place you go;
 It is built among the hills,
 And its street with rapture fills
At the coming of a Punch and Judy show.

There are other towns that nestle in Monroe,
But compared with ours they are rather slow;
 We are plenty good enough,
 Altho' diamonds in the rough,
But when sun-rays dart athwart us how we glow.

I'm a Hoosier from the County of Monroe;
A county where the greatest blessings flow;
 I will stick to her like glue,
 It should be the same with you,
And we'll all be Hoosier people in Monroe.

—Louis Napoleon Williams.



Let us have equality before the law, then survival of the fittest.

Helen Hear Jackson Gougar.

A HAPPY EVENT IN MY LIFE.

I attended a country district school in Southern Michigan. I was one of seven tow-headed youngsters in our family, consisting of the brother and six sisters. My parents were much given to "entertaining the preacher" when he made his quarterly visits to the neighborhood church. The Sundays when the preacher was our guest were the longest and most dreaded days of my life, for I had to "keep still and behave," when he was there. My parents also "took turns" in entertaining the school teacher, who "boarded round" and suffered a corresponding reduction of wages. The coming of the teacher was hailed with great pleasure for I was one of the "upper ten" in school. The pleasant things the teacher would say of "Nellie"—as I was familiarly known—as a pupil, made me an aristocrat in my own home circle, and made his presence a great joy—to me.

My elder sister would read the Bible in season and out of season, but she could never "leave off at the head" of the spelling class. I couldn't endure to read a chapter in the Bible, for it was all Greek to me, but I gloried in wearing the medal home as a symbol of my ability to stand at the head of the spelling class. So the preacher and the teacher were often told that "Jennie was the Bible reader and Nellie the speller"—a sort of mental stand-off, as to the goodness and brilliancy of us twain.

I will confess that this medal, which consisted of a silver half-

dollar with a hole in it, through which a blue ribbon was drawn which served to suspend it from the neck, had more charms for me than all the creeds of the apostles, Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule and the Ten Commandments combined. My greatest delight was in wearing this medal home to show that I had left off at the head of the class. A prize was offered each term to the pupil who had performed this feat the greatest number of times. The whole neighborhood was interested in knowing who would win the spelling prize. It was a greater honor, in those days, than it is to-day for one to go to congress from a country neighborhood. Who wouldn't try for such an honor? The readers of this sketch who learned to spell under the inspiring method of "going up and down" will fully appreciate the interest taken in winning the prize. I was ten years old; I had a competitor in the person of a freckled faced boy about my own age, Wallace Heath, by name. It was an easy task to get above all others in the class but Wallace "never missed." And as I never missed it came about that one day he would leave off at the head, take his place at the foot the next day, when I would leave off, always leaving him at the head whenever I went to the foot.

It came to next to the last day of school. Master Heath had "left off at the head" twenty-two times and I had worn the medal home twenty-one times, standing at the foot the last day of school, my competitor succeeding me on that day at the head. Our lesson was the three long lines in Sanders' spelling book, one line ending in "scissors," the other in "bureau," and the last in "biscuit." To win a place at the head this last day seemed to me to be a hopeless task. The familiar sayings: "When there is a will there is a way," "Never give up while life lasts," "If at first you don't succeed try, try again," surged through my anxious brain. I resolved to try, for maybe my competitor would miss. I took my spelling book home with me that night. On the way home I told my classmates that I would get up to the head "see if I did not." A new zeal took possession of them for they determined to keep me at the foot. That last day, my freckled faced competitor would look over towards me with an air of complacency that set my heart all a flutter, as I saw his determined "Ah, Nellie, you can't win this time." There was something mysterious in that word "biscuit." I felt it in my bones that that was the word, if any, that would give me the coveted prize. One word after another was given out by my calm-faced teacher. No one missed. I stood like a stump, at the foot of the class. Finally the last word in the lesson, on the last day of school and my last chance was given to Wallace, standing self-satisfied in his apparent victory, at the head. "Biscuit," said the teacher. "B-i-s-c-i-u-t," said Wallace. "Next," said the teacher. My heart seemed to jump into my throat. "B-i-s-c-i-t," "B-i-s-c-iutt," "Buiscuit," "Bisskuit,"—and so on until it became a badly mixed specimen of orthography as the word ran down the whole line of anxious and excited pupils. Each one turned the head down the line; with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes they saw the word reach me at the foot. Without waiting to spell the word and then march to the head with tread and dignity of a conquering shero, I ran as I spelled, "B-i-s-c-u-i-t." When the last letter was spoken I stood at the head. I won the twenty-second time. As Wallace and I had equal numbers both were entitled to a prize. It was in the early days of water color paintings when almost every person had a box, 3x5 inches, containing tiny blocks of vari-colored paints. The teacher was quite proficient (in our childish eyes) with the brush. She had prepared two cards, one a bunch of apple blossoms and the other a spray of fuchias. "Seeing I was a girl" I was permitted to take first choice. So I chose the fuchias, which prize I still possess as a sweet reminder of one of the happiest events of my life and a triumph over serious difficulties. The event has marked my whole life. Let a desire possess my soul and let me feel the righteousness of my cause, no discouragements can thwart me, or turn me from my purpose. So do the simple things of life make or mar us.

—Helen Mar Jackson Gougar.

LaFayette, Indiana.



AMERICA.

The name of America will be heard with veneration amid the roar of Pacific's waves, upon the rivers of the north, the billows of the south and the fragrant land of the east where liberty is divided from monarchy, and be wafted in gentle breezes from every stream and lake. It shall rustle in the harvest and wave in the standing corn, and be heard in the bleating folds and lowering herds upon a thousand hills. It shall be proclaimed by the stars and stripes on every sea of earth, as the American Union, one and indivisible. Its greatness shall be hailed with gladness. It shall be lisped in the earliest words, and ring in the merriest voices of childhood and swell to heaven upon the songs of maidens. It shall live in the stern resolve of manhood and rise to the mercy seat upon woman's gentle prayer. Holy men shall invoke its perpetuity at the altars of religion, and it shall be whispered in the last accents of the expiring. Thus shall live the American republic long after our bodies become food for the worms, and when it shall be proclaimed that time shall be no more and the curtains shall fall, still may the destiny of our dear land recognize the conception of the poet of her primitive days—

“Perfumes as of Eden flowed sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angel's, enchantingly sung:
Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the
skies.”

—Harry Burr Darling.

La Porte.

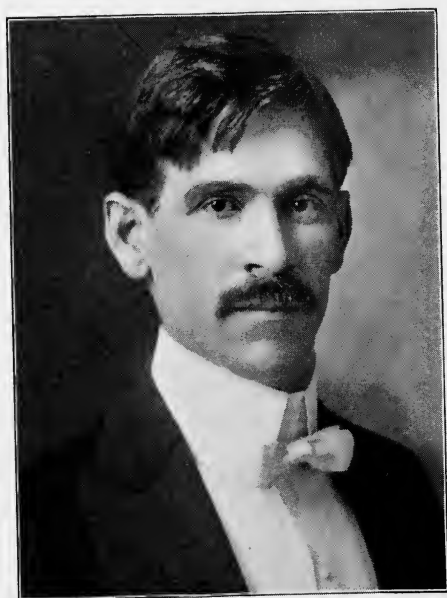


PICTURESQUE ERIN.

'Mong ruins of castles, of abbeys and towers,
'Twixt wooded islands and green leafy bowers,
Past remnants of convents and churches of fame,
Are the scenes in a land that I scarcely need name.
For I trust that my readers have loved it so well,
That on picturesque Erin I happily may dwell.
Now just a few moments in pleasure to while,
And in spirit traverse the fair Emerald Isle.
O! seek where you will 'mong the treasures of art,
And none so like nature appeals to the heart.
For on hillside and valley, on land and on sea,
Glows a lesson for you, and a lesson for me.
All lands have their beauty and souvenirs rare,
Yet 'tis but a foretaste and cannot compare,
With the halo of beauty that crowns Erin's shore.
Thou "Sweet Innisfallen" of darling Tom Moore,
With thy ivy-clad ruins and moss-laden walls,
Thy picturesque abbeys and rook-haunted halls—
O land full of charms, teach our world-weary hearts,
The contentment and hope that thy beauty imparts,
Tho' tumbled thy palaces, doomed to decay,
Yet thy story of glory shall ne'er fade away.
Antiquity's spirit hath shadowed thee o'er,
But thy youth incarnate shall fade nevermore.
Then teach us the lesson, O land of our sires,
To live on with a courage that never shall fail.
Our hearts with thy ever-new hope to inspire;
Be this thy blest mission, sweet land of the Gael.

—Helen May Irwin.

Ft. Wayne.



WHEN PAPA HOLDS MY HAND.

I ain't afwaid o' horses n'r stweet-cars, n'r anyfing;
N'r aut-tomoblies, n'r th' cabs; an' onct, awa-a-ay last spwing,
A grea' big hook an' ladder fing went slaptly-bangin' by
An' I was putnear in th' way an' didn't even cry!
'Cause when I'm down town I go 'wound wif Papa, un'erstand,
An' I ain't fwaid o' nuffin' when Papa holds my hand!
Cause stweet-cars wouldn't hurt him! An' th' horses wouldn't dare!
An' if a aut-tomobile run agin him—he won't care!
He'll al'ays stand between me and th' fings wif danger in—
I know so, cause he al'ways has, ist ev'rywhere we been.
An' nen at night I laugh myself clean into Dweamyland
An' never care how dark it is, when Papa holds my hand.
'S a funny fing—one night when I put-tended I was 'sleep,
An' Papa's face was on my hand, I felt a somepin' cweep
Across my fingers; an' it felt ezactly like a tear,
But could'nt been, cause wasn't any cryin't I could hear;
An' when I ast him bout it, he ist laughed t' beat th' band—
But I kep' wonderin' what it was 'at cweeped out on my hand!
Sometimes my Papa holds on like I maybe helped him, too;
An' makes me feel ost awful good puttendin' l'ike I do;
An' Papa says—w'y Papa says—w'y—somepin' like 'at we
An' God ist keep a-holdin' hands th' same es him an' me.
He says some uvver fings 'at I ist partly un'erstand—
But I know this: I'm not afwaid when Papa holds my hand.

—Strickland Wordsworth Gillilan.

(Author of "Off A'gin, Finnegan.")

Indianapolis.



IL BEL CANTO.

(Permission of the New York Independent.)

The minstrel in his motley cloak,
With the plume and floating hair,
Could turn the torches' tawny smoke to incense in the air.
The dame upon the dais dreamed,
The good knight pondered near,
The man-at-arms a statue seemed that leaned upon its spear;
And all the humble vassal throng
Were mute in groups apart,
The while he sang a fitting song for every beating heart.

He sang of meadows, trippingly,
That dimpled neath the breeze;
Of kine that stood where ripplingly the waters lapped their knees;
Of vines with clusters amethyst,
Of orchards sagging low,
Of red moons peering through the mist when heaped barns overflow;
Of feast-days, frequent, glad and long,
Of liege-lords kind and mild,
And as the bard gave o'er his song the vassals stirred and smiled.

He sang again—of battlefield
And puissant deeds of war;
Of splintered pike and riven shield and cloven helmet bar;
Of glory hand in hand with death,
Of valor deified;
Of men who cheered with latest breath the cause for which they died;
Of leaguered towns defenders held
Tho plague and famine came,
And as he ceased there hoarsely swelled the warriors' deep acclaim.

He sang again—and now his song
Moved all the listening band;
Each peasant found among the throng a peasant maiden's hand;
The man-at-arms resolved to seek
The heart he longed to know;
And something brushed the lady's cheek when once a torch burned low.
The arches' echo held it long
The raptured hush above,—
The lowly, lofty, world-wide song—the earth-old song of love!

—Bessie Miller.

Indianapolis.



A WORD ABOUT WORDS.

If there had been no picturesque Indiana with furrowed field, open wood and slanting hillsides; if the writer could not, while inhaling the odor of the new-plowed ground and steeping her soul in mystic beauties, have had an eye and an ear and a heart for the human being who directed the furrow; if there was no folk-lore, nor history, nor out-of-door source of exaltation, might not our writers find inspiration enough within the lids of an unabridged dictionary? Might it not still have been "literary Indiana?"

The spoken or written sign of an idea—words. Beautiful, resonant, meaningful words. Plain, forceful, simple words. Imagine living without speech—the song of life and the life of love! "In the beginning was the word." The first and the last. Without which there would be no love, no hate, no business, no books; neither war, nor peace. Words—that will stalk or scamper, flout or flourish, languish or leap, according to the marshalling ability of their master; that can color with every hue and subdue with manifold shadows, earth's every language. A rich vocabulary and pleasing "style" in the tongue learned in babyhood is very inviting and altogether delicious. There are word-feasts on our bookshelves that can never wither nor decay, nor become vapid with long standing.

What shall be said of slang, and of dialect? One of the great masters of the word-craft said of the origin of slang: "It is the bleary-eyed language of misery." Perhaps, then, dialect might aptly be called the squint-eyed language of the humble,—and it must not be forgotten that a squinting eye is often an indication of a shrewd mind. When not overdone, dialect is almost as expressive and impressive as the face of the real character would be. In the case of Mr. Peggotty, who made such a long, patient and loving search for little Em'ly, the dialect from his lips portrays him almost as well as his photograph would. When he tells about the night "it snowed so 'ard," we can see and hear and feel the chilliness of the snow-storm, and can realize his troubled efforts to press his honest old body and ruddy-tanned face bravely through it.

Ah, words are wondrous things, said—and unsaid! Sweet and soulful and sorrowful; stern and harsh and bitter. Cruel as death. Sweeter than life.

A lifetime spent in learning how to put them together will make an author.

—Rua Cassandra Miller.

Darlington.



LITTLE ONES.

Children's voices how we love them,
Sweetest music to our ears,
Down through ages softly blending,
With the ripe and golden years.

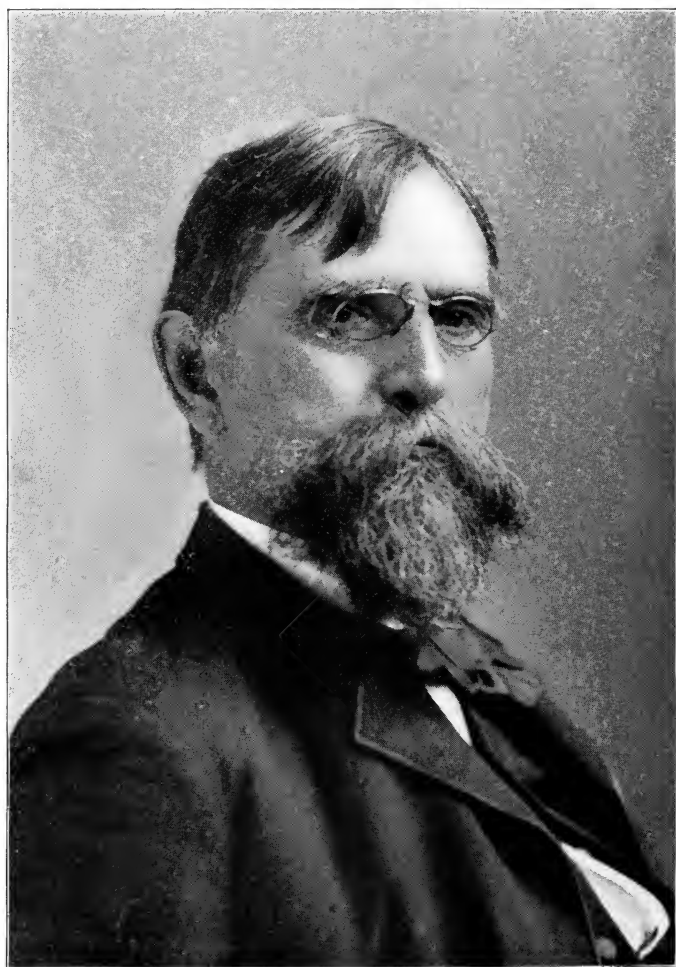
Gladsome notes their hearts are thrilling,
Ringing on through time and space,
Each fond glance His praises telling,
Beams forth with His loving grace.

Little children, God's own treasures,
Stored with youthful race and beauty,
Tripping lightly through life's pleasures,
Drinking all its sweets and joys.

Little arms encircle us,
Pleading eyes look into ours,
Questions oft we can not answer,
Come from the loving lips of theirs.

—Nannie E. Greene Decker.

Anderson.



EXTRACT FROM THE CHARIOT RACE IN BEN HUR.

(By kind permission of the author.)

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

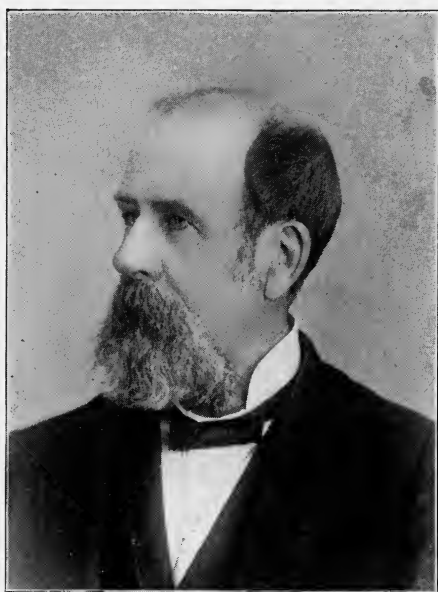
At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle around the goal. To pass him, Ben Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is, on a like circle, limited to the best possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all: they saw the signal given—the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drew; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky clouds of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned car. He was still, they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. But such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben Hur turned the first goal. And the race was won!

—Lew Wallace.

Crawfordsville.



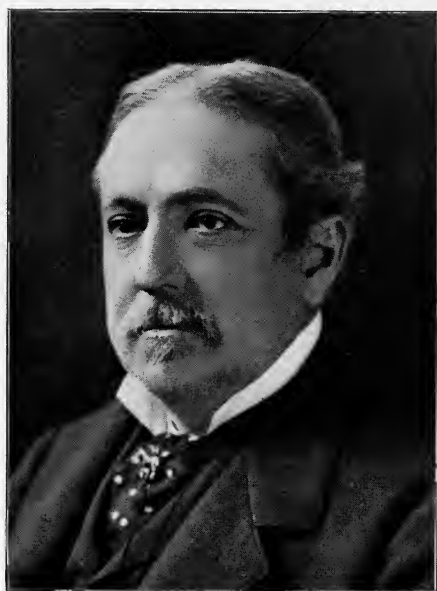
CHEERFULNESS AND CHRISTIANITY.

Example and not pretext is the surest index of the virtues of men, for a diamond will glitter in the cap of a peasant as well as in the crown of a king. If a man earnestly strives to ascertain the right and then makes an honest effort to do it, he will provide himself with some very good religion for every-day use. The fact is, a man can well be a Christian without being a crank.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market." The melancholy man who cannot laugh, is a misfortune. The sanctified man who rebukes others for laughing is an outrage. The man who laughs is easily understood. There is no mystery in the purpose of his being. He is a living, moving, breathing benediction, blessing all and blessed by all. As the sunshine warms the earth in the springtime and brings forth the flowers, so does laughter warm the heart and bring forth that which is good. The smile and not the tear, brightens the household and chases the spectre of care from the hearthstone. The good-natured man who laughs his way through the world, sails his boat over a summer sea, while the melancholy man is cast among the breakers without rudder or compass. 'Tis true we cannot always laugh for sorrow has her season and when she enters the door and takes her seat at the fireside, mirth folds her hands and is silent. Happy is the man who looks upon the bright side of the picture of life and turns from the shadows and walks in the sunshine. The man who refuses to laugh when he can, strews thorns in his pathway as he plucks the roses and sows the thistles. The man who persuades himself that there is an antagonism between cheerfulness and religion, turns from the lesson that the Hand of God has written. Dyspepsia and religion should not be confounded. Cheerfulness is the handmaid of contentment, and true devotion will not become enthroned in the heart until contentment takes her seat in the conscience. Humiliation and mortification are not necessary. If a man is cheerful and contented while doing good, he adds lustre to his virtues and pleases God by pleasing His creatures. Cheerfulness is to the children of men what the stars are to the night and the flowers to the fields. Cheerfulness and contentment, hand in hand, often pass the rich man's door to enter the poor man's cottage. A happy peasant is more to be envied than an unhappy king.

—Henry Clay Fox.

Richmond.



DREAMS.

Dreams ought to be utilized. I have a friend who, from the recollection of almost any night's sleep, can furnish the plot for a very respectable novel; yet these all remain unrecorded. We have no right to permit so much literary capital to be wasted. In old times, when men believed in dreams, they played an important part in poetry and history. The Evil Dream dispatched by Jove descended from Olympus and sat by the ear of his victim like Satan at the Ear of Eve. The dreams of Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar were the forerunners of the destinies of Egypt and Babylon.

But in our more skeptical age this noble temple of prophecy and warning has been left desolate, and the origin of dreams is attributed, not to the gods, but to dyspepsia. Their interpreter is no longer the national prophet, but the family physician. They are abandoned by poet and historian. Their weird and golden phantasies have died almost completely out from the literature of the world. Once in a generation some master hand strikes the strange chords of dream life, as when Shakespeare's Clarence dreams of the retribution of eternity, or De Quincy pours out the passionate music of his "Dream Fugue on the Vision of Sudden Death," but the myriads of dreams, with their wild scenes, startling situations, and strange imagery, which are permitted to go to waste, is most shocking to a proper sense of literary economy. What an interesting problem to explain their crabbed logic, to unravel their tangled skeins of thought and tell why the most extraordinary characters meet at the most important places and do such startling things. Why is our imagination most free and active while we sleep? Was the old idea after all the true one that a "dream is also from God?" Why can we not control them? Why is it that both for delight and pain they must have their will of us, and transport us at their sovereign pleasure to heaven or to hell? Is it to tell us that our waking hours are equally at the mercy of inexorable fate? Why do they deal so pitilessly with those we love, making them not only the objects of calamity, but even the agents of crime, placing the vials of poison in the hands that are the fondest and tenderest on earth, or crowning with the diadem of prosperity the brows of our deadliest enemy? What right has a dream to work this strange phantasmagoria with our hopes and fears, our fortunes and our affections?

—William Dudley Foulke.

Washington, D. C.



EPIGRAMS.

The Cynic's Idea of Marriage.

The bait seems tempting while the trap stands wide,
But things look different to the mouse inside.

Conceit.

Conceit still dogs Humility,
For think how it would grieve us,
When we confess our inmost faults,
To have the world believe us!

The Penalty.

Not to the "lion" is the hunt amusing,
Nor by the wit should one fact be ignored -
The more you're capable of entertaining,
The more you're capable of being bored.

The Wordless Poem.

What need to toil with rhyme and metre?
The thought I labored to express
The rose-vine speaks in language sweeter,
Ay, more divine and far completer,
In one rich bud's pink loveliness.

ECLIPSE.

God keep us from the sordid mood
That shrinks to self-infinitude,
That sees no thing as good or grand
That answers not the hour's demand,
And throws o'er Heaven's splendors furled
The shadow of our little world.

ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

How we remember Him! Year after year
In vain exchange more costly gifts are bought.
We dine the surfeited—but leave Him out,
And give Him naught!

And while we feast, by bare and cheerless hearths
Hang little empty stockings! In distress
How many a wee, cold, disappointed child
Sobs supperless!

How can we think the heart of Christ is glad
When thus we keep His day? Ah, at the need
Much rather of His poor, unclothes, unfed.
How it must bleed!

—Albion Fellows Bacon.



THE TREE.

And up
The Spring's bright leaves bath in Arcadian sun,
Feel the warmth, and the light lilt of wings—
High, yet higher still there floats
Bright cloud vapor; back curved throats
Of happy bird life widening flings
Their lives' essence, sculptured into sound—
All Worlds their One.
Wide and around
Down, down there beneath the bole,
Spread thick in little sameness,
A multitude trefoliate roll.
Heads—little bee calling flowers,
Beneath and little from their highness,
In dappling of purple showers
Invite their wandering eye:
Their high, bird mated, breeze and sun warmed eye.
These little, dainty things—they pity them,
Unhappy and near to earth,
Reaching and longing from their little stem
For their high birth.
The flowers?
Life hath many strains within her harp,
Where leaves float high and falling petals carp—
The flowers—
Long ere the leaves, serrate on their stem
Had burned and fallen fruitless mingling them
Had from each head a multitude of like—
Alike and fertile, reared sweet holding cups
Above the blades, beneath them, and the moss
And loamy ground the scuttling ground things cross;
Happy and like;
Blind of that beneath, and from it sups
A thankfulness of that more high.
And blade, and clover head, and leaf, and cloud,
And feathered, circling, darting, happy Life,
All passing by
Rife
With little Selves cohesions shroud
Into the greatness of their little sheath
Unto themselves—see not that more high
Understandingly, the more than that beneath.

—Florence Linsley Fox.

Richmond.



JULIETTE'S QUESTION.

A tiny girl with nut-brown hair
Kneels down beside her mother's chair,
Asking Him who heareth prayer
 To guide her little feet.
Then climbs she up on mamma's knee
And cuddles close as close can be,
While mamma sings a lullaby
 In accents low and sweet.

The bright head turns from side to side,
The trip to Dreamland seems denied:
At last, a fairy tale is tried
 Whose magic never fails.
And Juliette lifts her drowsy eyes,
As blue and soft as summer skies,
And asks the question wondrous wise,
 "Do Fairies all have Tails?"

—Elizabeth Mifflin Laws Hibberd.

Richmond.



HOW THE COLONEL LOST OUT.

"Yes," said the colonel reflectively, "many queer things do happen—things that a man would have a hard time in explaining if he were called on to do so. I'll tell you, young gentleman, that in this life of mine I have had at least one experience that would drive some men to drink," and the colonel looked around suggestively.

The colonel, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, was the best raconteur of the club, and as such was eagerly listened to by the younger generation. A tap of the bell brought a round of his favorite beverage, and after sampling it, with glasses in easy reach, we all settled back in our chairs to listen to the story that was sure to come.

"You fellows have all heard how I lost this arm at Pine Ridge? When I enlisted in the 20th, like many another young fellow, I left a sweetheart in Indiana whose promise had been given me—a beautiful, high-spirited girl—who kissed me good bye, and saw the regiment march away with a cheer on her lips and but few tears in her eyes. Before we parted she slipped a ring on my finger, and as I left she said: 'Wear this, dear; bring it back with you, and be true to your flag and me.'

"Well, I wore the ring all through our long, hard campaign, until

that Pine Ridge cannon ball came along, took away arm and ring, and left me unconscious on the battle field. After a hospital experience I finally recovered sufficiently to be sent home, with a colonel's commission, discharged as unfit for duty.

"At the old home I was, of course, treated as a hero. The young ladies insisted on showing me flattering attentions; I was asked everywhere, and was quite the lion of the hour.

"Isabel, my fiancée, was as devoted as before, I suppose, but her nature was such that she was too proud to show her feelings as plainly as my vanity sometimes wished her to do, and as a consequence I began to think that she had changed toward me. It may be that another girl, a little, plump, black-eyed charmer, had something to do with this idea, but, at any rate, I soon began to notice other charms than Isabel's.

"One night my fiancée and I attended a reception, and Sadie, the black-eyed charmer of whom I have spoken, was there also, Isabel and I had tired of mingling with the throng and had found a secluded place in the conservatory. We talked until weary and sat there in silence, when Sadie came in. She did not see us, and as she stood by the side of a large palm, in an attitude of unstudied grace, I thought she formed the most beautiful picture that I had ever seen.

"Almost involuntarily I contrasted her charms with those of the proud beauty at my side. To my eyes the advantage all lay with Sadie. Her beautifully rounded figure seemed to be my ideal of loveliness, and I wished that I might clasp her in my arms—arm, I mean—and tell her how sweet a picture she made. The longing grew almost too strong to be resisted, and I had half risen to my feet, forgetting Isabel's presence, when I was stopped by a strange thing that was taking place. Faintly outlined, a mere vapor at first, but growing plainer with each succeeding second, where Sadie stood there appeared the figure of a man's arm clothed in a soldier's sleeve of blue.

"The arm slowly curved itself around Sadie's waist, and as it tightened itself into a firm hug, like a star of light, a ring on the hand showed itself to my startled gaze. My eyes seemed to be starting from my head in amazement, for the ring was that which Isabel had given me, and the hand that I looked at was the exact likeness of my missing one.

"A cry at my side, of mixed fear and rage, brought me to my senses. Isabel was standing with outstretched arms pointing at the apparition. 'What does this mean, sir?' she said. Her voice aroused Sadie, who, seeing the image around her waist, promptly fainted.

"I have told this story to several persons, and but one has ever been able to give me an explanation. He was an ascetic from India, who was lecturing on 'The Influence of Mind Over Matter.' He told me that my desire to embrace Sadie had been impressed very strongly on my astral being, that that part of my being had, for the time, got control over my physical body, and that the arm which I saw was the arm that I had lost, and, being lost, was trying to follow the impulse that would have controlled it had it still continued to be a part of my body and subject to the control of my mind. Others did not accept this theory, and some, I regret to say, were skeptical, while a few did not hesitate to say that the vision had been induced by a large, well-developed jag. You fellows can think as you please. I leave the solution of the problem with you. Waiter! Another one of the same kind."

"But, colonel," cried several in protest, "what became of the girls? Did you marry Sadie?"

"Marry! Huh!" grunted the colonel, between swallows, "don't you know I was never married. Isabel dismissed me then and there for losing the ring she had given me. And Sadie, when I asked her later to marry me, replied with ill-concealed horror that she was sorry, but that she could never, under any circumstances, marry a piece of a man whose dismembered fragments were in the habit of embracing every woman whom their former owner might take a fancy to."

And the Colonel set down his empty glass and went to join another group.

—Harvey Harmon.



A SIGH FOR YE KNIGHT OF OLD.

A Contrast.

All force, all powerful, he stands
His feathered helmet—
Glistening in the sun;
His mighty muscles, broadened
Shoulders, splendid head and arm—
My knight!

* * * *

Long years ago, we met and loved,
I know it so.
My satin frock swept by the
Antlered door. A curtsy dropped
Quite to the floor, and from my
Hair a rose, which quickly,
As he spied it, went to hold
A dearer place near his
Great heart, great
In its love of honor,
Love of home and state,
Of courtesy and gentle strength;
A love for all that
Went for might and good—
My knight!

* * * *

He's off of his wheel
And in with a shout—
"Oh! Marie, dear Marie,
What are you about?
"Let's away to the links,
Or it will be fun
In the automobile
To give Ted a run.
"Come, into your short-skirt
Without more ado!"
I—can't—have—the—other
So—I—guess—Gus'll—do.

Margaret Randolph Jewett.



THE POOR MAN'S BURDEN.

Pile up the poor man's burden—
The weight of foreign wars!
Go shrewdly yoke together
Great Mercury and Mars,
And march with them to conquest,
As once did ancient Rome,
With vigor on her borders
And slow decay at home!

Pile up the poor man's burden!
Accept Great Britain's plan;
She does all things for commerce,
Scarce anything for man!
Far off among the pagans
She seeks an open door
While Pity cries in London
"God help the British poor!"

Pile up the poor man's burden!
His sons will hear our call;
Will feed the jungle fever
And stop the Mauser ball;
Will fall, far off, unnoted,
For spoils they may not share,
And spill their blood to water
A laurel here and there!

Pile up the poor man's burden;
Keep in the old, old track!
Let glory ride as ever,
Upon the toiler's back;
Lay tax on tax upon him,
Devised with subtle skill—
Call forth his sons to slaughter
And let him pay the bill!

Pile up the poor man's burden!
The lords of trade, at least,
May drink, like King Belshazzar,
In comfort at the feast;
May boast, as did the monarch
Within his palace hall,
While God wrote out his sentence
In fire upon the wall!

—Howard S. Taylor.



INDIVIDUAL IN LITERATURE.

To be individual in literature, to be a writer, what must one possess—talent or perseverance in the exercise of that talent? Or does one have to feel what he writes?

We may write correctly, and learn to write well; we may have the advantage and beauty of form, but a book without tone, (which constitutes style), a book without that invisible something, whether real or imaginative, which makes living creatures appear on its pages, lacks everything.

It is the beauty and charm of art, in writing, that attracts and satisfies man; not the subject, which is insignificant.

No matter how many plots or new themes are invented, they are summarized into these four. Man, may be considered with the idea of his relations to himself, to his brother, to the fairer sex, to the infinite.

Happily the tendency of the writer of to-day is towards optimism.

That he seeks to get away from unpleasant thought, and inartistic tones, is most obvious. His efforts are made to secure single tones, and simple designs, as in painting and sculpture. As in art, we notice a commendable feeling, subdued, refined, harmonious and soothing.

Writers, when regarded from the point of view of method, of temperament, or of style, differ greatly.

A representative of the traditional school of fiction, bases his novel themes upon material that everyone has used. If he is fortunate enough to have discovered some new and unfrequented nook, wherein to lay his plot, he may be able to work out some combinations that are both piquant and possible, and in consequence charm his readers. It will, however, require the greatest skill, and a very delicate perception of all their possibilities, and an artistic eye for nature, to draw exquisite backgrounds, to make it interesting, or acceptable. Other writers give simple glimpses of life, so depicted, that they abound in humor, and quaint fancies, yet possess a perfectly true sense of proportion. Especially does the short story writer prove effective, where his stories are admirable in proportion to their brevity.

Then there is the good story teller, who vivid and daring, tells it with such courage, that he might be accused of recklessness. He must have a vein of sentiment, close to his humor so that he will never overwork either the pathos or the humor. He brings into the tepid atmosphere of our mid-century literature, a whiff of mountain air, with a piney flavor to it, that is bracing and delightful.

The old world is not sufficiently rich in mirth that it can afford to lose this class. Of their kind they are inimitable, and will fare far better than, what might be termed heavy-weights in literature, who can only claim such immortality, as to be handsomely bound, and never read.

Fate has made some famous, others, whom praise has lulled to sleep, are oblivious to the stages of literary life, where they are loved, hated, ignored, praised, forgiven to-day, forgotten tomorrow.

The influence of some writers is so great that they could no more be ruled out than a Napoleon, Earl of Beaconsfield, or Cecil Rhodes, or any other personification of power. They stand to-day with the best of their foreign brothers, pure and simple, even as an old master on the walls. They have recognized technical accomplishments, and to spare, have dared to stray from the hopelessly conventional path, and display originality—they are a synonym for new world art. Emersonian in greatness, glowing as a Rubens, and colorful as a Turner.

Since all the stars that twinkle are not of the first magnitude, why refuse to shine? Stars of lesser magnitude are not necessarily powerless, they may light the pathway of someone, whose efforts and struggles, may help the world onward, and humanity to a higher level, and brighter day. History has never been a purist, in what it has adjudged great. It has always been more like a gleaner in a wheatfield, more intent on gathering, and saving, than particular in its selections. The truly great writer is the one who can listen with charmed impartiality, can digest and assimilate the praises of others—he is indeed great.

—Louise Spilker.

New York.



THE VANITY OF MEN.

A desire for personal ornamentation has always been regarded as a quality of mind peculiar to woman alone. To believe one-half that is written, she is a creature whose main business in life is to haunt milliners' stores in search of the proverbial "love of a hat," or divide her time dawdling over dry-goods counters and the dressmakers. It has become the fashion to thus speak slightly of women as being inordinately fond of display.

Those who affect to believe that women have a "corner" in vanity are fond of quoting the list of her besetting sins as enumerated in Holy Writ and applying to the female sex the love for "tinkling ornaments, their cauls, their round tires like the moon, the chains and bracelets and the mufflers, the head-bands and earrings, the changeable suits of apparel, the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins, the glasses, the fine linen and hoods and veils."

It is astonishing how accurately and glibly this passage is quoted by men who do not know another word of the Bible. Never once do they get twisted on the wimples and the crisping pins although it possibly might puzzle them to define these terms. But is not this catalogue designed to show the utter vanity of the female character matched in our own times by the elaborate accessories of a gentleman's toilet, which includes such fripperies as diamond shirt studs, ornamental canes, opera glasses, perfumes, pomades, scented baths, jewels, elaborate neckties, expensive gloves, slippers, luxurious dressing gowns, smoking jackets and caps, embroidered hose, fine underwear, silk negligees, ruffled night-shirts, and sweet, flowing pajamas, the whole rivaling in splendor and cost the magnificent wardrobe of an Oriental potentate.

Surely fair-minded judges will admit that this list offsets the other, yet notwithstanding this showing it is hard for the average man to believe that feminine vanity is matched by his own. The male writers of the world have kept back man's weakness too long for this error to be easily routed. Even the venerable prophet Jeremiah takes a hand in it and boldly asks: "Can a maid forget her ornaments or a bride her attire?" Oh! Jeremiah! Holy Prophet! Well do we know that there were no Knights of Pythias or Noble Order of Red Men, or Sons of Veterans, or the Grand Order of This and That and the Other in your day or never would your mighty pen have employed weak woman and her finery as subjects for your simile!

Decked in dazzling trappings that flash and glitter like gems in the sunlight, with waving plumes and resplendent head-gear, giddy scarfs, bright tassels, gold lace and polished brass, "sword and pistol by their sides," stepping proudly to the blare of trumpets with streaming banners and gaudy pennants flying, ten thousand men, more or less, will parade up and down, around and across a dusty city under a broiling sun, hour after hour.

And for what?

To be admired. To make a display. To show how handsome they look.

They are the heroes of the hour. From dizzy heights as far as buildings can extend they know that fair women are watching them and waving dainty handkerchiefs. They know the streets are thronged to suffocation with a surging mass of spectators, young, old, rich, poor, women with babies in their arms, school children—all—everybody—a whole city full—who have gathered there to feast the eye on their beauty and elegance!

And their bosoms swell with pride and they hold their shoulders straighter, and they step more proudly while the chief, captains and leaders of the host who ride on prancing chargers feel the grandeur of the situation and nod their plumed heads like mighty Joves from the summit of Olympus. Fatigue and perspiration and aching limbs are swallowed up in Vanity.

Then let their gala days be frequent as they will. None will censure them their love for these pretty exhibitions. They are only straws showing how marvellously similar is the mind of man and woman. But let us adjure our masculine friends in future to own their full share in human weaknesses.

—Virginia Sharpe Patterson.



WILLIAM McKINLEY—A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE.

A great personal sorrow has befallen us. The same sorrow has thrown its ghastly shadow across the pathway of every one. We have all of us,—of all parties alike, of all sections alike— but just turned our faces sadly from the new made grave of a mighty friend and kinsman of our own. Yonder we laid him by the home that he loved. Yonder sleeping in the bosom of a continent, whose chief nation he had guided into an immortal destiny—a destiny that had been preparing for us since

“The dark was smote in twain

And the stars first saw each other plain—”

there we laid him amid the tears of millions. For the infamous hand that struck out this immortal life, struck a blow directly at the hearts of eighty millions of people. Yes, more than eighty millions. His loss was the loss of the Anglo-Saxon race. His gain—the gain of his immortal life and thrice immortal martyrdom—was the gain of all the Sons of God that speak of liberty and courage and voice their faith and hope and sorrows in the English tongue. That nation that gave us the proud blood from which he descend or rather from which he ascended that nation which is bound to us by all the ties of ‘kindred blood and common names’, by all the ties of ‘similar privileges, of united hopes and common laws,’ has been touched with the cry of our mourning. Wherever liberty has thrilled men with hope, there our sorrow has touched ‘that homely sympathy that heeds the common life,’ that great common life of the race which shares our sorrow and which must also partake of the majestic responsibilities of that enlarged destiny which the life and death of William McKinley have bequeathed as an unalienable heritage to mankind.

Slowly indeed did God form William McKinley. Slowly indeed the star of destiny beamed above him and guided him onward. God never gave him a work to do until he had fitted him to do that work. He never made him Congressman until He had fitted him to stand among the great constructive statesmen whose names ornament the roll of our national honor. He never made him Governor until He had fitted him to lift to higher things one of the noblest commonwealths ever built by the sorrowing but triumphant toil of men. He never made him President until He had fitted him to stand, as a ruler, by the side of Alexander, by the side of Caesar, by the side of Napoleon and Frederick the Great and the kingly Cromwell. This is no mere orator’s tribute. Far be it indeed from being a partisan tribute. ‘Tis the proud tribute of time. ‘Twill be the prouder tribute of eternity. For when Time shall have finished her work, and shall record for immortality those rare spirits which have been the proudest achievements of her toil, she will not speak in mighty voice of William McKinley the Congressman, who shaped a policy that guided an unhappy nation from the despair of a disastrous poverty into the pride and glory of a limitless prosperity; she will not speak of William McKinley, the Governor, the masterful helmsman of a free state, moving grandly on towards a nobler civilization and a more fruitful mode of being; she will not even speak of William McKinley, the President, the immortal ruler of an imperial race, who broadened the destiny of the centuries, and stamped a new conception of human greatness upon the imaginations of mankind: but in that still small voice, which has forever been the sweetest eloquence that eternity has set upon the lips of time, she will whisper to the uttermost coasts of destiny, the name of William McKinley, the child-lover, William McKinley, the wife-lover, William McKinley, the neighbor-lover,—the lover of men, the first gentleman of his time, the last princely heritage of a Christian civilization and the noblest figure that trod the modern day.

—Albert Edward Wiggam.



AN EXTRACT FROM "INDIANA."

Silas Templeton.—"Yes lad, you kin talk 'bout the advantage uv Indianapolis but I don't want none o' city life in mine. Sich livin' is all right fer them as likes it, but give me the old place where you and me wuz born. I'd die if I didn't hev a rail fence ter set on and whittle 'casionally er if I cudn't smell the blossoms uv the peach er apple tree."

Robert Templeton.—"But father, don't you get lonesome, living here all by yourself?"

Silas.—"Lonesome! Why, boy, I've bin lonesome nigh onter twenty-five year. Bin lonesome ever since thet day in January when we scraped away the snow and laid yer mother ter rest in the church-yard. You don't rickollet her, I reckon. No, you wuzn't but four years old when she died. Then I had ter be both father and mother ter you, lad, I nursed you through the measles and the typhoid fever and hev watched yer disposition ever since you wuz big enough ter run 'round and talk. 'Fore very long I see you didn't take ter farm work and then I begin ter figer and save so's I cud send you away ter school, cause I knowed yer mother wud a wanted you educated if she wuz livin'. Durin' the winter months when you wuz away at school and work wuz slack 'bout the place I cudn't help but feelin' lonesome as I set by the old fire place where you and me set so many times. And when spring time 'ud come and the birds 'ud sing and I knowed it wuzn't fur off when you'd be comin' home fer summer vacation seemed as I cudn't hardly wait ter see you, and I'd git lonesomer than ever. Then I'd pick a bunch o' lilacs and mozey over ter the church-yard and put 'em on yer mother's grave. She allus liked lilacs and after that seemed as how I wudn't feel so lonesome like. And ever since you got yer piece o' sheepskin with the writin' on signed by yer perfessor and hev bin livin' in Indianapolis I've done nothin' else but be lonesome until th' other day I put on my meetin' clothes and 'lowed I'd run down and see you fer a spell and then somethin' seemed ter say ter me, "Silas Templeton, yer aint got no business doin' any sich thing. If that boy wanted you ter visit him he'd tell yer so." I 'lowed as how you wuzn't any farmer boy any longer, lad, but an educated gentleman and thet it moughtn't do you no good ter hev yer old dad come pesterin' 'round 'mongst yer educated friends. Somethin' 'told me as how yer moughtn't like it 'cause I wuzn't educated and didn't hev no fine ways like city folks. Thought you mought feel kind o'—shamed uv me, lad, and I didn't want that."

Robert.—"Ashamed of you! Why, I—"

Silas (interrupting).—"No need uv feelin' bad lad, yer all I've got and if yer gettin' 'long and are happy don't mind 'bout yer old dad. I want you ter succeed, and as fer me—guess I'll git 'long somehow. Guess I'll turn in now. Bin workin' purty hard all day. Afore you come ter bed don't fergit ter blow out the candle in the kitchen. (Going.) Good night, lad."

—Graham Paul Taber.

LaPorte,



NOVEMBER DREAMS.

When you lie awake at night entertaining insomnia, did you ever note the different sounds that haunt the darkness? You hear the clang of a distant bell, the shriek of a locomotive, the dry leaves rustle under the light, timid footsteps of some shy creature, until the wind sends them eddying away across the lawn and fills their places with a fresh shower from the top most limbs of a huge oak just without your bedroom windows.

A sleepy bird sends forth a sweet voiced protest, and some way you fall to thinking of how very soon the snow and sleet will come. If winter should come tonight would that cricket in the grass outside that has never stopped for one single instant during the last four hours, freeze to death? 'Tis a cheerful little beast, and it would be a pity for it to die such a death. You would find it to-morrow perhaps, and carry it to a house where there is a big wood fire, and it shall sing upon the hearth while the master laughs, a laugh that makes you think of spare-ribs, and sweet potatoes, and apple-toddy and pop corn.

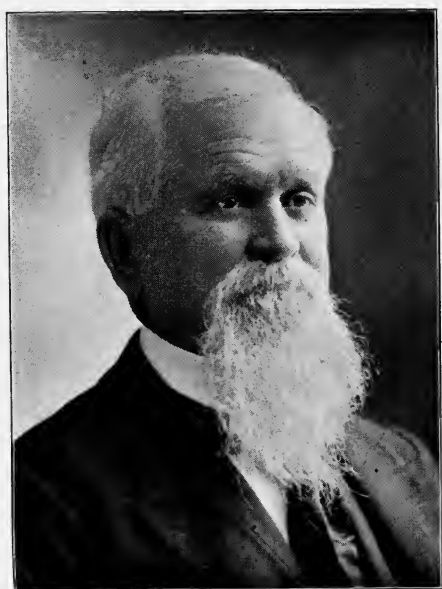
We were foolish youths when we first sat beside that glowing fire—but it was a foolishness worth all the wisdom of age, and how we slept after an evening there.

How we watched the dancing flames as a drowsiness stole over us, in the midst of our dreams of future greatness! We would be poets, some day, and all the world should hear of us. Had we not written verses for the school journal, and did not several different people say they were remarkable for so young an author? We liked flattery laid on with a trowel in those days, and nothing less satisfied us. We were not guiltless of fishing for compliments, and enjoyed them even when they were dragged in by the hair. But all these rosy dreams were not sufficient to keep us long awake, and we slept like any other conscienceless creature, hours upon hours, and no voices of the night were heard by us then. Storms gathered and broke about our dwelling, the house was smitten by lightning, a tree nearby was blown down with a great crash, but we knew naught of it, nor cared, because "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and we were much too busy with them to pause because the elements were at war.

Will such sleep as that ever again visit our pillows? Is there any philtre known to science that can bring it back? And that the night wears on till "jocund day stands tip-toe on the misty mountain top" and the loud clang of the breakfast bell seems at first a rude discord. But it rings on and on, getting farther away at every stroke, until its echo comes to us from a distant shore, and we in a flower-laden boat with silken sails float on a sea of milk to the land of the lotus, where the queen of dreamland stands!

—Adelaide Eugenia Sherry.

West Point.



THE FUTURE OF OUR NATION.

The little ship of state, launched upon the troubled waters, at the conclusion of the revolutionary war, is destined under the providence of God, to lessen the burdens of the oppressed, and to enlighten, elevate and bless the whole world.

The experiment of self-government has proven a success, and since the formation of our government by the original colonies, star after star has been added to the galaxy of states.

The purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803, more than doubled the area of our territory. Then the annexation of Texas, our Mexican treaties, the purchase of Alaska from Russia and the acquisition of our late possessions, have more than quadrupled our original domain.

The people of other nations coming to our shores, are rapidly becoming Americanized, and learning to speak the English language. The Anglo-Saxon race will finally girdle the earth and their language become the language of the world.

Through our splendid system of free schools the masses of the people are being educated, and prepared for the duties and responsibilities of citizenship, and every one the privilege of carving out his own destiny.

We look at the future destiny of our country with patriotic pride; when it shall truly become the beacon light of the world, and from it all nations shall catch the spirit of government of the people, for the people and by the people.

The earth shall then blossom as the rose, kingly power shall cease, the down-trodden shall be lifted up, and the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man universally recognized.

Through America the heathen nations will be brought under the benign influence of the gospel of Christ. God has raised us up for that purpose. The United States will furnish the men and supplies for this grand army, fighting against sin and Satan in subjugating the world to the mild reign of Prince Emmanuel. The kingdoms of this world will then become the kingdom of Christ.

Two things, however, menace us as a nation. First, the liquor traffic, authorized and protected by law—the blackest spot today upon the pages of American civilization.

Second, the combination of capital in the formation of trusts, whereby the rich are becoming richer, and the poor poorer. The antidote for these evils, however, will be found in the gospel of the grace of God. When all shall bow, in sweet submission to the mild scepter of the King Eternal, then

“Each can feel his brother’s sigh,

And with him bear a part,

When sorrow flows from eye to eye,

And joy from heart to heart.”

If true to our mission, then what a glorious destiny awaits us as a nation. Hundreds of millions of happy, prosperous, contented people will one day inhabit our land, and the heart of every true loyal citizen will swell with pride, when he gazes upon the stars and stripes, and realizes the fact that he is an American citizen.

—Mordecai B. McKinsey.

Frankfort.



RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Religion and Philosophy, or Reasoning, are not two separate sciences, but walk hand-in-hand—"wedded," so to speak, the complement and evidence of the other.

We believe and hold that though we may not fathom the depths of meaning in God's revelations, yet it is the expression of all God's art or poetry as is nature the symbol of all His science, and life the manifestation of all His philosophy.

Man in God's image, is but an imitation of his Creator and so we see man, like unto Him in whose likeness he is formed, to be a creature of Science, Art and Philosophy—a three-phased being—essentially no more.

The old Catacombs at Rome are indeed the cradle of the history of the burial of Christianity, where its impress has left its tracks behind forevermore and stand in undisputed attestation to the fact of its resurrection. Next to Divine Revelation itself Archaeology as a science is opening the way to the unquestioned fact of the reality of Christianity.

In the Catacombs of Rome and of other ancient cities stand the relics and engravings belonging to the age of the Christian martyrs—of Paul and the others. To the actual visions of man to-day are they an "evidence of things unseen." We cannot deny what with our eyes we see and what on the pages of history and Archaeology is recorded. They dare not be false—it is in our power "to go and see." Then it is that Paul's Letters have a new and intenser meaning; are to us become possessed of a clear and hallowed sacredness.

Study the Archaeology of Rome—its history, etc.—then turn again to "Romans"—and at once are Paul's melodies become a glad and joyous requiem with the awful sublimity of truth attending unquestionable and inspiring. Look at the Babylon of sin as the spectre of the Catacombs and is it a wonder Jesus on the cruel cross turned to wailing women and tenderly enjoined them: "Daughters of Jerusalem weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." We in the sunlight of the resurrection life have need indeed to "look up, rejoice and be exceeding glad" that out of the Catacombs of Rome is the Well spring of our Eternal Day.

—Cora Broadherst Jacks.

Jamestown.



A DREAM OF YESTERDAYS.

(From "At the Court of Bohemia," Century Book Co.)

As I close my eyes from weariness to all that is about me—
Of work and care and worry that have made my own their ways—
Another picture blots from sight the vexing scenes that flout me,
And I journey into Dreamland with a dream of Yesterdays.

A dream of summer sunshine, and of breezes softly sighing
To the yellow, mellow sprites a-dancing thro' the swaying leaves.
Of a brook—a silver ribbon winding o'er the lush mead lying
As an undulating carpet of the sort no mortal weaves.

The fragrant air comes laden with the lilting, lang'rous voices
Of the woodland and the meadow—the grand opera of life;
Where love and laughter linger, and the God-made soul rejoices—
Where the gates swing wide to pleasure but are barred to pain and
strife.

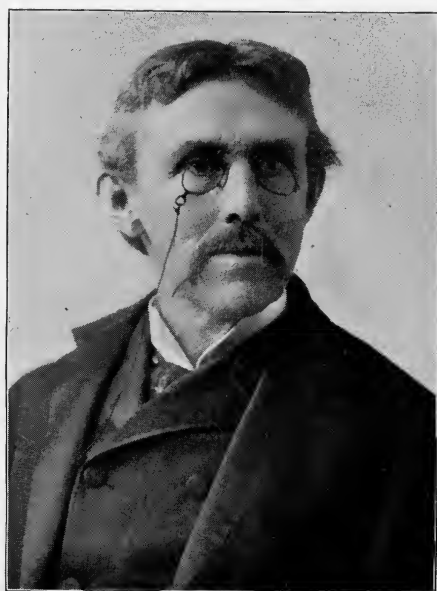
Was it all a passing fancy—those brief hours of life elysian?
Did they disappear forever when the years brought wisdom's pain?
I would turn back to the Lethe-and-nepenthe of my vision—
Is it all in vain, I wonder? May I never dream again?

Does the same soft summer sunshine spread its splendor through
the woodland?

Do the birds sing just as sweetly—are the roses just as fair?
May we walk again the primrose paths of happy, carefree childhood,
When our Good Night is Good Morning in God's playground Over
There?

—Elwood Eldenne Small.

Valparaiso.



BEYOND THE LIMIT.

(Courtesy of the Century Magazine.)

A dream lay on the rim
Of the horizon far and dim,
Where the sea and sky together
Shut in the golden weather;
The ships with stately ease,
Close to the steady breeze,
Drew on, and on, and on,
Pierced the limit and were gone.

The headlands in the sheen
Of orchards waxing green,
Were like billows of rare bloom;
The air was all perfume;
Great sea-birds overhead
On silent pinions sped;
All was so sweet and calm
That mere living was a balm.

But somewhere, far away,
A hint of sorrow lay;
A vague, deep longing stirred;
Some strain, as yet unheard
(Of music strange, to shake
The heart till it should break),
Was just beyond the rim
Of the horizon far and dim.

O land! O sky! O sea!
Is there no peace for me?
What shadowy dread is this
That hovers round my bliss?
Far as my vision goes
My tide of pleasure flows;
What lies beyond the rim
Of the horizon far and dim?

—Maurice Thompson.

Crawfordsville.



A WISE BIRD.

The crows held a meeting one summer's morn
In grandpa's field to dig for corn,
And one old crow with a shining pate,
Just a wee bit blacker than any mate,
Said, "Come, my friends, let us begin
To dig for corn, 'tis sure no sin."

But in looking down the tempting row
He spied the farmer's old scare-crow,
And the wise old bird just flapped his wings
And cried, "Do you see that funny thing?"
And twisted his neck and laughed "Ha! Ha!"
And every crow replied, "Caw! Caw!"

Grandpa rummaged the garret through
And found the old umbrella blue,
And smiled and said, "I think to-day
I've got 'em fixed sure, anyway,"
But the wise old bird, when the day got hot,
Discovered this nice, cool, shady spot,
And said, "What a nice little tent the farmer's
made,
While the rest of you work, I'll sit in the shade."

—Hortense Cora Jackson.

Richmond.



GOLDEN ROD.

Sweetest and fairest of summer flowers,
As over the field its radiance showers,
And over the clover its blossom towers,
The beautiful golden rod.

Standing with modest and graceful air,
Smiling at all with a face so fair,
Fit for a queen on her throne to wear,
The beautiful golden rod.

Bowing and nodding with happy glee,
Greeting the bird and the honey bee,
The happiest flower in the field, you see,
Is beautiful golden rod.

Where in your walks have you chanced to meet
A flower whose blossom was half so sweet,
Except near its own little country seat,
As beautiful golden rod.

How quickly it brings to a darkened room,
Where all before was sorrow and gloom,
A sunlight and joy that is wrought by a bloom,
Of beautiful golden rod.

It reminds you again of the legend old,
How once a child with curls of gold
Made a loving wish, that is often told,
By beautiful golden rod.

A wish that all her face might see
Should change from sorrow to sweetest glee,
And all the world should happy be
As beautiful golden rod.

Next morn as the sun rose o'er the hill,
Little golden rod was standing still
While the whole world seemed with joy to thrill,
Like sweet little golden rod.

But her dress was changed to brightest green,
And her yellow curls to a golden sheen,
And there she stood as the flowers' queen,
This beautiful golden rod.

But years and years have passed away,
And yet the world is blithe and gay
Where'er these golden blossoms stray,
This beautiful golden rod.

Bessie Lee Blease.

Muncie.



THE ROSE.

What is purer, more tender than the rose
As it opens its petals and wavering blows?
The dew, that over its soft petals streams,
Just opens the buds, just begins life's dreams.

Each rose-leaf is one whole chapter of love,
A message to us from the realms above;
The virtues it breathes but few of us know,
Yet we meet with the rose wherever we go.

Oh! how can we compare a rose and its thorn
With a beautiful soul and a heart that is torn?
One is all sunshine, one is all bliss,
The other all sadness—a life of remiss.

—Maud Muller Jones.

Elwood.



OLD PEACH BLOSSOM TOWN.

This is the quaint old town. From hill to river
The vineyards purpling sweep—
Floodeth the sunshine with a brighter glory.
The rose hued valleys deep—
Of Old Peach Blossom Town!

These are the hills, O infinite and tender
That music-thrill that calls—
A note of joy at dawn or sunset splendor
Amid the water falls
In Old Peach Blossom Town!

This the old Market Place. O children playing
Today within the Mart,
Where, where are those who in Time's palace
straying.
Were once of thee a part,
Dear Old Peach Blossom Town!

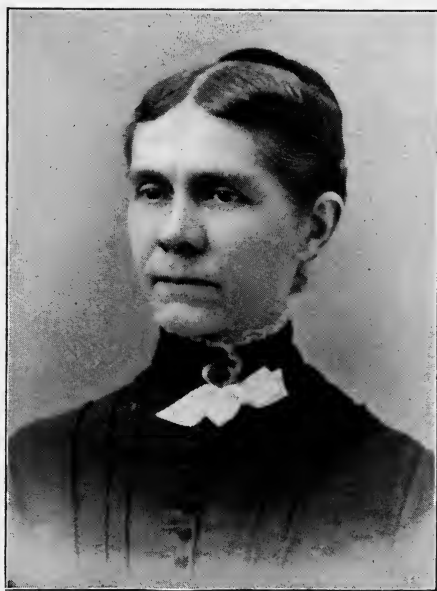
Ah, the glad scene! to wear the royal ermine,
As if a cent'ry dead;—
In the gold twilight of a living sermon
Hath one your pages read
Fair Old Peach Blossom Town!

By steps celestial to its closed windows
Now raining blessing down;
For like the lilies is thy mem'ry's highway
In tears of laughter blown
Dear Old Peach Blossom Town!

Here in thy church-yard are the sweets revealing
Of love from earth to star,
Hope-scented are the cells of darkness sealing,
Joy's misereres far
In Old Peach Blossom Town!

Life's flut'ring leaf with universal falling
Into Time's whirlpool drawn;
May I but hear His messengers swift calling
From dark to better dawn.
In Old Peach Blossom Town!

—Elizabeth S. Lamb Thompson.



, MYSELF AND YOU.

There are only myself and you in the world,
There are only myself and you;
'Tis clear, then, that I unto you should be kind,
And that you unto me should be true.

And if I unto you could always be kind,
And you unto me could be true,
Then the criminal courts might all be adjourned,
And the sword would have nothing to do.

A few fertile acres are all that I need,—
Not more than a hundred or two,—
And the great, wide earth holds enough, I am sure,
Enough for myself and for you.

The sweet air of heaven is free to us all;
Upon all fall the rain and the dew;
And the glorious sun in his cycle of light
Shines alike on myself and on you.

The infinite love is as broad as the sky,
And as deep as the ocean's blue,
We may breathe it, bathe in it, live in it, aye,
It is life for myself and for you.

And the Christ who came when the angels sang,
Will come, if the song we renew,
And reign in his kingdom—the Prince of Peace—
Reigning over myself and you.

O, then, may I be unto you always kind,
And be you unto me always true;
So the land may rest from its turmoil and strife,
And the sword may have nothing to do.

—Hana Lavinia Bailey.

Richmond.



THE OVERSOUL.

(From "Lays and Lyrics.")

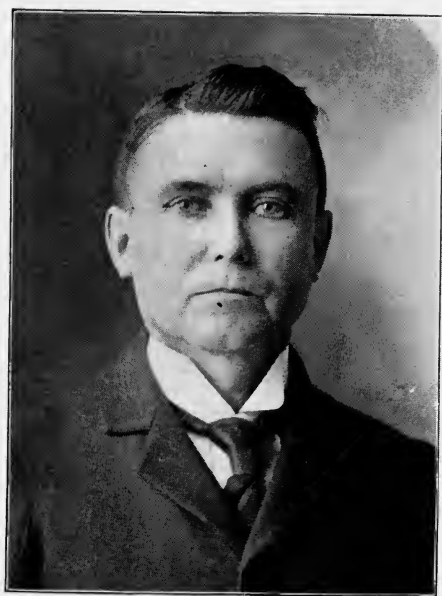
If I were blind and you should steal
 Into my presence unaware,
There is a sense to flesh unknown
But deeper, higher, heaven-sown,
 Would testify that you were there—
A sense, not of the senses five,
Acute and subtle and alive
 As they; magnetic far above;
A prescience keen, elate,
 That would announce thee, O my love.

If I were deaf and you should speak
In dulcet tones fond words of love,
My heart would hasten to reply
In suffused cheek, in kindling eye—
 Speech without words, a thing to prove
My soul kept understanding clear,
The royal right of souls, sans fear
 Of mishaps to its house of clay:
This or that window barred
 Shall not debar the day.

If I were deaf and dumb, and blind,
 Dead in so much as it might seem,
Still outlet, inlet there, and road
Whereby Omniscience lights the load;
 Whereby the vision and the dream
Flow in; whereby the rainbow, sign
Vouchsafed of benison benign,
 On Sorrow's background smiles at rest;
For clay is plastic still to soul,
 Can be conformed to suit its guest.

—Thomas Ewing Smiley.

Indianapolis.



PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

Pittypat and Tippytoe,
Here they come and there they go,
 Busy, happy, all the day,
 Full of fun and full of play,
Running, romping to and fro,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Pittypat and Tippytoe,
If you meet them you will know
 That their little hearts are pure,
 That they are no evil doer,
We are glad that it is so,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Pittypat and Tippytoe,
In their sled upon the snow,
 Playing Santa Claus is near,
 With his toys and prancing deer,
Tuck them in away they go,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Pittypat and Tippytoe,
Little voices sweet and low,
 Oh! what will your future be,
 Sailing on life's stormy sea,
Full of danger, full of woe,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

Pittypat and Tippytoe,
I have always loved you so,
 Sad and gloomy is the home,
 If you never have been known,
For you keep the heart aglow,
 Pittypat and Tippytoe.

—Joseph Wall.

Huntington.



A PRAYER.

Let me do my work each day; and if the darkened hours of despair overtake me, may I not forget the strength that comforted me in the sadness of other times. May I still remember the bright hours that found me walking over the silent hills of my childhood, or dreaming on the margin of the quiet river, when a light glowed within me, and I promised my early God to have courage amid the tempests of the changing years. Spare me from bitterness and from the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit. Though the world know me not, may my thoughts and actions be such as shall keep me friendly with myself. Lift my eyes from the earth, and let me not forget the uses of the stars. Forbid that I should judge others lest I condemn myself. Let me not follow the clamor of the world but walk calmly in my path. Give me a few friends who will love me for what I am and not for what little I may possess. And though age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me still to be thankful for life and for time's olden memories that are good and sweet; and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

—Max Ehrmann.

Terre Haute.



THREE GIRLS.

Marion, Mazie, and May!
Three girls came to my den today,
Three girl graduates, sweet of course,
Laughing and blushing in maiden remorse
That they had ventured to make their way
Into an editor's den today.

"Marion, Mazie, and May."
They wrote their names in precisely that way
On my blotting pad, which is scarred and blurred
With many a scratch that's the ghost of a word,
And then they left me, blithesome and gay
At thought of Marion, Mazie and May.

What is the charm of a laughing maid,
That I, who am middle-aged, married and staid,
Should rejoice in a visit like that of today,
And forget that my head grew long ago gray,
In thinking of Marion, Mazie, and May?

What is the charm of a flower by the way?
Why do we harken to songs of birds?
What is it in the beginning of day
That fills us with joy never put into words?
Read me these riddles—then ask me to say
The wherefore of Marion, Mazie, and May.

—George Cary Eggleston.

Madison.



JUNE.

O leafy June, thy fragrant air
Steals on the senses everywhere,
From meadow lawn and wooded hill
There comes to me a deep heart thrill;
Each soft breath on its bosom bears
Some treasure of the buried year.

Old memories come in pressing train—
A smile, a jest, an old refrain,
Of some long since forgotten lay,
In chords of sweetest melody.
Each perfume whispers soft and low,
We bring you back the long ago.

We bring for hearts o'er fraught with care
A solace in the balmy air;
From pasture field, from grassy lane
We come to soothe the couch of pain.
We fan and cool the fevered brow
And breathe a benediction low.

We bring you back the hidden face;
Through us each lineament ye trace.
O! vanished forms to memory dear
Ye seem again to linger near.
O! tender loving eyes long dim,
Ye seem again to softly beam.

Ye flowers that bloom the graves above,
Ye shed the incense of your love;
O'er hallowed dust, your leaves ye strew,
As light as falls the evening dew.
O Nature! all thy offering bear
The impress of the Father's care.

—Elizabeth Bradbury Harned.

Richmond.



MY POSEY.

A lovely posey rests on my breast,
Can you guess the flowers in it?
The rose, and the lily too, pure and blest
With a touch of sunshine in it.
And the violet soft and pure and fair,
Yes, a cluster of bleeding-heart too, is there.

'Tis a baby's head with its gold, gold hair
That I hold upon my breast
And the rose is the pink of her dimpled cheek,
The lily, her brow so fair;
Her dear blue eyes are the violets blest
And the sunshine her curly soft hair.

These flowers, dear babe, are thine, all thine,
God keep them so pure and fair
But the bleeding heart is mine all mine
That would save thee from all life's care.

—Sophia Fredericks Pezzoni.

Elkhart.



TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Waves and shore and sky all blended,
As a weary life that ended
Seeks beyond this world of sorrow,
A serene and bright tomorrow.
Where no waves will ever dash,
And no wind will moaning crash
Over strife and roughest way,
'Gainst the sorrows of today.

Waves and shore and sky all glorious
As a soul that now victorious,
Has just wakened to the light
Of God's love and of the right,
To the glory and the beauty
Of a life of love and duty.
Tho' the path be strewn with sorrow,
At the end is God's tomorrow.

—Winnifred Margaret Way.

Furnessville.



ART AND ARTISTS.

Has the world anything better to offer me to store away in my memory to comfort a dark day than a knowledge of art?

An Art Institute is a delight forever with its paintings and priceless treasures. Do people ever stop to think how many of these paintings are the work of artists who have burned out heart and soul on the altar of their canvases?

With me there dwells a feeling of reverence for truly good works of art, whether from the hands of those still journeying on the rough road of an artistic career, or those whose "vanished hands" have left us the best they were capable of, and whose aim was always the brightest and noblest possible.

In many cities, in certain streets, in pleasant nooks and corners, so dear to the artistic heart, I find the artists at their easels.

They tell me that often their paths are beset with many difficulties and discouragements but no struggle, no hard work is too dear a price to pay for even a measure of success.

Then again I find the studios of artists who are crowned with success who do not relax any effort but toil on for sheer love of their vocation.

I recognize the fact that the eyes of most people are educated by looking at pictures, rather than by looking at nature and "they finally come to see in nature what the painters have insisted was there."

An artist knows the language of the elements, whose master-word, like that of man, is God. And paints them in tones wild or gentle as their own; the stormy heavens, the passionate seas, the first lights of mornings, the glories of departing sunsets, the still radiance of rising moons, are vassals to the artist's brush.

—Estelle Mildred Knapp.

South Bend.



LIFE'S AFTERGLOW.

When we behold the setting sun
Send forth its parting light,
Amid its glory-tinted clouds
How beautiful the sight.
When interblending red and gold
Into each other flow,
The brilliant combination makes,
A lovely afterglow.

So when our lives have struggled through
Much false, ambitious pride,
And selfish loves, once very sweet,
Have all been crucified,
God shows unto each loving heart
A shining path to go,
Which makes life's evening radiant with
A golden afterglow.

When three score years and ten are reached,
The fever heat of youth
Subsides into the quiet calm
Of trustful, restful truth.
We cannot thank our God enough
That we can come to know,
Through sweet communion with Himself,
This glorious afterglow.

That we have learned how valueless
Earth's empty honors are,
How quickly they take wings and fly
Beyond our reach afar.
We then cling closer to our Lord,
Assured that he will show
Us how to keep the sunshine of
This Heavenly afterglow.

—Anna Maria Starr.

Richmond.



Faithfully yours,
Mary Hartwell Catherwood

SONG.

I was laid low among the reeds:
And there Love found me.
Slow, slimy things, and water weeds
Were moving 'round me.

The world passed by. I blamed it not.
Gay life hates sorrow.
The joy it never gave my lot
I would not borrow.

From it I got my grievous bed
And wound that killed me.
—"Why, sweet"! Love said—and raised my head
And kissed and thrilled me.

His sun-like eyes drank all my gloom
And my distresses.
Ah, he to whom this Love doth come
All things possesses!

—Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

Chicago.



HOMeward.

I'm going home, to my old home again,
Where anxious loved ones daily watch and wait,
And leaning o'er the old familiar gate
Look for my coming down the shady lane,
And disappointed, watch and wait in vain,
I'm going home.

I'm going home to where the apple blooms
Waft out delicious odors on the breeze;
Where robins sing among the old, oak trees;
And lilies waste the dreamiest perfumes,
That float in all the dim, old-fashioned rooms;
I'm going home.

I'm going home where Time has glided by
All unremembered down the flight of years,
And left his track unstained by storms of tears;
Where holy love beams from a mother's eye,
And lights a way-worn wanderer's gloomy sky;
I'm going home.

I'm going home to quiet and sweet peace,
Where golden sunbeams gild the summer airs;
And cast aside life's conquest and its cares;
And bid the world good-by, with sweet surcease
Of all ambitious dreaming's mad increase;
I'm going home.

I'm going home and rest forever there,
With peaceful faces wreathed in loving smiles;
Where cheating Time paints me no afterwhiles,
And tints with silver hues the sunny hair;
Restore my soul with restful dreams so fair;
I'm going home.

—Idael Makeever.

Valparaiso.



A LITTLE NEST.

A little nest:—

Though rudely built and woefully poor
A little window, a little door,
A little cot beside the wall
Where caressing moonbeams fall.

A little nest:—

Hallowed with nativity's tie
A little of life and then to die,
A little wife, a little child
And over all, the west wind wild.

A little nest:—

Treasured in every being's heart
Something beautiful, living and apart,
A little song, a little play
And then the shadows close the day.

—Pearl Dutchess Westfall.

Spencer.



THE OLD WOOD PILE.

One thing I used to hate to do, it fairly made me shake,
The blessed live-long day clear thro', I'd feel so sore
and ache—

Choppin' wood!

That old woodpile I clearly see—it's vision is a joy,
Just once again I'd like to be a big green awkward
boy—

Choppin' wood!

I used to hear my father call—it almos' made me sick,
An' then I'd let that old ax fall—you know it was a
trick—

Choppin' wood!

My mother's voice I too would hear for she had made
a rule,
To tell her Johnny boy so dear when he got home from
school—

"Chop some wood!"

About that time I'd get real mean—and awful lazy too,
As then it always seem I never would get through—

Choppin' wood!

I'd stop an' rest a little while and wipe away the sweat,
Then Pa'd stan' 'roun' an' smile—that made me mad
you bet—

Choppin' wood!

That ole ax han'l I'd then grip and swing it tword the
sky,
Then off you know would fly a chip, and hit me in the
eye—

Choppin' wood!

In fancy now since I've grown old, I live again in boy-
hood years

An' hear my father when he'd scold, and maybe too
he'd box my ears—

For not choppin' wood!

—Barbara Alice Shackle.

Morristown.



THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

I.

We thank Thee for the joyful sowing time,
When balmy south winds wander in the spring
With kisses warm for every growing thing
That glads the world with hints of blossoming;
For all earth's beauty, simple or sublime;
For limpid streams that run in rippling rhyme,
And sweet delight to hills and valleys bring;
For humming bees and happy birds that sing
And nest in coverts where the wild vines climb.
And woodland voices with the wind-harps chime;
For wondrous glory of the summer skies,
And wealth of clouds distilling genial showers
That thrill with vigor languid trees and flowers,
Whose fragrance sweetens all the ways of life;
For hearts that love through all earth's bitter strife,
And eyes that smile when lips' young laughter dies.
Dear Lord, let truth's persuasive, still, small voice
The sinful quicken till their souls rejoice;
Thrice multiply the wisdom of the wise
And temper winds to human butterflies.

II.

Great Giver of the bounteous harvest day,
God of the seed and sower, kindly hear
The hymns Thy children carol year by year,
Sincere, glad offerings of prayer and praise,
And let us walk with Thee and learn Thy ways.
To those who sorrow lead us softly near
● With dew-like words that vivify and cheer.
In hearts that hunger through the world and wait
For human love and sympathy outside the gate
Unfed and dying, let Thy mercy shine
And heal their hurts with Balm of Gilead.
Guard helpless little ones who weep and pine.
For mothers early coffined with the dead;
Where e'er their hapless, tiny feet may tread,
Be they by guardian angels safely led,
Embosomed in Thy tenderness divine.
—Josinah VanMatre Hickman Koons.
Muncie.



SOMEBODY.

Somebody's cheeks are burning
With the fire of a feverish heat,
Somebody's lips are yearning,
For the kiss of an angel, sweet.
Somebody can be the good angel,
That comforts the sorrowing soul,
Some one can breathe just a whisper,
That will make a poor sufferer whole.

Somebody's brow is throbbing,
Somebody's hand is cold,
Somebody's heart is aching,
Somebody is growing old.
Somebody's voice is feeble,
Somebody's steps are slow,
Somebody's eyes are dimming,
For the lights are burning low.

I know a nice little somebody,
That climbs upon somebody's knee,
And lovingly say to somebody!
"Have you dot any tisses for me?"
Some little body is longing,
The sunlight of heaven to see,
And some little body is waiting,
For a smile of affection from me.

Somebody, I know of, is happy,
For somebody came, one day,
And placed in her thin hand a paper,
That drove the old mortgage away.
Somebody smiles, when she kisses
Her own little darlings three,
And somebody blesses somebody,
Are those blessings for you and me?

Somebody else is sitting
In a cottage by a stream;
Watching the flight of the shadows,
And the dawn of the morning's gleam.
In that cottage are four little orphans,
Surrounding a poor widow's knee,
And their sad, hungry eyes are imploring
A brotherly kindness from me.

Someone else should be happy,
Somebody else should be true,
Bask in the sunshine of plenty,
Even as me and you.
Some one is earnestly trusting
That some one is willing to be
A friend in the midnight of sorrow,
That friend should be you or me.

Charles Asbury Robinson.



EXTRACTS FROM "DOWN ON THE WABASH."

Used to be so quiet, and so sorter peaceful;
Nothin' broke the silence, but the wind among the corn;
Jest a sobbin' low, like the voice of lovers partin',
Down on the Wabash, the place where I was born.

It's powerful curious, aint it? How our tho'ts 'll wander backard
And we'll clean fergit the present, when we think uv what has bin
And, altho' we're gray and wrinkled; we're no longer men and
wimmen,
Fur we've traveled back to childhood, and are boys and girls
agin.

Now I shet my eyes. It's summer! The bumble bee is hummin',
And gatherin' loads of honey, from the blossoms 'mong the corn.
I can see the crows fly over. I can hear a partridge drummin',
And, mellered by the distance, a fur off dinner horn.

The sparks fly up the chimbly. The shadders dance and flicker.
The smoke goes soarin' uppard, and floats off in purple rings;
The girls out in the kitchen, poke each other's ribs and snicker;
It's evenin' and Ham Hollingsworth tunes up his fiddle strings.

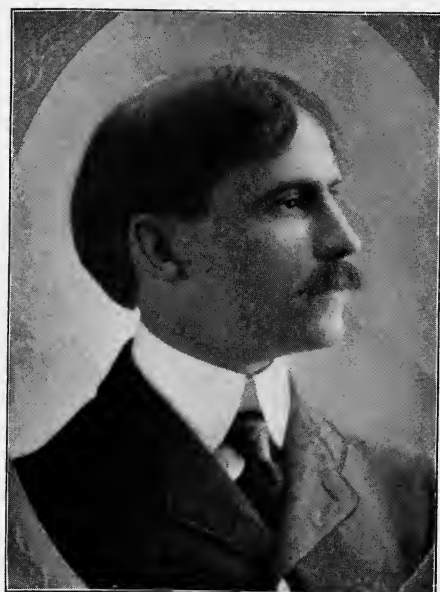
Ah! the sound of that old fiddle thro' my memory is ringin',
And I hear the noisy footsteps, keepin' time upon the floor;
And around the dear old hearthstone, my heartstrings still are
clingin',
Tho' the firelight, and the dancers, are gone forever more.

And through the sashless winders, the mournful wind is sighin',
A lonesome owl is hootin' in the old dead ellum tree.
The foxes dig their holes, and at night the bats go flyin',
In and out among the ruins where the old home used to be.

But the same old yaller moonlight, sparkles out there on the river;
And smiles the same, and beckons, as it dances on the wave;
The same old hills behind it; The same old sky bends over;
But the homestead is a ghost now, and silent as the grave.

—Alice D. O. Greenwood.

Newport.



LUCREZIA.

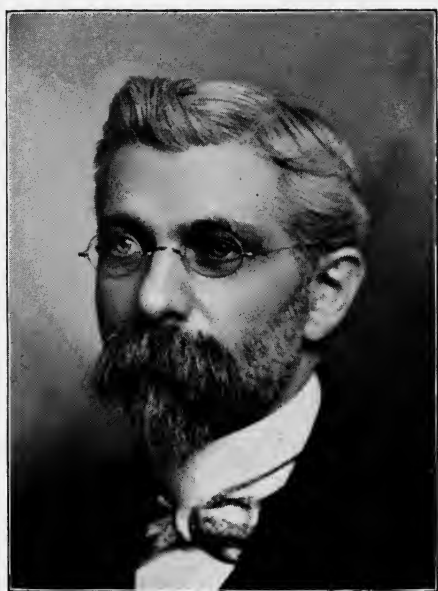
I reach for her and feel her gone. Oh, to reach for her and feel her gone! In the dense blot of darkness, vainly my lips seek for that warm soft face,—her spirit-pure face, in its frame of jet-black hair. Oh, so sweet! The forehead! In size, just ample enough to plant a kiss upon; and only so high, this forehead, that when my lips were at its coronal, my brow knew the softness of her hair. Oh, that hair! That hair of deepest jet, how it sparkled with blackness. How the light, bursting on it, was transmuted into gloss, like the moonlight in a ripple. Her hair was not sleek, as the black-bird wears its garb; but drooping very loosely, like the weeping willow boughs. Lucrezia's hair hung in billows,—whole billows of hair. Billows! And out of these billows, two eyes. Those eyes! Those lambent, those haloed, those heavenly orbs; emblozonries of feeling, prismatically colored; palaces of emotion, with love couchant at each window! How our inmost beings met and mixed as I gazed into those eyes—Lucrezia's eyes; not like sepulchral lamps, burning low, but glowing with love's gentle lambencies; lit up with a spark from that fire of fires. How they lavished their treasure upon me; poured wine upon my spirit. But—gone!

The heavenly beauty of her face,—this was Love's masterpiece, the triumph of all creation. Hers was not a face of serpentine beauty, emblazoned with color, but a face,—oh, so very, very sweet. The sparkling black hair left its shadow upon her skin, and gave it the darkness of deep waters. Lucrezia's skin would have been very dark, had not the glow of tumultuous feeling transmuted it with color and lighted it with a radiance from within. 'Twas a delicate beauty that gave joy to my sense; a twilight face, dark but glowing. Her whole soul was in her face, when she turned it towards me; and wherever it was turned it brought her heart.

I am haunted with the vision of a soul enwrapped in a face; a soul beaming forth from two eyes—Lucrezia's eyes—framed in whole billows of jet-black hair. This image moves perennially upon the waste of my dreams, like the spirit of God moving upon the face of the waters. Sometimes I hear the intonation, the soft intonation, of Lucrezia's voice behind me, and feel her breath, the breath of hyacinth, upon my neck, and her gentle hand upon my cheek. Sometimes she beams upon me with those eyes. Those eyes! And her slender figure steals upon my dreams, enveloped all about with a nimbus, a glory; a tiara of splendor upon her brow; and gleaming from her countenance an aureola of love-light. Which light, oh God, must illuminate for me my narrow grave.

—Clarence Willbur Miller.

Frankfort.



CHRISTMAS JOYS.

The star that shone o'er Palestine,
In Herod's ancient day,
Still to the Babe of Bethlehem,
As bright'y points the way,

And angels still proclaim with joy,
The glory of His birth,
And herald from the riven sky,
"Good-will, and peace on earth."

The song that filled the sky that night,
Still floats upon the air,
And thrills us with the melody,
It brought to shepherds there.

And shall that blessed Star of stars,
Illume my heart anew?
Or will more earthly scenes deflect,
Its brightness from my view?

And as His herald comes again,
Will you receive this King?
And like the Magi, joyfully,
Your homage to Him bring?

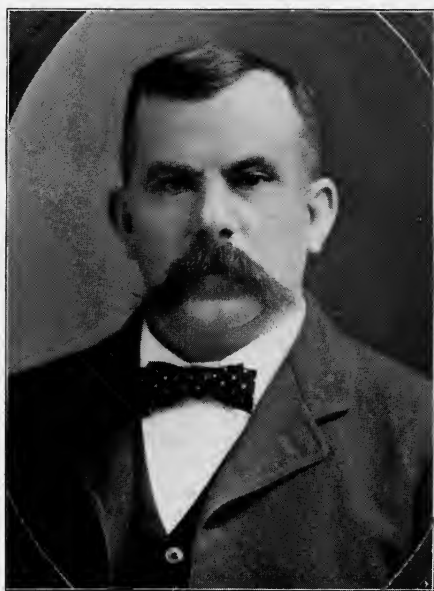
And will that first grand Christmas hymn,
Attune our souls to praise,
And with the harpers of the sky,
Our thankful anthems raise?

Yes, to our hearts this Prince of Peace,
Shall be a welcome guest,
And in our lives His guiding hand,
Will be made manifest.

And we will love Him more and more,
For His atoning grace,
Until we know as we are known,
And see Him face to face.

—Eugene G. Regennas.

Hope.



A LITTLE MORE SUNSHINE.

In the grand economy of Nature, there is always more of the beautiful than of the disagreeable; more of pleasure than of pain; more of the warblings of birds than the bellowings of thunders; more of fruitful, flowery hills and fields than of arid wastes or rocky desolation; more of things useful than of things baneful; more of light than of darkness, more of life than of death.

Kindness, pity, charity and love are the essentials of revealed religion. Our modern civilization, in all its forms of worship, recognizes the eternal love of the Godhead. The Sun of Righteousness is ever rising, sending healing and blessing and peace upon all that believe.

The extent of the recognition of this principle of universal love in a community is a measure of its progress, its advancement beyond the heathen world. With them the two principles of good and evil are ever in conflict. Because the evil is feared, it must be propitiated by sacrifices, and in many and various ways. With us, the conflict is recognized; but the desire for the good is greater than the fear of the evil. The result is the multiplication of all forms of benevolence for the relief of sickness and suffering and want. The lightnings of Sinai are less potent than the simple statements of the Beatitudes. The wish to reform a criminal is, in many cases, greater than the desire to punish him. He is imprisoned, but he is taught to read right, to live right, to work right. If failure does frequently follow these efforts, the intention, nevertheless, is good, and we can not do otherwise than give it praise.

And in all our intercourse with our fellowmen, kindness and patience are far more effectual in producing desired results than rudeness and surliness. The sunshine is far more potent than the storm.

In the schoolroom, that discipline which is born of sunbeams is better, is more effectual, is more commendable, than that which is the result of brutal force, either of will or muscle.

A little more sunshine—few rules, much heart, few clouds, much of the suaviter in modo in front, with the fortiter in re in reserve—is what we want in our school-rooms.

There are teachers who can govern with the full blaze of the noon sunshine. Ivy surrounds them; blessings attend their footsteps. They are welcomed when they come, admired and respected when they go. With them and by them is continual sunshine, and teaching and studying alike become pleasures that are long remembered.

—David Marion Geeting.

Greensburg.



OUR SOLDIERS' GRAVE.

Sleep, heroes, slumber sweet, no bugle's note or cannon's roar,
No rude alarm shall wake thee, half rested from thy bed.
No weary march, no sentinel's watch with pitiless storms upon thee;
No unvoiced longings for thy home—no prison life to dread,
But rest, peaceful rest in honored graves, thy country guard so
tenderly.

Sleep, heroes, sleep, the restless years that come and go,
May see proud nations crumble and glorious kingdoms fall,
Man's thought eclipse the past, this great land peopled vast,
In life's quick growth, may cease to pause and fondly gather all
The glory of historic days, e'en these may fail at last
To stir the fire of grateful love, as in the olden time.

But while the eagle on free wing mounts to the upper sky,
While the stars in silent grandeur roll, held by hand secure,
While the stars and stripes o'er freemen wave, and floating proud
and high,
The meanest subject protection hath in its ample folds so sure,
So long will these, oh humble mounds, though all things wear a
change,
Be thy people's sacred trust—and bending o'er each lowly grave
With reverent step and gentlest air in the years that lie before.

We will teach our youth to come, while tenderly we tell why gave
Those brave, true hearts their richest blood, and when the story's
o'er
We'll proudly point to that blood-bought flag
In mid-air floating, 'neath a calm and beauteous sky,
Like a guarding spirit watching, while its defenders sleep—
Bid them by this precious dead learn how to live and nobly die.

Oh, music, lowly breathe, wail your saddest dirge,
And blow, oh, south wind, sweetest, softest sigh;
And take your garlands, woman true, ever so glad to bear
Sweetest fragrance to the tomb—'tis meet that they should be
The tribute of your faithful love to those whose angel oft ye were.
—Helen Mar Fawcett.

New Albany.



LINES TO A FRIEND.

(Dedicated to E. J. H.)

Oh, Eddie, Eddie, friend of mine
And friend of all who meet you,
Today, as in the "Auld Lang Syne,"
Right heartily I greet you.

Full twenty years have floated down
The rapid stream of ages
Since we two went from town to town
And trod the mimic stages.

And now and then when times were good
Came fame and pelf together,
And now and then Dame Fortune would
Send days of stormy weather.

But if we rode or if we walked
The skies were bright above us,
The heroines smiled, the soubrettes talked,
The wenches still would love us.

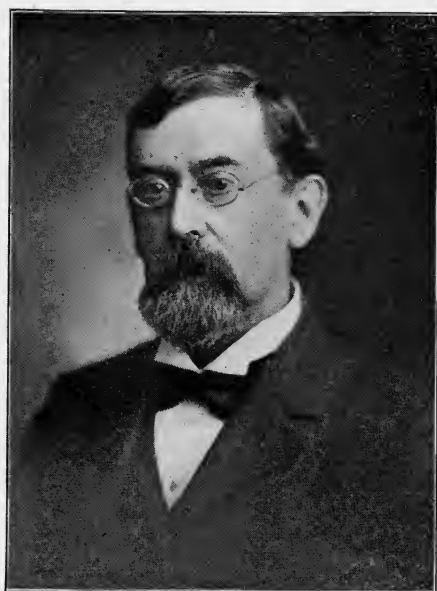
Sam Bolter with his turnip feast
Was not the worst of fellows,
With "Millions in it" at the least
As old Mulberry Sellers.

Now while your Thespian days are past
I still make mimic faces;
The Manager of All has cast
Us for our different places.

And when we leave our work and play,
Our love and tears and laughter—
Upon some perfect, golden day
May we two meet hereafter.

—Walter Newton Hammett.

New Harmony.



CHRISTMAS STORIES.

Now there was old Hunky Ball, a famous character of the Wabash country who claimed that this thing of feeling comfortable was merely a matter of imagination after all. On a Christmas many years ago Hunky went to the county seat on his annual holiday outing. He sported no large variety of clothes, to be sure. Times had been hard with him. The price of corn husking had been reduced about ten per cent, there wasn't much cord wood to chop, and naturally his income had been reduced. But Hunky had an idea that every true patriot should celebrate Christmas, and when he arrived at the county seat he had, beside a pair of shoes and a red flannel shirt, 85 cents in the pockets of his jeans. Hunky was soon in the center of the mad whirl, spending generously of his means and drinking the fiery applejack of that district.

Along about midnight of Christmas a party returning from a dance, fell over the prostrate form of a man in the big road. It was Hunky. Tired nature and applejack had done their work, and Hunky lay prone on his back, fast frozen to the ground. They believed him dead, but he wasn't; in fact he wasn't even asleep. He had fallen asleep, true enough, and when, on awakening, he found himself frozen to the ground he just lay still and waited the coming of another day. When the dance party attempted to assist Hunky he protested, saying:

"Gentlemen, just go and 'tend to you' own business. I'm a po' man an' never ha'med eny o' you. I need this here shirt; it's all I got, an' times is ha'd. Do you 'spose I'm gwine to hev the back o' that last shirt split by bein' tore f'om the groun'? No, gents, I'm waitin' for the mornin' thaw; so you go on an' 'tend to yo' business, an' I'll 'tend to this here shirt an' try to be comf'table an' contented."

Ever since I run across this little episode in the life of Hunky Ball I've been certain that heat or cold was purely a matter of the imagination.

And the Christmas tree is disappearing, too, they tell me; not because it was an unpopular method of entertainment, but there were so many Santa Clauses burned and buried that the demand finally exceeded the supply, and the Christmas tree was forced to go out of business.

Out West, as we still call that country beyond the Missouri, there was a bad man or two in every town twenty to thirty years ago. Occasionally the good people arose en masse and killed a few dozen bad men; but it always entailed more or less expense, and sometimes even hard feelings would be engendered by the surviving relatives of the dead man taking exceptions to the manner in which the deceased had been removed.

So an innovation was introduced. Whenever a town had a bad man he was called upon by a committee of distinguished citizens about December 20th and solicited to act as Santa Claus at the Christmas tree entertainment. Of course he accepted and then another committee, on Christmas Eve, costumed him in about ten layers of cotton batting, beautiful spangles, tiny bells and a long beard. Then they turned him loose among the presents and the candles, and by 10 p. m. the bad man had been successfully removed with no expense except a slightly soiled carpet.

—Carl Brayfield.

Charlestown.



THE TESTING OF OUR BARK.

The day is dawning o'er the eastern hills;
And with the freshness of the dew drenched flowers,
Our sprightly souls awake in morning hours
To venture on life's sea with hope that fills
Our youthful breast, leaping as flames, and thrills
Us with auspicious views of life that towers
In splendor; hemmed by no supernal powers,
But free as water in the sedgeless rills.
Anxiously then down to the peaceful shore,
(While Heaven's moistening kisses freely fall)
Where silvery wavelets lip the sand levee,
We go as millions that have gone before,
Feeling, with sanguine temperament that all
Is prosperous, and launch our barks at sea.

At noon no longer blows the valued gales
That sent us onward in our prosperous way,
But blackened tempest's unrelenting sway
Swoops on our bark and rends the bellied sails;
And in a peeling thunder scoffs and rails
That we have still withal one lonely ray
Of hope, and virulently seems to say:
" 'Tis of no use, your hopeful voyage fails."
Full many at the verge of honest fame,
Ere half their journey o'er life's sea is sped,
Are gulped in storms and find a low abode,
There to remain in everlasting shame.
And now that doom seems sure for us when led
And basked e'en in the favor of our God.

'Tis evening—The frightful storms are o'er,
The western skies are gloriously dight
With fleecy clouds and golden liveries bright;
And 'neath the sinking sun's low level glore
Our paths are marked by glistening waves before
To shining shores that dazzle in the sight
And dance with pure Elysian delight
Where we'll ere while with welcome step ashore.
How filled our souls when evening shades grow dim,
To know our bark hath o'er a dangerous sea
Been safely moored; and though laborious
Hath been the voyage, our constancy and vim
Hath made us blessed, and senses fit to see
The grandeur of the sunset glorious.

Daleville.

Claud Caesar Lefter.



SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

Summer comes, and the people who have been the life of the city's society during the winter scatter themselves among the various summer resorts. What do they go away for? Certainly not for complete rest and recreation, if we may judge from what a woman of fashion said the other day. Asked if she were going to a summer place she had visited for several seasons, she replied: "No; I do not believe it will be much frequented this year, and I want to go where the people are." This seems to be the sentiment of most society people. Do society people get the recuperation they need after a season's social dissipation in the city from a season's social dissipation at a crowded resort? They may gain physical rest, but they can not conserve energy and build themselves up mentally with their minds continually distracted from serious thought by the gay life with which they are surrounded. If the two seasons did not overlap, if people had time to themselves between seasons, there would be less need for absolute summer rest.

There is a power to be gained from the independent workings of one's mind in solitude that can be had in no other way.

Nay, I think

Merely to bask and ripen is sometimes

The student's wiser business,

Lowell says; and not only the student's but every busy person's. De Senancour has said: "He that lives in the world lives in one time; he that lives in solitude lives in all times." It is no wonder that certain classes of people get the reputation of being vapid, when their members have and want no time to themselves. Of course, summer resorts have their proper use, but when one is selecting a place for an outing, why not seek a place of retirement? The crowded resort is not for one satiated with social life. Society is necessary, but so is solitude.

Society needs to have the equilibrium of its members restored by a season each year of undisturbed repose. When they get this repose their perspective will be corrected, and there will be less occasion for the slurs of those who are ever too ready to criticise persons in conspicuous stations.

—William Allen Wood.

Indianapolis.



SNOW-FLAKES.

See the little snow-flakes flying
All around our home to-night
While the north wind keeps a-sighing
O'er a world all robed in white.

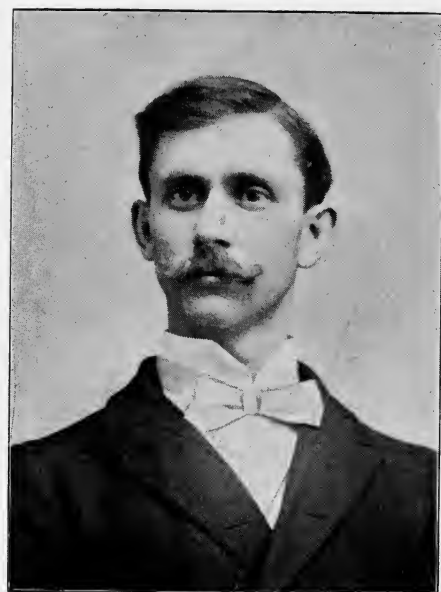
Little snow-flakes, how they glisten!
By my window in the light—
Tiny snow-flakes, clear as crystals,
Shining like the diamonds bright.

How the little snow-flakes scamper
As the wind comes whirling by—
How they dance in merry fashion
Though the winds do moan and sigh.

Little snow-flakes, how like fairies,
Wing their way from worlds above,
Bringing with them from their palaces
Bright and happy words of love.

May our lives be like the snow-flakes,
Just as pure and just as bright
Ever happy, ever shining,
Through the long and dreary night.
—DeWitte Clinton Stroup.

River.



BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock,
The door long closed by sin;
I'm weary with waiting, and still I watch,
Oh, may I not enter in?

I've knocked and I've waited—'tis deep in the night,
My locks with its drops are wet;
My garments are dripping with chilling dew,
And, Soul I am waiting yet!

But the night of my waiting is nearly past,
As I knocked at the door of your heart;
I stand and I knock, and I knock again,
I stand, and must soon depart!

Behold, I stand at the door and knock,
You move almost to the door;
Take down the barrier, sinful soul,
For I pass this way no more.

'Tis the voice of Love that calls to you,
'Tis a Friend, O sinner! who speaks;
The knocking you hear is the knock of love,
'Tis the good of your life it seeks.

By the journey I've taken, unbar the door!
By the dew and the night so drear!
Hear, while I call to you tonight,
Open while I am near!

These locks that are wet with the drops of night,
That are wet and dank with dew;
Hang over the pale disfigurements,
Of a brow that was torn for you.

These feet that stand without and wait
To pass thru the door to you,
Are the feet that bore me to agony;
They're the feet that the nails passed thru.

These hands that knock at your hard heart's door,
That have knocked, and knocked again,
Within each palm as I reach them out,
Still bear the marks of pain.

Beneath my raiment all damp and cold,
Oh, am I still denied?
Near to my beating heart of love,
Is the rent in my pierced side.

Oh, by these scars and the mighty love
I bear for the like of you,
Open the door and I'll come in,
From the night-damps and the dew!

—Charles Morton Filer.



NATURE'S PALACE.

In the blue, hazy distance the woods may be seen
All painted by Nature a beautiful green,
Above it the clouds, like gray ships and canoes,
Are crossing the sea of cerulean hues.

That is Nature's fair palace whose dome is the sky,
Where at night stars (like candles) "are shining so high;"
The pillars and columns are tall, stately trees,
On which hang the green curtains that swing in the breeze.

The builders are raindrops and sunlight and air,
With the superintending of God's mighty care—
God created the earth "and the fulness thereof,"
As well as the bright, starry region above.

In the woods fragrant flowers, of many a hue,
(Such as violet, white, yellow, purple, and blue)
May be seen on the banks of the murmuring rills
That are formed by the fountains (or springs) on the hills.

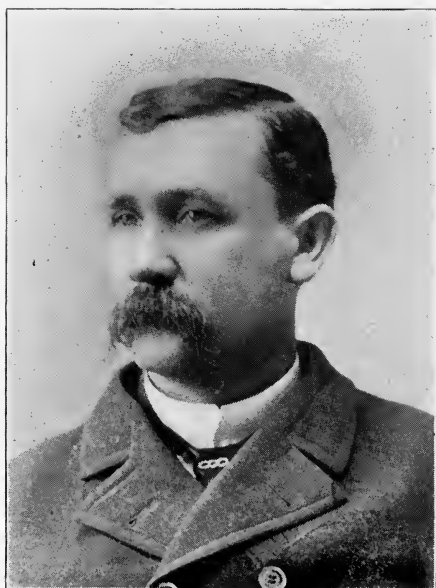
The musical strains from the throat of each bird
Are about as entrancing as ear ever heard;
The song of the sparrow, the finch's sweet voice
And the mock-bird's strange medley make Nature rejoice.

"Nature's Palace" suggests pleasant thoughts to the mind,
Here is one: If on earth such an Eden we find,
What a beautiful place must that be "over there"—
The place our dear Savior has gone to prepare.

And if God in his wisdom sees fit to bestow
Such care on the perishing things here below,
He surely will care for the purified soul
That will live "while the years of eternity roll."

—Charles Willard McClintic.

Elkhart.



DE WATERMILLYUN TIME.

De watermillyun time am hea',
De sweetest time ob all the yea',
An' I said to 'Riah, "Don' you see,
Dars a good time hea' for you and me?
Kase ober in de co'nfield cross de road,
Dah am millyuns growin' by de wagon load."

I said to 'Riah—Poo' Sam in bed—
"Come to de co'nfield back ob de shed,
Take along wif yo' dat coffee sack
An' jes wait dar till I cum back,
Kase ober in de co'nfield cross de road
Dar's millyuns growin' by de wagon load."

Den 'Riah Jonsing jes nod her head,
An' took de sack a.i' started fo' de shed,
Den I look an' listen—no soun' I catch.
Den slowly I creep to de millyun patch,
Kase I know'd in de co'nfield cross de road
Dahs millyuns growin' by de wagon load.

I went fru de co'n till I cum to de vine,
An' dah laid de millyuns, yum, how fine;
I thumped a big millyun, thud! thud! thud!
An' I knowed his meat was red as blood.
Yes, sah; down in dat co'nfield cross de road,
Dahs millyuns by de wagon load.

I pulled dat millyun. I creep fru de co'n;
I was very still 'bout it sho's yo's bo'n,
Kase my heart was thumpin' for I heard a soun',
An' den I drap'd down on de dark, dark groun'.
An' lissen in de co'nfield down by de road
Whar millyuns grow by de wagon load.

I toted out dat millyun, but I dun went back,
An' I got a-nudder big 'un an' put in de sack,
Den 'Riah an' me toted 'em er long,
Wif many er laff and many er song,
Way from de co'nfield down by de road
Whar millyuns were layin' by de wagon load.

We 'spected dem millyuns wid an ole case knife,
Fur I'ze fond ob de co'e and so is my wife.
What was next to de rine we left right thar,
For Sam an' Judy an' Hezekiah,
So we waked dem chillun an' to dem showed
What we brot 'em from de co'nfield down de road.

Now 'member little chillun what you fodder say,
Like him, yo' be honest, 'tis fa' de better way,
An' he will pint yo' to de paff and show each one de road,
Whar de millyuns am a growin' by de wagon load.

—Fremont Garrett.



MOUNT ST. ELIAS.

Thy paths are other than the paths of men,
Thy forehead radiant as the morning star,
Oft shrouded in the rolling mist has been
And long has Winter, in his icy car,
With cold benumbed thee; vapors, dense and rare,
Around thee gather and the tempests blow
About thy head; still soaring high in air
Is dimly seen thy cloud-encircled brow,
And hark!—the glaciers plunge where Ocean rolls, below.

When mountain-mists envelope thee and veil,
When thou art hidden in the tempest's shroud,
And when with rising wrath the gathering gale
Communes with thee or mutters in the cloud,—
When bursts the storm and thunder crashes loud,
Lost, then, is that sublimity of sights,
Which chained the vision and the spirit bowed.
A charm,—an awe,—each precipice excites
That steeply frowns on man from thy dread, matchless heights.

The Children of the Chase have bowed to thee
As Prophet of the Storm in ages gone.
And still they raise their orisons to thee
When caverns roar and seething breakers run.
The savage spirit worships thee as one,
O'er all the forest tribes, Great Manito!
The Sachem of the Mountains and the Sun,
At whose command the winds of winter blow,
The waves of ocean roll and foaming torrents flow.

But there is One above and over thee,
The Ruler of the Ocean and the Storm,
Whose Mighty Hand in awful majesty
And beauty reared the mountain's lofty form.
The forest and the cloud,—the starry swarm
In splendor, brightly beaming, overhead,—
The deep and lonely vale's sequestered charm,
He fashioned forth; the flowing rivers fed
And foaming torrents o'er the precipices led.

The mountains are the sentinels of God;
The vales are His eternal resting place;
The towering trees that in the breezes nod
Beneath the sea of Heaven's placid face,
His pillars are; the flowing waters trace
In liquid lines His name upon the sand;
The radiant stars illuminating space,
The rolling ocean and the smiling land,
Bear witness to the power of the Almighty Hand.

—Frank White Harned.



PROEM FROM "NARCISSUS."

Sweet Memory! thou matchless maid and emblem of infinity,
Haste thee and cloy my soul with dream wraiths wrapped in misty
films.

Bid sullen shades depart, I want no wrinkled wayward thought
To tread the hidden labyrinths of my heart. When thou art nigh
The phantom brood of sadness steals away; caresses soft as
Thistle-down, do lightly fall and trouble-musings brush aside.
Come thou at dawn and with the pale blue cloud, to dip and drown
me in

The hours I'd buried in the past; to summer days when moments fled
Like frightened fledglings to the mother nest; to summer nights
when

Weary nature crooned soft lullabies, and fragrant zephyrs whis-
pered, till

The hum of drowsy drones did steep us deep in summer's languor
soft.

Oh Memory! thy varied moods and perfect wiles have lingered long;
They come in dreams as merry glees of birds and raindrops' music
notes.

The robins' matin lay, the pale nuns' even-song thou brightest near.
For anxious Care hath never cloaked thy dimpling smile or stilled
The low pure intonations of thy passionate voice; so rich in tone
That e'en the liquid lute or mellow viol might strive to emulate.
Though burdened years have flit away, I list as to a chambered shell
Remembering words that fill my heart with rapturous music, then
regret,

And one long yearn for just the whispered fragrance of thy pres-
ence.

Thy dreamy orbs and sun-fringed hair, intoxication lent to
The warm coquetry of thy charms; enslaving many a pensive heart
That aches with jealous rage at Death who dares to let his finger
chill

Rove o'er thy face and blanch thy rosy lips, Oh precious Memory!

—Percy Arthur Parry.

Hammond.



THE FIRST SORROW.

Once there were two happy young people who loved each other. They had been married just a twelve-month when a little girl came to live with them. Such a tiny little girl she was, but small as was the little lady she had a way of making herself heard and attended to. She had a peculiar language of her own that the young mother learned to know and understand.

The young parents looked upon the frail barque that had drifted in to them from an unknown isle of blessedness, in mutual wonder and delight. It was all so marvelous. They could scarcely realize it at first. Was it their baby really—their very own baby? How good of God! How good! But they were so ignorant—so helpless. Would He teach them wisdom? Would He show them the way to lead this little girl?

Day by day the baby thrived. Before the weeks stretched themselves into many months baby looked up into its mother's face and smiled. Oh joy! It knew her. It knew her. Would the father come and see? Quick, oh quick! There—look now. Wasn't it beautiful? A little later it began to coo and gurgle and talk in baby fashion. Every day brought out some new phase in look, tone or manner. The young parents sat through the long happy twilights and talked confidently of the future and dreamed on, unaware of the shadow stealthily approaching. One morning the little girl was not well. The old family physician was called in. He looked wise and said there was nothing wrong. The baby would be all right by night. He left some dark liquid in a bottle and went away. The heart of the young mother was sore troubled.

The baby slept on till the morning. The door was opened to admit the doctor. He bent down over the little girl. The mother saw his face change.

The doctor raised his head and shook it gravely. "I can't do anything," he said. "It's too late."

The young mother sat through the long days that followed stroking the arm that had made a hollow for the little head and moaned: "I'm so hungry for her—so hungry!"

But as time went on and other sturdy boys and girls came to grow up about them, the father and mother learned this: The little barque had to drift back to the country from whence it came, to give them the very wisdom they had asked of God.

—Minnie Thomas Boyce.

Muncie.



TWO NATURES.

Two sisters fair, on a stormy night,
Sat and talked in the flickering light
Of an old fashioned grate with its embers bright.

The rain beat down on the panelled door
And the night winds blew with a ceaseless roar
Like mighty waves on a rocky shore.

Then one of the maids uneasy grew
And nearer and nearer the fireplace drew
As the rain beat on and the night winds blew.

"It moans, oh sister, it moans to me
Of shipwrecked boats on a storm tossed sea,
Of souls that must enter eternity."

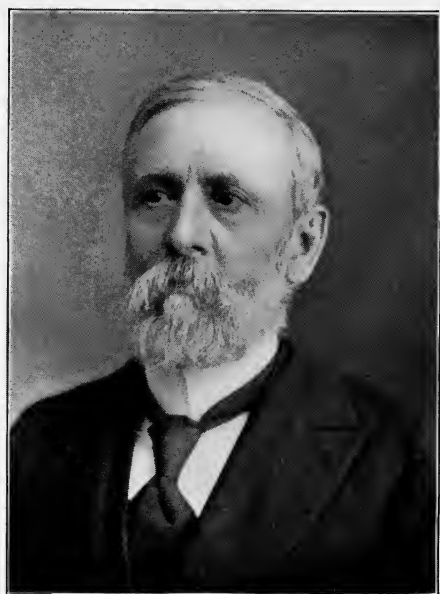
The other rose from her sister's side
And opened the window's curtain wide
"Shall we from our Father's presence hide?

It speaks to me of a King's great might
Of how His every plan is right
Something, somewhere needs the rain to-night."

And she watched by the window a long hour
through,
But the other nearer the fireplace drew
As the rain beat on and the night winds blew.

—Josephine Page Wright.

Ft. Wayne



MY COUNTRY RIGHT OR WRONG.

Forever let this be my song,
The thought is good enough for me
My country right, my country wrong,
Where floats her flag oh there I'll be.

Her cannons never flame nor roar,
On heaving sea or verdant sod,
But belch to bless the distant shore,
And break a tyrant's cruel rod.

It waves in Cuba's tropic air,
Bright gem of the silvery seas,
And o'er free Porto Rico fair,
Floats in the Sandwich Islands' breeze.

z It is the oriflame of God,
And shining bright across the world,
It breaks the proud oppressor's rod,
Wheresoe'er that flag's unfurled.

So o'er the oceans broad and wide,
Our starry flag shall ever be,
The Morning Star, across the tide,
To those oppressed, who would be free.

The thought is good enough for me,
My country right, my country wrong,
Where floats her flag, oh, there I'll be,
Blessed Banner of the Brave and Free.

—Dewitt C. Chipman.

Anderson.



AT A TENEMENT WINDOW.

Sometimes my needle stops with half-drawn thread
(Not often though, each moment's waste means bread
And missing stitches leave the little mouths unfed.)
I look down on the dingy court below :
A tuft of grass is all it has to show—
A broken pump, where thirsty children go.
Above, there shines a bit of sky, so small
That it might be a passing blue-bird's wing.
One tree leans up against the high brick wall,
And there the sparrows twitter of the spring,
Until they waken in my heart a cry
Of hunger, that no bread can satisfy.

Always before, when May-time took her way
Across the fields, I followed close. To-day,
I can but dream of all her bright array.
My work drops down. Across the sill I lean,
And long with bitter longing, for unseen
Rain-freshened paths, where budding woods grow
green.

The water trickles from the pump below
Upon the stones. With eyes half shut, I hear
It falling in a pool where rushes grow,
And feel a cooling presence drawing near.
And now the sparrows chirp again. No, hark !
A singing as of some far meadow lark.

It is the same old miracle applied
Unto myself, that on the mountain-side
The few small loaves and fishes multiplied.
Behold, how strange and sweet the mystery.
The birds, the broken pump, the gnarled tree,
Have brought the fullness of the spring to me.
For in the leaves that rustle by the wall
All forests find a tongue. And so the grass
Can, with its struggling tuft of green, recall
Wide, bloom-filled meadows where the cattle pass.
How it can be, but dimly I divine.
These crumbs, God given, make the whole loaf mine.

—Annie Fellows Johnston.



OUR LITTLE GIRL WHO DIED WITHOUT A
NAME.

How brief the stay, as beautiful as fleeting,
The time that baby came with us to dwell;
Just long enough to give a happy greeting,
Just long enough to bid us all farewell.
Death travels down the thickly-settled highway,
At shining marks they say he loves to aim;
How did he find, far down the lonely byway,
Our little girl who died without a name?

We do not know the fond endearment spoken
To which she listened when she fell asleep,
And so, beside a column that was broken,
We laid her to her slumber calm and deep.
We traced upon the stone with loving fingers,
These simple words affection's tear to claim:
"In dreams, beyond all earthly sorrow, lingers
Our little girl who died without a name."

She sleeps serene where fragrant mossy willows
In sweet and wordless tunes forever wave,
And summer seas in long and grassy billows
Break into bloom around her lonely grave.
In memory's hall how many heroes slumber,
We gild their deeds upon the scroll of fame;
I treasure far above this mighty number,
Our little girl who died without a name.

—Alonzo Rice.

Waldron.



OUR DARLING TREASURE.

Though my life is filled with labor,
Busy days from morn till night,
I have much to cheer me onward,
One dear thought is my delight,
When my busy day is ended
And my thoughts toward home are drawn,
From within a sweet voice greets me:
"Mamma, where have papa gone?"

When I enter through the doorway,
Baby faces glad with light,
Give to me the grandest welcome,
In my cottage home at night.
Then, when I have bathed for supper,
And am in my chair for rest,
Baby arms reach up and beg me
For the usual night caress.

Then with joy I lift my baby
To his perch upon my knee,
And he laughs, and coos, and prattles—
Seems as happy as can be.
How much I love my little prattler
Words of mine can scarce express,
But with tenderest love I fold him
In my arms—fast to my breast.

Then his blue eyes looking upward
Beam with love he gives to me,
And his baby prattle tells me:
"Nicey papa"—this says he.
By and by he seems to weary,
But unselfish, thinks of me,
And in baby whispers asks me:
"Papa, papa, is 'oo seepee."

When our evening prayer is ended
And we each retire to rest,
Deep within our hearts we feel it,
We indeed are truly blest.
Father, grant Thy richest blessings,
Without measure, full and free,
And we'll try to teach our darlings
All to love and follow thee.

—Jennie Oliver Appleman.



HOMESICK.

Wisht I could go back again
To the old home in the West,
Jest to get a glimpse once more
Of the things I loved the best.
Jest to see the tumble weeds
A rollin' crost the breakin'—
Jest to see an old sod house
Would stop my heart from achin
Jest to hear the prairie chickens
Drummin' in the hollers,—
Jest to see a medder lark,
I'd give a hundred dollars.
Jest to see the green of Spring
A creepin' crost the plain,
Would bring the joy of childhood
Into my heart again.
I'd like to hear the summer wind
A blowin' crost the wheat;
I reckon I never will hear again
A sound that's half so sweet.
I'd like to be drivin' the cows again
Or shockin' up the wheat,
With the hot sun nigh about roastin' me,
And the stubble a prickin' my feet.
And I'd like to hear, in the Autumn,
The sound of the reaper's song,
Or to see a prairie fire
A crawlin' and creepin' along.
Or even to hear, in the winter,
The sound of a blizzard's roar,
Would take me back, through weary years,
To be a child once more.
Jest to see the dear old friends
And to take 'em by the hand,
Would seem like I had gone to sleep,
And waked in the Better Land.
And so my thoughts keep turnin'
Back to the golden West;
And my heart is longin' for jest one glimpse
Of the things that I loved best.

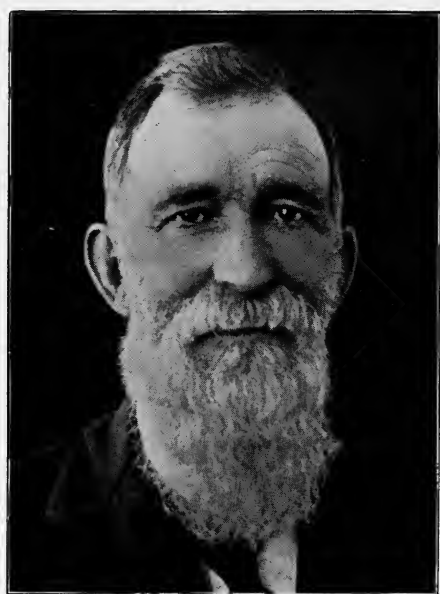
Mary Frances Bigelow.

Elkhart.



JOHN HAY
John Hay

Wall, no! I can't tell where he lives,
 Because he don't live, you see;
 Leastways he's got out of the habit
 Of livin' like you and me.
 Whar have you been for the last three years,
 That you haven't heard folks tell
 How Jim Bludso passed in his checks,
 The night of the Prairie Bell?
 He weren't no saint—them engineers
 Is all pretty much alike—
 One wife in Natchez-Under-the-Hill
 And another one here in Pike;
 A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
 And an awkward man in a row,
 But he never flunked and he never lied—
 I reckon he never knowed how.
 And this was all the religion he had—
 To treat his engine well;
 Never be passed on the river;
 To mind the pilot's bell;
 And if ever the Prairie Bell took fire—
 A thousand times he swore
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last soul got ashore.
 All boats has their day on the Mississipp,
 And her day came at last—
 The Movaster was a better boat,
 But the Bell, she wouldn't be passed,
 And so she come tearin' along that night—
 The oldest craft on the line—
 With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
 And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.
 The fire bust out as she cleared the bar,
 And burnt a hole in the night,
 And quick as a flash she turned, and made
 For that willer bank on the right.
 There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
 Over all the infernal roar,
 "I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank
 Till the last galoot's ashore."
 Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
 Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
 And they all had trust in his cussedness,
 And know'd he would keep his word.
 And, sure's you'r born, they all got off
 Afore the smokestacks fell—
 And Bludso's ghost went up alone
 In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.
 He weren't no saint—but at jedgment
 I'd run my chance with Jim,
 'Longside of some pious gentlemen
 That wouldn't shook hands with him.
 He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing—
 And went for it thar and then;
 And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
 On a man that died for men.



BOUNTIFUL JUNE.

O bountiful June! The golden sun
Now bids you welcome your race to run,
And hails you a queen this natal day
Born of the night divided with May.

She kissed you awake at midnight hour
Full robed and crowned in your silent bower;
'Neath the palace dome of the starlit skies
You leapt from your couch in quick surprise.

The broad grain fields that wave in the breeze,
Sparkling with crystals wrought of the seas,
And greetings from corn-land, valley and lea,
All happy and joyous, trusting to thee.

And down from the mountain, a glow, a gleam
Rushes to meet the silvery stream;
From woodland and glen the songbird's note
And flowers perfume together afloat.

All nature is decked in proudest array
Her fairest garments she is wearing today,
Bringing her richest treasures, a boon
To welcome thee queen, O bountiful June.

Philip Shissler Binkley.

East Germantown.



AIR CASTLES.

Sleeping, I dreamed, and in my dreaming saw—
Fair in a vale set round with turquoise steeps,—
Where starry lotus slept upon the deeps
Of the still meres, and languor seemed the law,
A city, rising in the drowsy light—
Slim minarets above, broad halls below,
Carved capitals, wreathed columns, walls of snow
All cunningly displayed to please the sight.
And as I gazed, half doubting that my eyes
Saw such a sight, half knowing it was true—
As haunting strains of music wander through
The soul, while ancient mem'ries ebb and rise—
“What is the vale, and what the city fair?”
I asked, as one who ponders in his heart
Some question; then I heard without a start
A voice that, seeming, spoke from empty air:
“Mark well the sight; all that thou seest here—
Minaret, dome and wall, and garden sweet,
Fronnage of palms that guard each silent street—
All thou hast known and, knowing, held them dear.
Once more I looked, and knew that it was so,
And halting mem'ry told me then the tale:
Once more I saw, as through a filmy veil,
Castles my heart had builded, long ago.

—Frank Glover Heaton.

Marion.



GOD'S BREATH.

He passed this way ;
I heard the rustling of His garments fair,
And called it night-wind in the tree tops bare ,
Saw but a glorious hem with silver gleam,
And thought it moon-light's beam.

He passed this way,
Pausing with love beside my casement lone
To look upon His sleeping little one,
And breathed upon the pane through the chill air
A page of beauty rare.

And since His breath
Is beauty's soul arrayed beyond compare,
I would that He, who stood outside so fair,
Would enter where no hindering casement be,
And breathe on me.

—Alice Warren Milligan.

Spencer.



LIFE'S SCHOOLDAY.

'Tis said that all this life of ours—
Where prick the thorns and smile the flowers—
Is one vast school.
And in the dew-lit dawn of youth,
Begins the search for hidden truth;
While sunbeams strew their roseate ray
Across the first proud, happy day.
'Neath teacher's rule.
With far-off prophecy, is filled
Our young ambition, doubt is stilled
In vision bright
Of effort crowned. There are no fears
That through the surging tide of years,
The ship that bears most precious freight,
Must sail 'thwart rock-girt coast of fate,
Toward summit white.
Like land receding from the sea,
When stately ships, all silently
Drop from the shore;—
So swiftly morn glides into noon,
And Time's hour-glass, ah, me! how soon
Will scatter through its ceaseless flow,
The sands of youthful hopes, aglow
With childhood's lore.
Comes afternoon: The lessons learned
Grow deeper as each page is turned
In life's great Book.
Each mastered task a stepping-stone
To higher grade, where mystic zone
Girds aspiration's dizzy height,—
Toward which—through whirl of Time's swift
flight—
We ever look.
Serenely, now, the sun has dipped
Into the West; and stars have slipped
Back to their place.
From matin song to vesper bell,
We've studied long—recited well.
And soon a volume new we'll hold,
Where, with their shining pens of gold—
The angels trace.

—Adelia Pope Branham.



INDIANA.

Fair Indiana, our native land!
A poet's song for thee;
A song that will through ages stand,
To immortality.

A song of home, of humble strain,
Thy far off sons to cheer;
With love for thee in every vein,
A song of rev'rence dear.

No purer land the earth contains,
Here burns the patriot's fire;
Here Christian hope forever reigns,
And tunes the sacred lyre.

Though winter's frost has nipped thy green,
Yet soon will smiling spring
In beauty look upon the scene,
And bid all nature sing.

Long may you boast the great and good,
Thy peers be men of worth,
Thy motto: Freedom, Brotherhood,
To gild thy name on earth.

May peace and plenty be thy store,
With joy and sweet content;
May never tyrants rule thy shore,
Thy greatness ne'er be rent.

—Lucy Ellyat Hoggatt.

Petersburg.



THE PERFECT DAY.

God of life, and truth, and love--
God around, beneath, above—
Clear the dust of earth away:
Let us have the perfect day—

Day without the dark of sin;
Day with Christ the life within.
Doubts must vanish, flee away:
Let us have the perfect day.

Morning, evening, day and night—
All in God, alike, are right;
Joy and sorrow—'tis His way:
Let us have the perfect day;

Day without a doubt of good,
Faith in human brotherhood;
Christ the life, the truth, the way:
This will bring the perfect day.

—Esther Strattan Wallace.

Richmond.



BATTLE SONG OF YOUTH.

In gloom or mirth
The cloud-wrapped earth
Doth swing in sun and rain;
But be the future dark or clear,
I'll falter not in doubt or fear,
Nor reck the joy or pain.

Thro' daring deed
My path shall lead
Where heroes strive and die;
But spite of ills that lurk and wait,
My life shall claim its high estate,
And baffling foes defy.

If friends be true,
Or friends be few;
My valor 'twill but prime;
I'll meet the dragons of my fate,
And force allegiance soon or late,
Nor stay a march sublime.

Let stars burn clear,
Or cease to cheer,
The upward path I climb;
Yet with the might of soul desire,
I'll write my name in living fire,
Beyond the storms of Time!

—Elizebeth Ellen Foulke.

Richmond.



SING, MAMMA, SING.

"Sing, mamma, sing, and the curly head
Tossed to and fro on the little bed,
Unable quite to go to rest,
Unsung, unhushed and uncaressed;
And with the wakeful, asking eyes
Looked out in wond'ring, grieved surprise
That mamma sat so still and sad,
With hushed voice, which e'er so glad
Sang lullaby so soft and mild
To her sleepy, sleeping, dreaming child.

And mamma tried to raise her voice,
To sing the song, her baby's choice,
But ere she could voice forth a note
It trembled, died in her swelling throat,
For her heart was sad and full of grief,
And mourned in sorrow, whose relief
Was only tears; for on that day
Had Death stole one loved one away;
A song, how could she ever start
With trembling lips and sorrowing heart?

The lisping lips pled once again,
The mother woke and stifled pain,
The lonely living claimed no less
Than loved dead her tenderness.
O baby, what a mission sweet,
To keep the mother-heart replete
With song! No matter what the mood,
Nor the heart-ache which she would
Nurse in silence and in tears,
She must lay aside all cares,
And sing to baby, sing and sing,
Till the song itself shall sweet peace bring.

—Viola Parks Edwards.

Bedford.



I WONDER WHY.

O dawning day, so fair to see,
 O youthful life, how bright it be,
O noon-tide hour, O life-time's prime,
 O sun of day, O sun of time,
O sun descending in the west—
 O life, thou'rt passing, fleeting fast,
O day, thy work so grandly done
 At close,
 Ours scarcely
 Has begun!

In deepest thought my mind I turn,
 To study oft, but never learn—
Why we our life-course may not run
 With perfect close, as setting sun.

I wonder why, at dawn of light,
 When pass away the shades of night;
I wonder why, at noon-tide hour,
 When earth's great lamp displays her
 power;
I wonder why, at twilight hour,
 When dew is resting on the flower;
I wonder why, at still of night,
 When shine the stars, so clear, so bright,
I wonder why, when sets life's sun,
 Our work,
 We cannot say,
 Is done.

—Pearl Augusta Williams.

Greensburg.



A PICTURESQUE WATER-WAY.

* * * If you desire to take a row, I would say go in the early morning, when the sun first shakes the rays of light from his tangled meshes; turn the prow of your boat toward the city of W—. Let the gleaming oars bear you swiftly, pausing only as you pass a bed of sleeping lilies. There you want to steer your boat in and out the cushions of moss and weed, plunge your arm into the shining depths and pluck the lily-stem from its secure moorings. After stowing away your treasures in a corner of your boat where the sun will kiss their petals until they open into cups of creamy gold, you hasten away soon reaching the mouth of this sequestered channel.

Now linger lazily under the shadows of the trees. The sunlight is waking bird and blossom; the mid-summer insect is humming his sleepy monotone; the dew is sparkling on bramble and fern. Instinctively you think of Tennyson's Brook, but instead of gliding over a pebbly bottom, the water is sleeping quietly on its couch of dark mosses. On either side the delicate green ferns bend low, the crimson wild flower nods to her image in the water and the golden-rod braids her yellow tresses by the same mirror.

The banks are aglow with flower color. The thorny blackberry thrusts its fruit to the water's edge, you push your boat close and pluck and eat your fill of the fresh luscious fruit. A tangled mass farther in of dew-berry and huckleberry, of shrub and flower attracts your attention. The morning dew and freshness over all, and quietness about you, causes you to thank your Heavenly Father for a world so beautiful—and ME for showing you the way to my quiet lagoon.

—Sue N. Barr Crouse.

LaFayette.



THE PSALMS IN THE MOUNTAINS.

(By Courtesy of the Century Magazine.)

In the great ocean's thunder
I heard the old songs ring;
I heard them in the prairies
Above the glad corn sing;
The murmur of the pinewood
With Israel's plaint was sweet,
And through the little hills I heard
Its solemn rhythm beat.

But oh, 'twas in the mountains,
The great hymns held me thrall!
Where the four winds of heaven
Set forth their challenge call,
With martial trumpet thrilling
The rough-hewn brawny range,
And through dark canons chanting
The spirit of all change.

The cattle of the foothills
In gathering snow stood deep;
The shepherds, through white meadows,
Went stumbling for their sheep,
And where the lonely hamlet
Slept 'neath stern mountain walls,
The winds across the midnight
Sang hoarse antiphonals.

'Twas Israel's heart melodious
That from the lone high sang,
Till loud the ancient hymnal
O'er plain and desert rang,—
Far-sounding notes of triumph
To grief and wailing ran,
As Nature's voices uttered
The cry of God to man.

—Meredith Nicholson.

Indianapolis.



HER SIN

"What—Madeline, after these four years of separation have I returned only to find you grown cold and haughty, have you no word of welcome for me? Heaven! what does your silence mean, are you trifling, playing a part, only trying to test me? Ah, Madeline, my soul has thirsted for your presence, my heart has hungered for one word from you, for one kiss from your lips. How I have longed for this hour—but come, girl, are you not satisfied? Come to me and tell me you love me as you used to, long ago." With one bound Madeline was in his arms. She had become a wife and mother since they parted, but of this he knew nothing. All thoughts of the dispised husband were gone, the frail little babe was also forgotten and she knew nothing beyond the present moment.

She lay in his arms intoxicated by the passion of his words, his lips upon hers and his breath upon her cheek. With a husband who cared nothing for her, who left her weeks at a time to the despair of her own thoughts, what wonder that all the old love for this man, the love of her youth, surged up in her heart with renewed strength and she forgot the ties that should have held her aloof.

"Your mother does not favor me now, more than she used to, I expect, though I have earned the fortune she demanded. Madeline, sweetheart, I cannot wait for my bride, let us go to your mother and get her consent to an immediate marriage."

"No, no, she would never consent, and you promised to take me away from here dearest, I am not happy here, let us go to New York, it is but six hours' ride, and I can get my dress and be married there." He did not think this strange, so complete was his confidence and in a few minutes they parted.

Madeline went to her room, wrote a note to her mother imploring her to watch over her child and care for it as her own—then a note to her husband simply, coldly bidding him farewell.

At eight o'clock she quietly left the house and walked quickly toward the station and purchased a ticket for New York. A few minutes later Lloyd Armour joined her. "My darling, I knew you would not fail me" he murmured, tenderly taking her arm within his own. "No,"—the woman's face was pale and determined, "I would be here, or—dead!" Scarcely had the words passed her lips when the report of a pistol was heard and with a cry Madeline threw up her arms and fell backward into the supporting arms of her lover. She was still conscious when they laid her on a bed in the hospital. She looked up at the white anguished face above her. "Lloyd, love, forgive." "My darling, oh Madeline, who could harm you?"

"My—oh Lloyd—you will still—love?—he was—my—husband!" "Your husband, my God! she must be raving though." "No, no—Lloyd, but they—forced me—to marry him—Lloyd, I have always—loved you—only you—forgive me—now?" Her strength was ebbing fast—every word caused severest suffering. She had only a few minutes to live. Her appealing eyes were fastened upon his face. He bent over her. "Forgive you my love, yes, fully—I know how it was now. And Madeline darling, does it comfort you to know I have never thought of any woman but you? You were my life, my hope, my thoughts by day and my dreams by night. Oh, my God! how can I give her up?" Here he buried his head in his hands while the bitterest thoughts the ever swept a human heart made him sick almost unto death.

Then he felt two soft arms about his neck and Madeline whispered, "If I could—but stay—with—you. If you—could but—come—with—me. Oh love—see—I die—for—you—kiss—me—." Lloyd pressed his lips to hers once, twice, thrice, then he became conscious that there was no answering pressure of her lips. He raised himself and looked at her—he felt her pulse—he chafed her hands; he became excited almost beyond endurance. "Doctor! help—my God, she is dead!" and with a terrible cry of unutterable anguish he fell across the bed. When the Doctor entered it was a lifeless form which he raised. The dead woman's last wish had been gratified and she did take him with her to the other world.

—Lizzie Jeanee Welthoff.

Seymour.



BEAUTY.

A form like the swaying willow,
With grace in every motion—
A bosom like the stirring billow
Of the gently swelling ocean.

Tresses like the sunshine straying
O'er leaves—all auburn turning,
Which the zephyr's gentle playing
Fans into a hazy burning.

Eyes, where 'neath the dusky lashes,
Drooped with languid, graceful sweeping,
The lightning's brilliant dazzling flashes
In the darkness must be sleeping.

Lips like a rose with dewdrops dripping,
Crimsoned by the sun's warm kisses,
From whose sweet moisture love is sipping
The thrilling nectar of life's blisses.

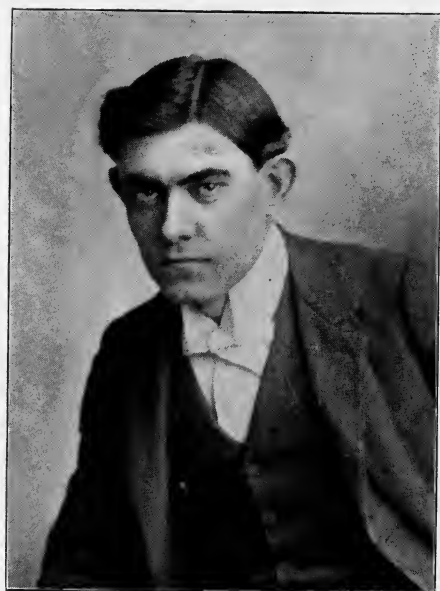
Teeth which gleam with pearly splendor
When bright smiles the lips are wreathing—
And in communion sweet and tender
The soul its love is softly breathing.

A brow like the lily's whiteness,
A throat of curving marble,
Checks of carnation brightness,
A voice like the nightingale's warble.

And then—ah, lovely creature,
If goodness be thy duty,
And virtue shines from ev'ry feature,
I will truly call thee "Beauty."

—Rose Cave Gould.

Evansville.



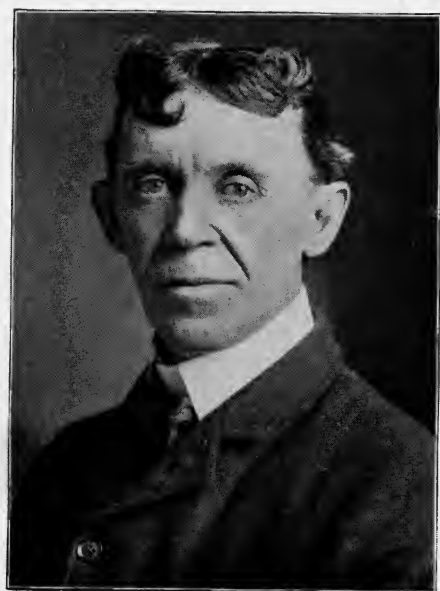
SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' MONUMENT.

What means this mighty tribute carved with shapes
in garb of War?
What means this pile of stone high heaped? What
is it builded for?
Does it typify a Union from the depths of chaos
wrought,
And the lives splashed out in crimson in the awful bat-
tles fought?
Does it speak alone of lives dashed out on sunny
southern fens;
Of souls cramped—sickened—starved—that fled from
reeking prison pens?
Is it only to the victors furloughed to their last sweet
sleep,
In camp in God's own country where the angels
sentry keep?

Rather let it tell the loved ones who are left to mourn
the loss,
They shall meet them at the river—they are waiting
just across.
In a bivouac of slumber on the bright and shining
shore,
Where the muskets' spiteful rattle breaks the echoes
nevermore;
Where the flags of truce are flying and the war-drum
is at rest,
Where gaping wounds by angel hands have tenderly
been dressed;
Where the long forced-march is ended, and where
wars have ceased to be,
And the men who marched with Sherman are en-
camped with those of Lee.

—Carl Anderson.

Spencer.



PEACE WHERE IT RESTETH.

In the wild untrampled forest, where no human foot
yet strayed,
No desecrating hand, its blasting touch hath laid;
Where quaint trees stand as they ever stood,
A home to endless birds and yield their fruit as food,
The fret-work of the branches, aloft anent the sky
Gives glimpses of the heavens and the radiant light
on high,
And noble, dauntless brute life in absence of all fear,
In soothing words it whispers, "God's peace, it
resteth here."

—Percy Henry Clifford.

Elwood.



HEAVENLY VOICES.

I jest sorter like to hear
Young people at their singin',
It makes me feel so good and queer
My blood comes up a springin'.

Those tender voices low and sweet,
So chaste and pure a soundin',
Filled with love and joy complete,
Sets the echoes reboundin'.

I once, well sorter jis for fun,
A country school went a visitin',
I soon found out, as they begun,
The music worth the listenin'.

Then let us sing, oh let us sing,
Nor want to change our station,
And from our hearts our voices ring,
'Tis songs that make our nation.

Oh youthful voice, I yearn for thee,
With melodies so lovin',
Oh youthful voice come back to me
Sweet voice, so near like heaven.

—Lawrence Ashby.

Oakland City.



SPRING LOVE SONG.

There's a gay little spring song ringing,
And ring, little warbling song!
For my heart is the whole day singing;
Is singing the whole day long.

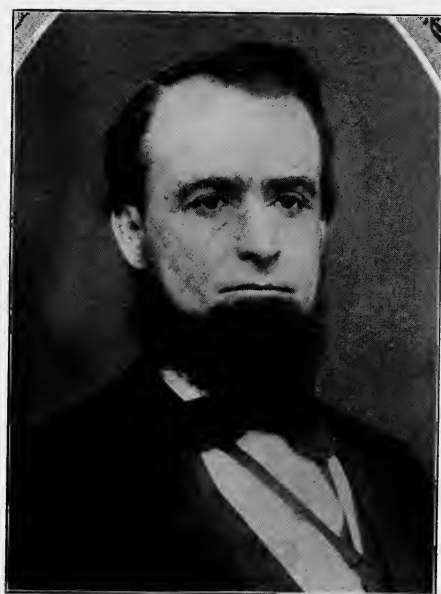
By the beauty of each wee flower,
The flowers that hide in the dell,
By the rustling of leaves in my bower,
The harmonious rise and swell!

In the dancing and sparkling sunshine,
In the twitter of each young bird,
In the tiny voices of spring time,
Are melodies myriad heard!

To my love, to my love I'm clinging;
And ring, little warbling song!
For my heart is the whole day singing,
Is singing the whole day long!

—Florence Riddick Boys.

South Bend.



STARS OF 1902.

Ye stars of nineteen two,
Bright gems of the ocean sky.
Gleams of light; that shine by night,
To gladden the cheerless eye.

Ye stars of nineteen two!
So old and yet so new,
Long have ye shown and blessing known
In the azure home of blue.

Ye stars of nineteen two,
All set in lineless space,
Moving sublime, and moving in time,
And running the boundless race.

Ye gentle kindly stars!
Who placed these jewels there?
Why do they stay, nor move away?
Such diamonds rich and rare.

Ye gentle lovely stars!
A wise hand fixed thy stay,
Circling round, so thou are bound,
To move both night and day.

Ye gentle, beautiful stars!
In thee we see the hand,
Filling our cup, and leading us up,
To a fairer, brighter land.

—Francis Walker.

New Albany.



REFORMATION.

If all mankind would be content
And stop this sordid greed for gain,
The world would lose its' discontent
And peace once more would reign.

No more, with searching inquisition,
Should friend greet friend in silent scorn,
But in the form of higher recognition,
The faith of all good will be born.

No more with features grim and solemn
Might warriors wear the belt of gold,
Nor step with measured tread in column
To fife and drum's fierce music-rolled.

Why! oft the moon hath turned her sight
From earth's great store of human woe,
Caused by the living fount of right
Being trampled under foot so low.

The high apex of man's ambition
Should be to aid the human race.
To check each thought of gross temptation
And to let the good roll on apace.

And happy be that distant day,
When friend to friend united
Shall roll greed's barrier from the way
And have these dark wrongs righted.

So let us fight for freedom's right,
Until the black flag's down,
And he, that first discerns the light,
May wear the victor's crown.

Berton Ditzenberger.

Whitestown.



IN THE MOON-LIGHT.

In the moon-light, balmy moon-light,
Spring-time breezes sighing low,
It was then I first beheld you—
And I loved you then, I know.

In the moon-light, glorious moon-light,
Mid the roses sweet with dew,
It was then you said you loved me;
Then I pledged my life to you.

In the moon-light, winter moon-light,
As the Christmas fire-sides glow,
Sparkles on the glitt'ring jewel
That sealed our vow six months ago.

Sit I waiting for your coming,
On our happy marriage day;
Waiting, yes, your bride is waiting;
Haste, oh, absent one, I pray.

In the moon-light, cruel moon-light,
How it pierces thro' and thro'
Shining on your death-still figure,
On your marble face so true.

Oh, my heart is broken, broken,
Yet yon moon shines calmly on,
And its cold rays seem to mock me
For the joys forever gone.

In the moon-light, lonely moon-light,
Winter winds are wailing low,
By your grave I bow in anguish,
Bitter tears in torrents flow;
In my loneliness I'm wond'ring,
Wond'ring why God willed it so.

—Varina Estelle Miller.

Rising Sun.



DISSOLUTION.

The soul has left its house of clay
And o'er it hovers in farewell;
The lips so often wont to pray
Are mutely silent 'neath the spell
Which Death casts over mortal life.
The eyes that once were quick to see
The glories of the earth and sky,
Are darkened with the mystery
Of what it is to live and die.
The hands, once active in the strife,
And never closed to human needs,
Are folded on the peaceful breast.
The heart so thrilled with noble deeds
And truest love, is lulled to rest.
The weary feet which forward trod
The path where sins and sorrows met,
Are still at last—such calm repose;
And stilled are joy and all regret;
The silent heart no passion knows—
The earth-free soul returns to God.
M. Winifred Hamlin.

Warsaw.



“HE IS RISEN.”

The silver clouds on high are parting,
And sunshine from the sky is darting;
We hear the joyous ring of voices,
For in this thought the world rejoices
He is Risen!

In the darkened grave His garments lie
And are viewed by the mourners passing by,
Yet the Crucified now reigns on high,
And angels' voices echo the cry:
He is Risen!

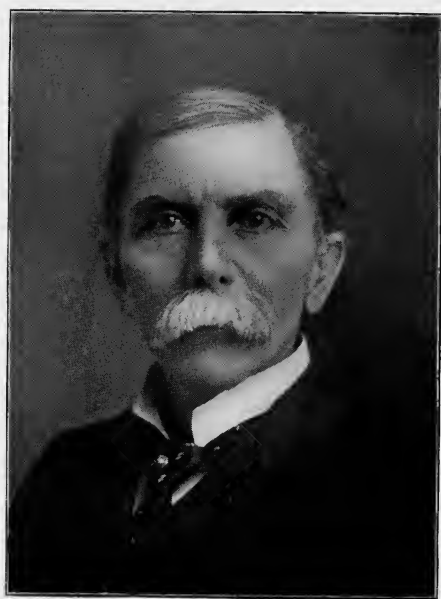
And still we hear this glad acclaim,
For praise to Him is our great aim;
Then ring, ye bells of Easter, ring,
And gladly with thee we will sing:
He is Risen!

The lillies white and pure and sweet,
This joyous Easter morn we greet
Upon the altar where as 'tis meet,
Our Lord for mercy we entreat—
He is Risen!

And years, like clouds, may o'er us roll,
These bells life's parting hour may toll,
But like unto that Savior dear—
The robes of death we need not fear:
He is Risen!

—Gertrude May Malmesbury.

Washington.



AUTUMN LEAVES.

Sakes alive! if I had my way
When the leaves of autumn fall,
You bet I'd just let 'em all lay,
Wouldn't rake 'em up at all.

Where's the man who don't remember,
How he used to romp and run
Barefoot way up in November,
Hunting nuts and having fun.

Leaves knee deep and still a fallin',
As the frosty mornings came,
Crows a cawin' and a callin',
Almost speak a feller's name.

I can almost hear the gruntin'
Of the hogs a rootin' 'round,
Underneath the trees a huntin'
For the mast upon the ground.

There's a somethin' 'bout the rustle
Of the fall leaves floatin' down,
That brings back the boyhood hustle,
When the woods were rich and brown.

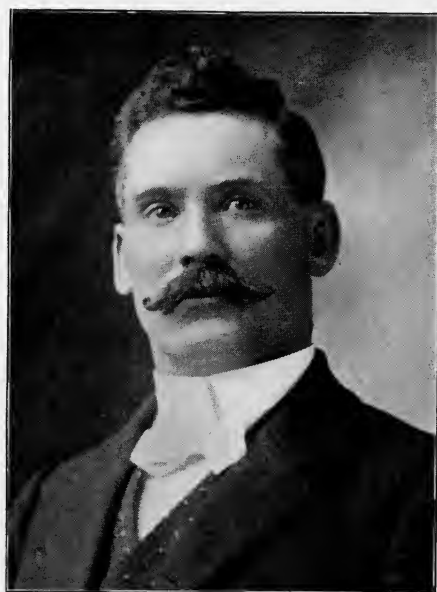
Makes me blush to think of burnin'
Colors from the Master hand,
Some bright crimson, some just turnin'
Leavin' streaks of green there, and

Others there are clear bright yellow
With the golden sunset hue,
Like the ripening fruit whose mellow,
Tints are shining through and through.

Yes, I'd leave 'em where they're fallin'
From the frost, I'd let 'em lie
Soft and loose like, where they're callin'
For such boys as you and I.

—Francis Marion Van Pelt.

Anderson.



CAN I ENJOY A JOKE?

You ask me, can I stand a joke?
You should have tried me, and not broke
The subject so abrupt.
Enjoy a joke? indeed I do—
Yes, maybe just as well as you;
Please now, don't give it up.

Let's hear your joke, why do you hold
It back from me? come now, be bold—
I'm anxious now to hear.
You should not hold it back from me—
I'm full of curiosity;
You've nothing more to fear.

I think a joke, when it is pure—
No other kind you'd make, I'm sure—
Is oil upon the waves
Of any life, that's full of woe.
Now, tell me, friend, is that not so?
My soul for this thing craves.

A joke, when full of jolly wit,
Is always sure to make a hit.
I can hear that laugh
It always makes—and when they part,
With pleasant smiles and happy heart—
Each his or her own path.

It vexes me to see a man
Or woman, who, that never can
Make or enjoy a joke.
God pity them, there's something wrong
About their natures—if they're strong.
With such I will not joke.

—John Zach Macdonald.

Brazil.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

Oh, where are the scenes of my childhood?

Oh, where are the visions of old?

The fancies in colors of rainbows—

The castles all burnished with gold?

Oh, where are the streams that in childhood

Ran laughing and gay through the mead,

By which I have lingered at sunset,

And watched the bright waves' whirling speed?

Oh, where is the old rustic park-seat,

And the sweet-scented air and the flowers,

Where wild birds and bees and companions

Have whiled away many bright hours?

Oh, where are the riches I've dreamed of,

The gold which was hoarded away?

Child's fancy had made me King Midas,

Who's stolen youth's yellow display?

Alas, the bright bubble is bursted;

The nectar of childhood is spilt;

The sword of cold-blooded reality

Has been thrust in my heart to the hilt.

But why should we grieve at such fancies,

For childhood's the play time of life?

Man's pleasure is found but in action,

And contentment reposes in strife.

—Pius Lankford.

Martz.



CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

Go back to the dim grey dawn,
Of the earthly past and see
How God in dealing then with men
Had different ways than thee.

He never thought that mortal man
As judge would seek his shrine,
Or doubt the words he wisely used
That vengeance shall be mine.

I know he said "Life for life,"
And kill not for my sake.
And of the breath that great God gave,
No other one shall take.

If this applies to those who kill,
With maligned hearts untrue,
It means as well their punishment
By a higher power than you.

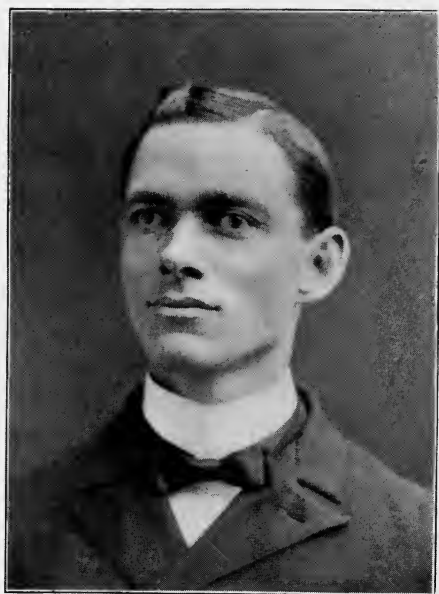
If God meant that Cain should live
And for his brother's death go free,
Why would he change the plan since then,
By killing you and me?

For near the Garden of Eden
Where the flowers bloom and grow,
The seeds of crime were first sown there,
With Abel's blood you know.

The past has said, the assassin craves,
More than the world can give,
And when he steeps his hand in crime,
Would rather die than live.

—Ollie Spaugh.

Hope.



DISPOSITION.

As we all know there is a theory abroad in the world that a person's disposition cannot be changed. This theory is partly false, and partly true. I never knew a person, nor one never lived who by the force of resolution could change their disposition. But, by God's assistance a person's disposition can be changed. I know people, yes the pages of history are teeming with them, who after their conversion were exactly the opposite in disposition to what they were before. The fact then is apparent, that by faith in God and a willingness to observe His ordinances and obey His commands we may have the disposition of Satan taken out of our hearts and that of Jesus Christ planted therein. Believe this or not, it is true, and if this is not done we will never see heaven. I wish to ask you what is more desirable than a pleasant disposition. Without it we can neither be happy ourselves, nor make others happy. I have heard people who are impulsive and quick tempered say: "I know I have a very bad disposition. At times my temper appears to be almost uncontrollable; but I try to govern it, and I think within the course of a few years' time I will be able to govern it perfectly." All persons holding such views are greatly deceived, and will in the end of the battle awaken to the sad realization that their temper has come out more than conqueror and that all efforts to control it have been of no avail. A disposition which is not corrected by the grace of God will gradually grow worse instead of better as the years roll by. But if Christ implants within us a new disposition we shall gradually grow better and better each succeeding day of our life.

—William Arthur Berlin.

Veedersburg.



THE UNFINISHED SCULPTURE OF MICHAEL ANGELO.

Above the wrecks of time, these figures stand
In San Lorenzo's sacristy and wait
The final strokes of an impetuous hand
That toils no more against a cruel fate.

Upon these images, reclining here,
(As weary for the master's tardy feet)
A world of faces gaze from year to year
And feel the sadness of the incomplete.

Here where the crisp Carrara clings and hides
The perfect outline of th' emerging limb,
The imprint of the chisel's stroke abides;
And shall when flickering altar lights grow dim.

Unfinished? Nay, had we but eyes to see
With his keen eyes, the image cased in stone,
We might, as he his Moses, strike that knee
And bid the marble turn to flesh and bone.

But we are the unfinished and, behold,
Stand here with dross unpurged from soul and
heart;
We wait the touches of a hand to mold
And model us to forms of perfect art.

As fair Vittoria to great Angelo,
Came with that touch of love ineffable,
That drew sweet sonnets from those lips aglow,
And shaped th' unfinished statue to the full.

There is a power sent from the Infinite,
Be't love or sorrow, dark adversity,
Or some vague shadowy hand we know not quite,
Can fill the cup of life and satisfy.

And so I love to think, some aeons hence,
These, our soul-statues here, shall be complete,
And what to us was but a crude offence,
Will be made perfect, head and hands and feet!

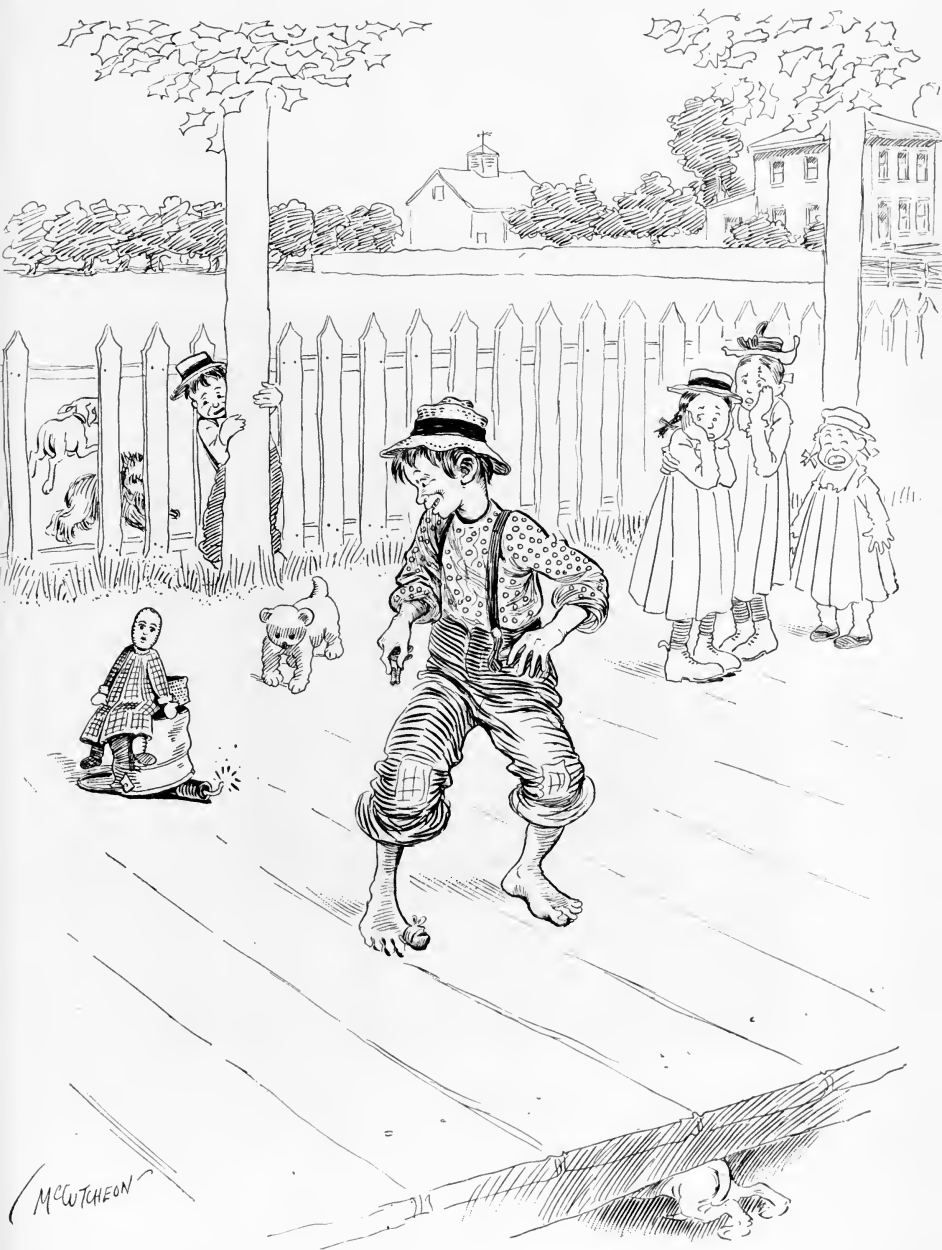
—Frank Ingold Walker.

Colorado Springs, Colorado.



John T. McCutcheon

THE BLOWING UP OF PENELOPE.





WOODLANDS.

Golden gleams the summer days
In field and woodlands fair,
Golden beams the buttercups
In the corner over there.

Shady streamlet flowing
Gently through the dell,
Woodland flowers bending
Where a gleam of sunshine fell.

Mossy banks and water cresses,
Ferns and pussy-willow,
Cool and fresh and soft and nice,
Would make a downy pillow.

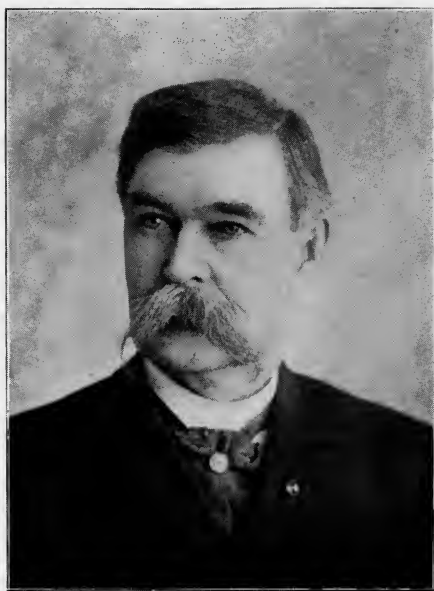
Clean and white the pebbles
Washed by the waters' flow,
Of the clear and shady streamlet,
Where the shadows come and go.

Minnows sleek and shiny
Darting to and fro,
In nature's real aquarium
Noiselessly they go.

Cunning little creatures
Gliding side by side,
Full of quick surprises,
For soon away they'll hide.

Birds all singing gaily,
Violets at your feet,
Make a perfect woodland
Which could be no more complete.

—Flora Williams Wood.



"JOHN SCREWTON'S DREAM."

"Everything is wrong! Margins, next to nothing. Rates of interest, beggarly. Hours of labor shrinking. More pay! Robbed from morning to night to support half the world in idleness! What is capital to do?" and with a sigh that sounds through the elegant room like a wail, the troubled rich man sinks back into the cushions of his easy chair and lowers with a look that is not resignation on the stolid carvings of furniture and mantel that leer back at him through the subdued lamp light.

Mr. John Screwton, ladies and gentlemen, allow me. Self-made man is John. Prides himself on it. "Old Screw" they call him down where the furnace roars and the wheels hum. Practical man of business is John. Knows a good thing when he sees it. No humbug about him. Bank account bloated like a London Alderman. Name worth a million on the street. And now on this Christmas eve, when all the world, from King to beggar, stands tip-toe in anticipation ready to find all good in the day of days, John's mind is troubled and his heart hardened, that everything is going wrong.

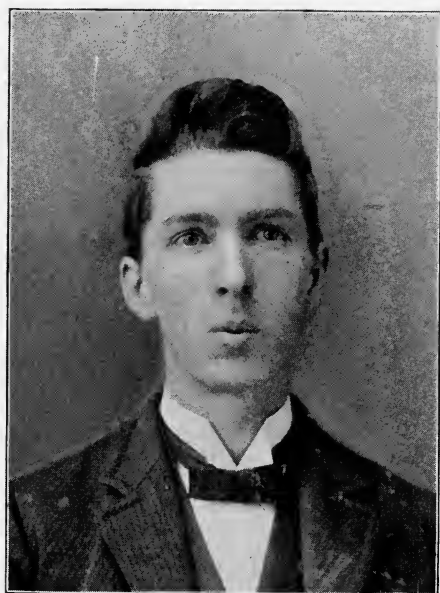
Bless your shriveled, flinty old heart, John Screwton! the world is all right—better, happier, wiser, each succeeding Christmas. You are all wrong, John, but nothing short of a miracle can lift the scales from your eyes.

There he goes again, this discontented Midas. Hear him! while the wind whistles around the street corners and sends the eddying snow driving into rosy happy faces that bend to the blast and hurry on, flying from shop to shop, perching here and there like belated snow birds and at last loaded down with suggestive packages, home to roost in a twitter of delight and mystery. Hear "Old Screw," I say, surrounded with all that can make life worth living—except content.

"All wrong," says Screw. "The world is out of joint." He does not know he has quoted an old master or he would take it back, for John Screwton, "self-made man," is original or nothing. "All wrong and all unjust; but I have always dealt justly, however, I have been dealt by" (the hoary old sinner is lying to himself in the privacy of his own chamber.) "Ah well! the cross for the crown—heigh-ho!"

—James Sargent Ostrander.

Richmond.



THE GOOD SHIPS AT SEA.

Each soul has a ship on the ocean's wide breast,
With freight from a wonderful store;
But no one can say if this ship of the blest
Shall ever furl sail at the shore.
We watch from the shore of the sea's mystic side
And hope that some light as a beacon may guide
This cargo from evils that often betide.

To some who have hoped the long nightwatches
through,
When dawn breaks and lulls the ebb-tide
And over the waters, against the dark blue,
Their vessels to anchor shall ride,
May come a reward for the vigils of night,
The shadow of evil be turned into light,
And wrongs of oppression give way to the right.

But often a mist veils hope's beautiful star,
And breakers beat wild on the strand,
And bear in their bosom that breaks on the bar
And lashes the golden sea sand
The wreck of a vessel. Some heart will—ah me!
Look again nevermore o'er a mystical sea
Where others may view shining sails floating free.

—Frank Oskin.

Gentryville,



THE HIDDEN WAY.

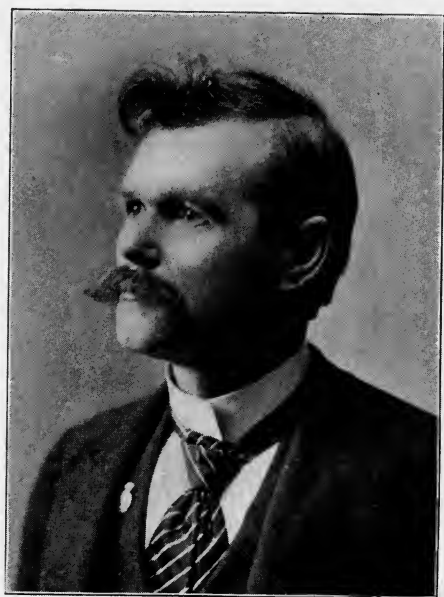
So much that goes to make life pure and grand
Lies close within the reach of every hand,
If we but seek to find the hidden key
Which ope's the door to life's great mystery.
Seeking we find and finding grope the way,
Till noontide's glint obliterates the gray.

'Tis but a span across the hidden way.
'Tis only darkest near the dawn of day,
And once night's gate upon its hinges swings
And morning brings us hope of better things
We look not back at sorrows left behind,
The hidden way across, new joy we find.

'Tis only just a rustic bridge to cross
"Or stream embedded in a bank of moss,"
A tottering pair of bars to lay aside,
To vanish envy, selfishness and pride.
The hidden way beyond, our cross laid down ;
The key of Love our scepter, peace, our crown.

—Mary Haynes Richey.

Elwood.



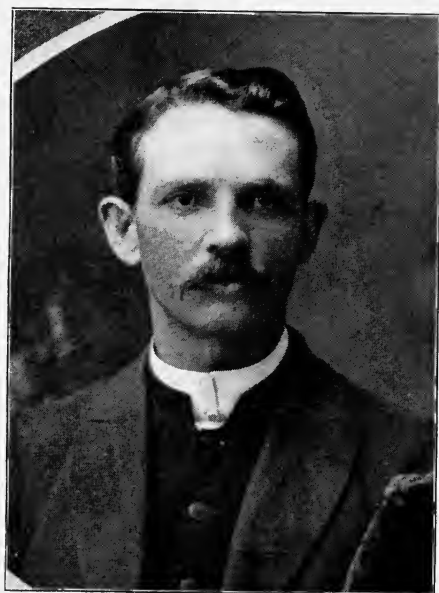
THREE CONQUERORS.

Awake! the beautiful dawn
Comes with the sun's golden rays,
And night retires with banners worn,
Mid all her hosts of stars;
From tree and shrub the shadows fly,
While quietly the moon has fled
Before the conqueror.

The herald of the day
Above the hills appears,
And joyous birds begin their song
While dew drops disappear;
And man awoke to daily task,
Goes forth to till the soil
And he is conqueror.

Truth chases error's night
And drives the gloom away,
And whispers, "let there now be light,"
The dawn of righteous day.
And slaves arise and fetters break,
While cowering tyrants fearful shake,
For truth is conqueror.
—Ben Ed Doane.

Jasper.



MY RICHEST GRACE.

When first I gave my heart to God,
With all resigned unto his care;
I felt the persecuting rod,
My Saviour's sufferings to share.

Yet thus I found the richest grace,
A richer thing I never knew;
'Twas perfect love for Adam's race,
It seemed a wonder yet 'twas true.

My foes prepared a dreadful storm,
We stood before it face to face;
They tried to fill us with alarm,
But weakened soon before this grace.

Ah! richest grace; thou lovely one,
Thy sister's fair but none like thee.
While Faith may conquer thou wilt crown
And oil each act with grace for me.

My actions rough without thine oil,
May hinder souls, destroy them, too,
And thus for want of thee may spoil
The work my Lord designed to do.

But when my heart is full of thee,
How near and dear each soul will seem.
'Twill make me love my enemy—
Love them will be my leading theme.

'Twill make me kind to friend or foe.
I'll honor them with due respect.
But should I fail pure love to show,
Then sad the fruits of my neglect.

—David Burke Moore.



TRANSITION.

Where is the dashing youth who for a season
Surveyed the world with mirthful, laughing eye,
Scorning the sage advice of hoary Reason,
As with unheeding feet he hurried by?

Ah! here his semblance, here his form and features,
Here the same eye, but how subdued the glance!
Here the rash feet, how slow the pace he teaches
Those members once so nimble in the dance!

Just through the open door of sober Manhood,
He stops with faltering feet and failing heart,
Gazing, appalled, as sudden breaks upon him,
The broken pathway where his feet must start.

As on the flowery path of Youth he lingered,
How distant seemed that fateful portal then,
How bright the baubles that he idly fingered,
How far his pathway lay from that of Men,

The glittering joys that once his steps attracted,
Where has their golden luster vanished now?
The laurel wreath that Maiden's fingers twined,
Falls faded and unfelt upon his brow.

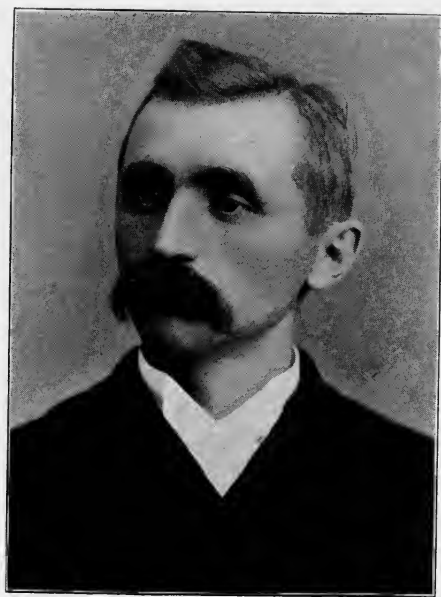
He feels no more the sweet intoxication,
Which thoughtless follies once were wont to bring,
He sees, uncovered by the downy billows,
The rocks, discovered, where the sirens sing.

As, backward gazing from the brazen threshold,
He tracks the wavering pathway once so bright,
He views the hidden pitfalls close beside it,
And, shuddering, turns his vision from the sight.

One quick regret, a pang for but a moment,
A forward glance that does the future scan,
With laughter changed to firm determination,
The dashing, fiery youth becomes a MAN.

—Clayton Ray Wise.

Chesterton.



THE TRIUNE GOD.

God, thrice holy, throned in glory,
Robed in threefold mystery,
Open to our hearts the story
Of Redemption's history.

God the Father, who created
Man upon the earth to be
Image to Himself related,
Lead him on from self to Thee.

God the Son, man's only Savior,
Thou hast brought salvation near,
Make us daily in behavior
Like Thee while we tarry here,

God the Spirit, life and power,
New create within our heart,
Comfort us in death's dark hour,
And prepare us to depart.

God thrice holy be the glory,
Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
For redemption's wondrous story,
Sung by Saint and Angel host.

—Jacob Dyke.

Remington.



"AFTERMATH."

'Twas a song that I caught for a moment ;
I heard it but once, and was thrilled ;
The song and the singer have vanished,
But my heart with one strain yet, is filled.
One strain of that song seems to haunt me ;
I'm humming it o'er and again ;
Unconsciously tuning a fragment
Of melody from that refrain.

The flower that I gathered soon withered ;
I could not but cast it away ;
I prized it fulwell, but 'twas fragile ;
A life that could last but a day.
But tho' fading and passing so quickly,
Its presence remains, for my room
Is filled with a joy it has left me,
Its delicate, subtile perfume.

So, Honore, like the song and the flower,
Came into my life for a day,
And thrilled me with tenderest pleasure,
Then like them, she hastened away.
And all that remains of her passing
Are perfume and fragment of song,
That haunt me, and thrill me with joy, tho'
The flower and singer are gone.

—Chester Lee Fidler.

Terre Haute.



TO A WHIPPOORWILL.

O spirit with the plaintive, wailing song,
Come, lead me to the light, a higher path;
I'm weary, and I sob for cruel wrong:
My love outlives the stroke and curse of wrath.
Sweet harmony is sweeter as it dies;
Our tenderest thoughts lie mute upon the tongue;
Angelic Pity speaks with plead'ing eyes,—
And themes of holiest truth remain unsung.
But grief is best interpreted in tone:
The pang that searches deep demands a cry;
The suffering soul's expression is a moan,—
And Sorrow's saddest off-spring is a sigh.
Among the countless spheres is there one place
Unknown to greed and pride and pain?
Where goodness glorifies each faultless face,
And tenderness and mercy ever reign?
Man is a dual mystery—matter, mind—
Creation's failure, yet a work sublime;
A mental monarch, crowned with light, but blind;
In virtue great, but greater still in crime.
Mankind needs faith to meet each social shock—
A mighty faith, like mountains mid the storm;
Then love would lead and fold us as a flock,
With strong humanity repelling harm.
The force that forms the lilies of the field,
That swings the world and holds the deathless
spheres,
Builds up in beauty souls that softly yield—
Like Christ they rise from agony and tears.
Our dreams are mental dramas—thought is sight—
And thought survives though countless ages roll;
And sleep lets in the spiritual light,
Which numbs the body, but awakes the soul.
In nature's heart a holy lesson lies—
'Tis taught to them that ask with fervent breath—
It moves in silent splendor through the skies,
And blooms and breathes, defying time and death.
O melancholy Minstrel of the Night,
I'll leave your cloister in the mournful vale;
I'll seek the smile and loveliness of light,
And thus forget your loud and piercing wail.

—Richard Rawlings Waters.

Laurel.



THE LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

A brown bird with red-winged breast,
Sitting quietly in its nest,
Build where, its swaying to and fro,
Twigs of apple-blossoms blow.

Nature's sweetest rhymes are made,
In the pleasant orchard shade,
As white petals fluttering fall,
Rhyming with the robin's call.

When Christ, the legends say,
Bore the woe of that last day,
And forgot with anguish great,
And none His dying thirst would sate,

Then the silent air was stirred,
By the flight of a brown bird,
As in Olive garden nigh,
It had caught His broken cry.

And from Bethel pool,
One sweet drop of water cool,
In its bill the bird had caught,
And with pitying love had brought.

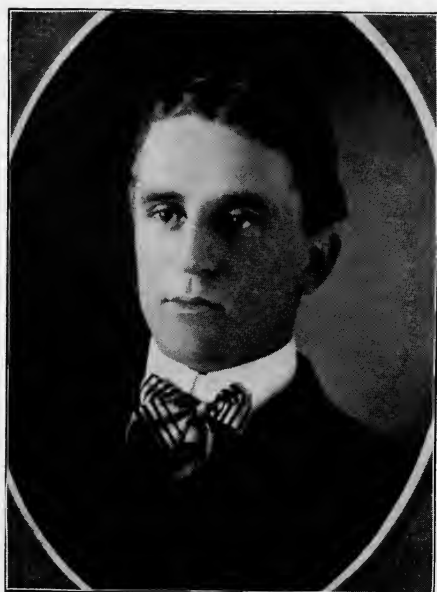
Down it settled, softly down,
Past the bitter thorny crown,
And to ease the fevered drouth,
Laid the cool drop in His mouth.

On its flight the robin's breast,
Against the wounded hands were prest,
Ever since, the red-breast stain,
Over its tender heart has lain.

And when the apple-blossoms stir,
Swift we hear the brown wings whir,
And the bird with red-stained breast,
Builds in all our hearts its nest.

—Joseph Frank Honecker.

Oak Forest.



THE OLD HOME.

The house stands as it always did,
It brings me memories, sweet.
The strange face though that greets me
Is not the one I longed to meet.

The grass upon the lawn is tall,
There, running wild the rose,
With the orange blossoms an unkept bush,
Such sights my eyes disclose.

The arbor, once sweet-scented and cool,
Is suffering from decay.
The place smells foul of odious weeds,
That drive sweet memories away.

The garden path, so neat and clean,
Is now with weeds overgrown;
While the garden I cannot recognize
As the garden, once my own.

Oh, dear old home, so long so sweet,
Swept from me at a breath,
With everything that I held dear,
Upon sweet mother's death.

—Clarence Adrian Joliff.

East Germantown.



Adam was a majestic being, the lord of the earth and the master to whose commands all creatures pay homage, a godlike being, justly so called the offspring of the skies. He was truly the handiwork of an omnipotent Architect, for only an heavenly Architect could form those stout and well-knit limbs that move with bold majestic step, those skillful hands that fulfill the mandates of his royal mind which thrones in his lofty mien, that beautiful oval face, high forehead, flowing flaxen hair hanging down over his shoulders, that subtle, sacred, heavenly soul flashing like sparks of lightning in his wonderful steelblue eyes, the iridescent gems through which are seen the sparkling emanations of the mind, faith, hope, love, pride, and despair, that terrible yet musical voice which like the lion's rolls in rumbling tones down the valley in bold defiance of the Great Unknown, who had dared to dally with Adam's own, the creature of his bone and sinew, the heavenly borne mate, of whom the Master had said:—"This is thy mate, perish all who dare to touch her."

Like the lion at bay Adam seemed to plead to Heaven's offended Deity to point out to him the Dastard on whom to quench his ire and thus blot out the stain on Adam's honor and pride. The slender cords, from head to feet, quiver with wrath and hate; the ruddy flood bounds through the body and flushes his manly face with eternal hate against the Dastard; the heart, that type of love, thumps and flutters with balked ambition; the clenched fists pound the air as if threatening the unseen foe, terrible only because unseen.

Stifling the terrible passion within his soul, Adam approached Eve in a tender and soothing manner, and taking her hand in a lover-like way, he spake in a soft caressing voice: "How can I live without thee, O, my Eve! What is power, what is happiness, what is life without thee! This great Eden would be but a solitude, a longing misery without my sweet companion. Each floral charm, the golden fruit, the clinging vine, fair emblem of our love, all would but remind me of thy fair and lovely form. Nay, it cannot be. I defy not the Master, I dare not the Unknown, but this I say, against all the powers of all the worlds I will stand by thee to the last in my feeble way, whilst there is but a spark left to defend thee."

And drawing Eve to his sobbing bosom in fond embrace, Adam continued: "O woman; made out of my flesh and bone nearest my heart, with thee, my wife, I live or I die. With thee I welcome grim Death, if thou, my Eve, must die! There are no terrors in store for me except to be parted from thee! To stay with thee is the hope of Man's once cheering morn, and of the eve of Man's sad dreary life. The dark and dismal grave ends thus the strife, but it will not come to thee alone!"

Thus Adam spake, then from Eve's outstretched hand he takes the fruit and eats in spite of God's command, welcoming cruel fate with all the dire misery it has in store for him, caring naught, fearing nothing. Like the lion at bay Adam defies all.

—Edward James Kempf.

Jasper.



MY PICTURE.

O artist, true, come paint for me,
A living dream of long ago ;
A mother, fair, and sinless babe,
With curling locks and brow of snow.

O stretch thy spotless canvas wide,
Upon thy easel's gilded frame,
Where first the tinge of morning light,
Will cast her beams of quick'ning flame.

Upon thy pallet mix thy paint,
And let it catch the virgin hue
Of morning's fresh and holy light,
That dances on the sparkling dew.

And then with brush of finest make,
O draw my image of the pair ;
Upon their lips and cheek and brow,
Just paint the breath of angels there.

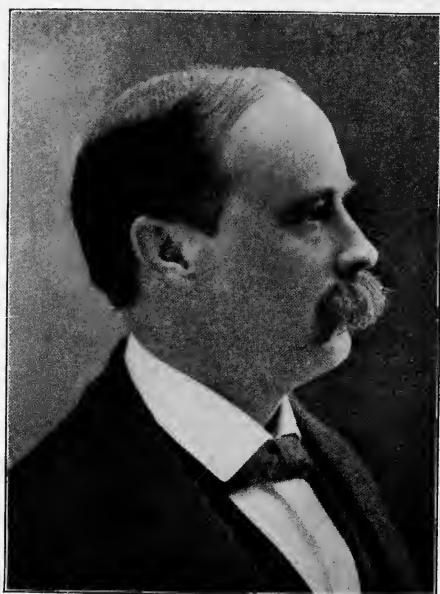
Around the whole a halo draw,
The penciled sign of God above ;
To show that those beneath its light,
Were subjects of his choicest love.

And in the mist of golden light,
You paint an angel with a wreath ;
Who took his flight from home above,
To crown with love the two beneath.

For God has shown in many ways,
And may this truth be undefiled ;
The noblest thing upon the earth,
Is a mother, pure, and infant child.

—Will Earl Dodson.

Covington.



MEMORIAL HYMN.

To one and all by Fate's decree
There cometh days of sorrow ;
'Twas ever thus and e'er shall be
Until th' eternal morrow.
Our friends in life, our hopes, our strife,
Go down before time's certain law ;
We stand aghast, before the blast,
And view the scene in rev'rent awe.

We bid our friends a last adieu,
As each one fords the river,
Then fondly hope and pray anew,
That God will keep us ever
In the paths of right, till faith and sight
Shall solve our doubts and calm our fears ;
When Friendship, Love, and Truth above
Shall reign thro' never ending years.

O bond of Love that binds us fast
And links to life eternal ;
O Truth of God by naught surpassed,
Reign in our hearts supernal.
By these we rise and lift our eyes
To faith's eternal summit grand,
Where we can see, eternally,
The guiding of the Master's hand.

—William Thomas Giffe.

Logansport.



THE GARDEN OF MY HEART.

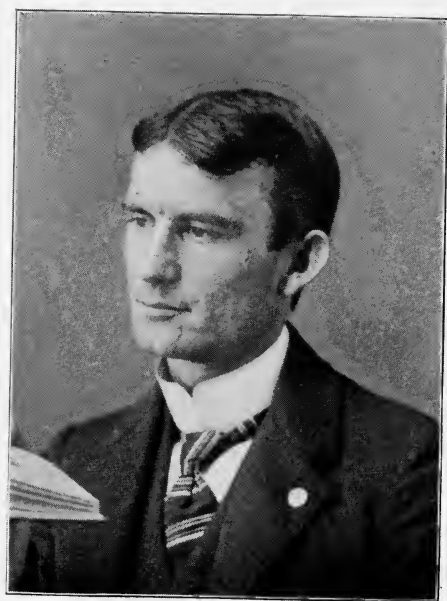
'Tis spring in the old, old country,
And the leaves are fresh and green,
And where once we play'd as children,
There are cowslips to be seen.
But your little hands will never
Cull flowers on earth again,
And I'll hear your voice no longer,
Like the silver sound of rain.

You were weary with the winter,
Very weary, so you said,
And we laid you down to slumber,
Where the bluebirds watch your bed.
In the country that's far distant,
O'er the tearful, tossing sea,
There you're sleeping still my darling,
Far away from home and me.

Winds steal by you very gently,
Leave no footprints on the grass,
And the birds will sing all summer,
And the golden leaves will pass.
But I love to dream, my darling,
Since the day we had to part,
That you're sleeping till God wakes you
In the garden of my heart.

—Theresia Honecker.

Oak Forest.



MEDITATION.

Silent, all silent about my room,
And I alone am thinking,
While the rays from the little moon
Through the window shade is creeping.

The inmates in their beds are sleeping,
But I'm in the room above,
Thinking of that richest blessing,
That I have friends to love.

One dear friend I cannot see.
She would not answer if I should call!
In heaven she rests ready to meet me;
My friend, my mother, my all.

Ah yes, father, I think of thee,
More than ever when far apart;
You and sister and I make three,
But the fourth is my sweetheart.

—Martin Louis Boughner.

Foster.



LIFE'S TOMORROW.

Toil and rest, defeat and triumph, moments bringing
joy or pain,
Walking now through gloomy lowlands, then along a
brighter way,
Senses thrilled by hope's glad anthem or by sorrow's
sad refrain,
Fraught with deep, half-hidden meaning, thus is pas-
sing life's today.

Earthly scenes grow dim and distant in the evening's
fading light.
Pallid brow and pulseless bosom touched by Azrael's
icy hand,
While the twilight shadows deepen to the denser
shades of night,
Then the flight of a freed spirit to the far-off deathless
land.

Glorious dawn of life's tomorrow—morning of eternal
day!
Radiance no cloud shall darken while the endless ages
roll,
Visions of supernal splendor that no language can
portray,
Swelling strains of angel music welcoming a ransomed
soul.

Safe within the pearly portals, past for age the storms
of time,
Nevermore earth's tearful partings, nevermore grief's
cross to bear;
Cherished dreams of blissful meetings realized on
heights sublime,
Evermore God's holy presence, evermore joy's crown
to wear.

Weary one, worn with the conflicts and the cares of
life's today,
Look with faith's entrancing vision to the city of the
blest;
Soon the glad tomorrow's glory will gleam bright
upon your way
And in that fair light your soul will enter heaven,
home and rest.

—Jennie Wilson.

South Whitley.



NATURE'S AWAKENING.

The trees will soon,
Be in full bloom,
And nature be at her best;
The April showers,
Will bring the flowers,
And wake them from their rest.

Oh, can we find,
Any one so blind,
This beauty they cannot see;
For as I pass,
Each blade of grass,
It speaks of God to me.

I wonder why,
Some fain would die,
And leave this all behind:
Our spirits may
Come back some day,
And death they do not mind.

Can this be so,
Or do any know,
Time alone will make the test;
When from the gloom,
Of the silent tomb,
We too, shall wake from rest.

—**El**nora Emery Frain

Rochester.



MOTHER STILL PRAYS FOR YOU.

"Mother still waits for you, Jack," I heard the sweet refrain,

Wafted on and onward in the clear wintry night,
And it brought back a scene of the days gone by,

A picture of my sunny, southern home,
An old mother, aged, grey and bent, in the twilight,
Sits and waits for her wandering, wayward boy.

Why does he tarry, why does he roam?

Does mother still wait for me to-night;

Does my mother still sit in the gathering twilight,
Waiting for her wandering child to come home;

Does she wonder why I tarry, why I roam?

"Mother still looks for you, Jack," again it came,

Sweet and clear in the softly falling shadows.
How long has she stood there and watched,

Watched for that truant son, out in the wintry rain,
Watched till her aching eyes are bleared and dim.

Still that mother waits and looks for him.

Does my mother still wait and look for me to-night?

Are my mother's poor eyes bleared and dim,
Does my mother still wait and sit in the twilight,
As that poor mother did for him?

"Mother still prays for you, Jack," the song

In that sweet dream-like cadence rose,
Each night before she seeks repose,

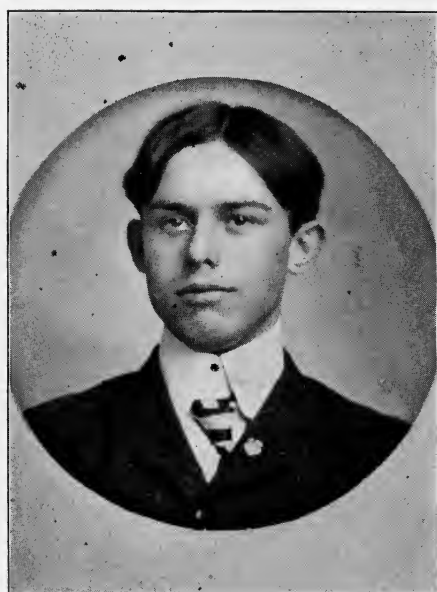
She bows that head so old and grey.
Your mother still prays for you, Jack,—oh, so long,
Your mother still prays for you to-day.

Does my mother still pray for me (to-day) to-night?

Is my mother's head so old and grey?
Yes, poor mother still prays for me to-day,
Mother still prays and waits to-night.

—Arleigh Mathews.

Monticello.



AMARANTHUS.

How the years roll on!
Down the steep slope of time they pass away
From mortal sight to lands what tongue can say,
 To what bright dawn?
Yet ever onward, skyward—sweeping they
 Roll on and on.

What light hath streamed along
The eternal wake which they have trailed behind?
What flowers, what amaranths have they resigned
 To grow our weeds among?
O, yet we trust that somehow we shall find
 The music for our song.

How the years roll on!
The bud blooms into leaf and the leaf falls
With other leaves to lie, while a voice calls
 To Amaranthus—gone.

No answer echoes mid the lone gray walls
Where the tree grew and the leaves lie,
But Amaranthus did not die—
 And the years roll on.

—Clyde Byron Beck.

Richmond.



AN EVENING REVERIE.

'Tis the cool of a summer evening, and I'm sitting all alone;
With the birds still gay about me, and the moments all my own;
I think of the hours departed, of the duties laid aside,
And I wonder if the Master my poor works can abide.

All through the hours so busy, I've toiled with brain and hand,
And now a host accusing, in calm review they stand.
And the question comes unbidden, what was the motive power,
And is my work acceptable to Him who rules the hour?

He tells us we must honor Him in all things that we do,
To keep His name untarnished, His glory first in view.
And so, careworn and weary, I sit with doubtful mind,
No bright and clear solution to the question can I find.

A faint, sweet sound of music, from the church across the way,
With a soft and soothing influence, doth all my senses sway;
The dear, dear name of Jesus, is borne on the evening air;
And o'er my dreaming senses, comes a vision sweet and fair.

Alone, all alone, I'm standing, on the shore of Galilee;
A faint, sweet scent of Eastern flowers, is wafted o'er the lea.
I hear the hum of voices, the tread of many feet;
I look, and lo, a company, my wondering glances meet.

But one of all that company, arrests my eager eyes;
His calm and lordly bearing claim kinship with the skies.
In sweet and thrilling accents He teaches as He walks;
And eager crowd the company, to hear Him as He talks.

From His lips the words are falling that are balm to my troubled
heart;

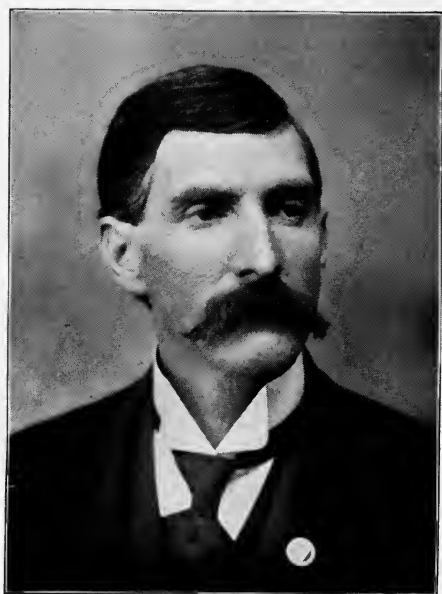
"Come all that are heavy laden, in my life ye have a part.
Although ye are weak and sinful and halting by the way,
I give my life to save you, I am your help and stay,

And in my strength your weakness shall become as a mighty tree;
And in my death your life complete becometh full and free.
As a father pitieth his children, so God doth pity His own;
Though faulty, weak and sinful, they shall not walk alone."

And now the vision fadeth, the gloaming is all around;
But in that sight so heavenly, a calm has my spirit found.
Strength for tomorrow's duties, faith for the days to come;
Till over the sea of Jasper, I reach the heavenly home.

—Harriet Newell Filler.

Liberty.



WHO WOULD BE A DREAMY POET.

Who would be a dreamy poet
With his airy visions red;
Who would join the singing seraphs
That are soaring over head?

Who would drink the mellow sweetness
That is coming from on high;
Who would seek the precious sunshine
Which adorns a poet's eye?

Sacred are these Holy visions
That are only faintly seen—
Gleaming like a precious opal
Where a mystic light is seen.

In his lonely chamber musing,
Some kind minstrel sings for you;
Like the songs of ancient poets
Come sweet anthems fresh and new.

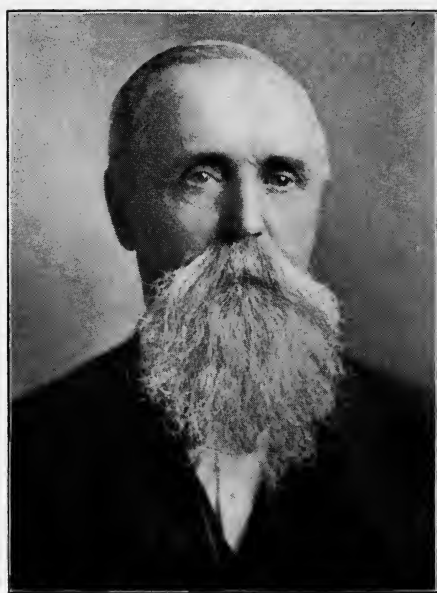
From the gleaming stars of Heaven
And the crescent silver moon,
Come the joys of bards in silence
As their splendor lights the gloom.

Gems of thought are soaring upward
Where the clouds are rift for thee,
They behold the throne of Glory
Where the Lamb will make you free.

These are scenes of golden twilight;
That must close the dying day;
All would be Angelic Poets
With a life as pure as they.

—James Buchanan Elmore.

Alamo.



THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Full nineteen hundred years ago,
The Angels came to sing,
They came to sing a song below,
Of Christ the Babe and King.

And as they settled down to earth,
So quiet and so still,
They came to men of humble birth,
With flocks upon the hill.

In concert sang the heavenly host,
Their tones so deep and clear,
That song which interests us most,
That song of hope and cheer.

I hear them, hark! they are singing, Ah!
Accenting every word,
In Bethlehem is born this day,
A Savior, Christ the Lord.

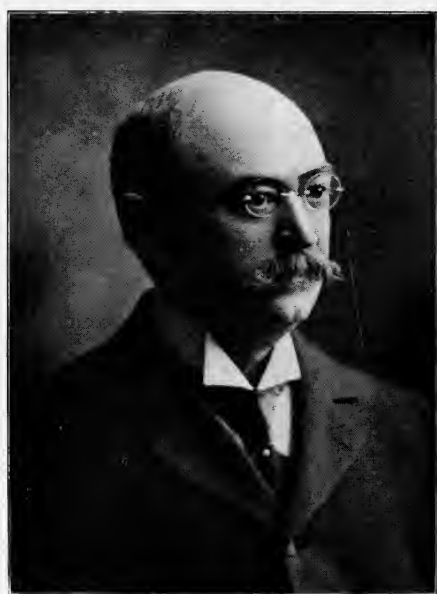
Was born an infant like the rest,
So far as men could see,
But there was hidden in His breast,
The power to calm the sea.

Yes, power to make the winds obey,
To make the sun stand still,
With power in Heaven to prevail,
With God who reigns at will.

With power to conquer death and hell,
With power to set me free,
With power to say that all is well,
Between my Lord and me.

—William O'Neill Mendenhall.

Richmond.



LIFE'S MELODY.

As the sun in splendor sinks to sleep at twilight's lonely hour,
'Mid oft-repeated lullabys of mother's queenly power,
The crickets join the merry lay, as they dance about the room,
While the cheerful joyous melody dispels the somber gloom,
And we gaily watch the burning of the light so full of mirth,
As we hear the cracking music of the cinders on the hearth.
When the gorgeous veil has parted that divides the night from day,
And the sunbeams kiss the dew drops as they sparkle by the way.
Then the birds begin the chirping of their happy morning song,
And the nightingales from eventide the melodies prolong,
There is music in so much of life that nature has to spare,
If we would but catch the beauties as they're wafted through the air.
The king of day has enter'd, closing the misty haze of night,
And the jewel'd skies have fled before the cheerful morning light,
We hear the songs of nature while their echoing melody,
Drives away the darkened clouds by their enchanting rhapsody
In life some skies are clouded by discouragements repining,
In nature, back of darkest clouds, the sun is ever shining.
There is music in the forest as the wind goes whistling through,
There is music in the fellowship of friends, who've tried and true,
It's not alone the wealthy, who the strains of joy may hear,
For diamonds in the rough, we're told, may be better than the clear,
And the sweetest scented roses, though they neither spin nor toil,
Yet are always found best nourished in the darkest of the soil.
There's happiness in our living if we cherish but the good,
While the shadows are made darker by the melancholy mood,
All the world is more resplendent for the happy cheerful face,
And the trials we encounter are made lighter by its grace,
Then give to the world your sunshine and brighten as you build,
While the golden cup of life with melodious joy is filled.

—Tiffin James Shackelford.

Warsaw.



IT'S DECORATION DAY I LOVE.

It's Decoration Day I love, for then I get to see
The brave old soldiers marching, like they did in sixty-three
And it almost makes me feel like I'd been a soldier too,
And marched for country's sake, neath the Old Red, White and Blue.

One can have a faint idea how the soldiers used to do,
When they see real soldier vet'rans dressed in their navy blue,
With their musketry of wartime, that poured forth flames of red
While the Old Red, White and Blue floated in the air o'erhead.

When the brave old soldiers drop a flower and a tear
On the grave of their loved comrade, while the old flag waves in air,
Their thoughts are then of Him, who preserves and spares each life
And they stand uncovered listening to the drum and warbling fife.

Ah! many are they who have fallen on a bloody, shot-mown field
Who fought to a breast of bullets, but had, at last, to yield.
Honor should praise such warriors, for with musket and with sword
They fought for flag and country, and we trust they're with their
Lord.

O! many is the unmarked grave, not even by a flower,
Although the soldier, with true heart, fought bravely in his last
hour;
Were they not just as truly great, who were buried plain and
simple,
As those who, clad in robes, were buried in a temple?

Yea, soldiers who now lay 'neath where the country's flag doth
wave,
'Tis the same for which you fought, for which you died to save,
The honor shall be yours and you shall march again
And greet again your captain and be a man of men.

Sleep on, oh silent sleepers, who have heard the cannon's roar,
Who fought and gave your lives, but who shall fight no more,
Sleep on in sweet repose, till the Judgment Day shall come,
When again you'll march in column and hear the fife and drum.

It's Decoration Day I love, for then I get to see
The brave old soldiers marching like they did in sixty-three,
And I sometimes almost wish, I'd been a soldier too,
So I could say "I've fought for the Old Red, White and Blue."

Vallie Gilbert Hedge.

Max.



OCTOBER IN THE OHIO RIVER VALLEY.

October came over mountains where Summer lately trod;
She left the spruce pines sighing, and the titled laurel proud,
Her queently, gracious bearing was pity glorified,
When she walked the hills and valleys where Summer lived and died.

Her locks were brown as the cornsilk that hangs from the ripened ears;

Her eyes held shadowed mysteries with pathos of unshed tears.
Now sad, now mirthful her tender smile among fast falling leaves;
With her breath she blew the thistle-down, and meshes the spider waves;

Pausing to deck in her favorite hues, with graceful fingers deft,
The desolate, sorrowing offspring of Summer's love bereft.
From her throat unwound the necklace, and jewels from her arms,
To hang on bush and vine forlorn, the gold and coral charms.
O'er the nest that rocked on a swinging branch, so empty, lone and bare,

She spread a quilt of the rarest dyes and tied it fast with her hair.
She gathered a sheaf of goldenrod and asters from heath and wold,
On brow and hair hung purple stars and the nodding plumes of gold.

The weed that bears on stately wands right royal purple shields
Saluted as she passed along the highways and the fields.
Shy brooks and wandering streamlets were dimpled by her feet;
They laughed a low, sweet laughter, when eddying waters fleet,
Unpinned the stems, and loosed the leaves, and the current floated down

Scarlet and russet, green and gold, from her broidered trailing gown;

Like many a life-bark sailing, heedless of chart or of guide,
They stranded on a rocky beach or were lost on trackless tide.
The soul of song was in her voice—a tender tremulo;
Pausing to hear, the south-bound birds on fluttering wings hung low;

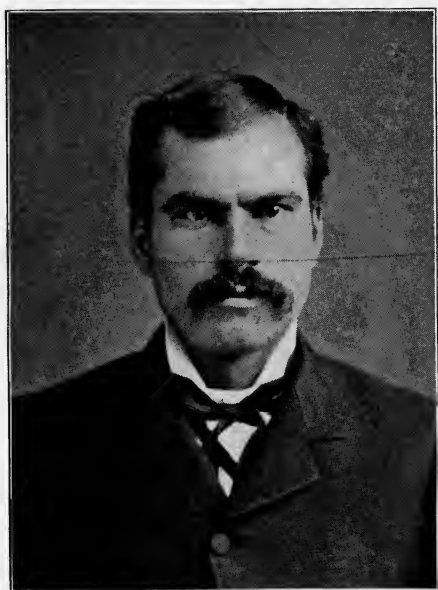
The songster-wren with swelling throat, and eyes to heaven turned,
The passion of all seasons from October's voice has learned.
Down twilight slope she saw her form, less, and still less, had grown;

And over her frail shoulder cast a look so wierdly wan,
The flowers paled upon her brow and shook with sudden chill,
For glitter of the frost she saw upon a dark-browed hill.
Over the dim horizon's brim, from sky all shred and fray,
The figure of November loomed hooded and cloaked in grey;
Then from her breast the last flower dropt—the blossom she had kissed;

In her hair she veiled her streaming eyes and fled away in mist.

—Mathilde Christine Hutchings.

Madison.



THE LOVELY BEND OF TIP.

There is one place and maybe more,
On this green earth or mundane sphere,
Where memory's dwelt so oft before,
On lovely scenes which we revere.
From youth to manhood as we grow,
Our life is full of scenes so bright;
And thoughts and deeds we're proud to know
Our conscience sees and says are right.
We see in all the earth's bright scenes,
In all the worthy lives of men,
The hand of God, a vivid means,
To teach us rev'rence now and then.
But turn we now to life's bright spots,
The place of all to us most dear,
We trace the lines on map to dots,
On banks Ind'ana's river clear.
The Tippecanoe, we mean and say,
In winding course through wood and vale,
Dashes o'er rocks and leaps in spray,
Runs fast through woods and Indian trail.
In all our rivers there's a trend—
A winding course the waters flow.
In this a graceful "horse shoe" bend,
And on its banks green cedars grow.
See on one side banks high and steep,
The other, low and studded with trees.
We pass "big rocks" and waters deep,
And Nature's lovely prospects please.
For luck and pleasure, 'tis the place
To dwell in tent in summer time,
And watch the fish join in the chase,
For bug or worm in joy sublime.
The meet in picnic on the banks,
With class, with friends or Sunday school,
And watch the children play their pranks,
But keep in mind the golden rule.
To glide adown in boat so new—
Clear round the bend, with borders green,
Of our classic Tippecanoe,
In ecstatic joy o'er the scene.

—Chester Clark French.

Brookston.



LIFE'S SACRED CHAIN.

The Journey of Life is a trio,
Of three sacred parts, known to be,
And we are the trunk and the branches
Of Eternity's beautiful tree.

Love, Faith and Hope, we all see them
As the links of the human heart's chain;
We cherish and kindly adore them,
And feel that each one means the same.

Should we strike out the discords in either,
Its musical rhythm would spoil,
But we carefully bind them together
And herald their tidings to all.

Love is a scene not uncommon,
But forever and aye is divine;
An admirable emblem to harbor
And worship at Liberty's shrine.

Faith is the gift of God's goodness,
And mercy we cheerfully seek
Without which our life is but sadness.
Forget not the lowly and meek.

But the tie that unites all these treasures
That is viewed through the weird telescope,
Is the one, although scattered, yet the sweetest,
The beautiful ideals of hope.

Then with flowers let these be adorned,
Of richness and pureness so rare;
In that blessed of homes over yonder
In God's record our names will be there.

—Nellie Olive Brown.

Brookston.



SPRING.

Unloose thy mantle, Gentle Spring,
Strew thy flowers o'er mead and vale
Let the wild wood with music ring,
Rout stern Winter with balm-like gale.

Closed, the doors have been too long;
Let us scent thy sweet perfume,
Give us gladness, mirth and song;
Seal drear Winter's icy gloom.

Let the peach-bloom thy blushes be;
Gently touch the orchards with thy wand,
That when thy youth away doth flee
A golden harvest will fill the land.

Spread thy wings of peace o'er all,
Gently soothe the hearts of strife,
Stay the war-cry, with peace enthrall;
Calm the tempestuous tide of life.

Open nature's book of flowers;
(Hands of Time, will the pages turn,)
As swiftly glide the sunny hours
We will each a lesson learn.

List! I hear your gentle whispers
From a blue-bird's yellow throat.
Sing on sweet bird, sing Winter's vespers;
Welcome Spring with silvery note.

Balmy Spring, before thy shrine,
I bow low, and adore thy grace.
Words add not to beauty, such as thine,
Nor sleep, thy loveliness efface.

We crown your brow with lovely flowers
And now, make you queen of Earth.
May sun-shine, with gentle showers,
Spread broad-cast, thy joy and mirth.

—Miranda French Rizor.



NATURE EVER BUSY.

In fertile valley and on the hill,
In ocean deep, in shallow rill,
In forest dense and on the plain,
Around the hovel, in wealth's domain,
Where'er we go, where'er we stay,
Nature is working by night and by day.

'Neath clouded dome and sunny skies,
Mid sweetest calm and the wind's deep sighs,
In winter's chill and summer's heat,
Whether the morn or even we greet,
Where'er we go, where'er we stay,
Nature is working by night and by day.

In the time when hearts most thrill with joy,
When naught doth trouble and naught annoy,
Or when the heart heaves sighs of pain
And we hear but sorrow's old refrain,
Whate'er may fill the heart of man,
Nature's at work on God's perfect plan.

It may be a people has poured out its praise
Above millions of names, one name it doth raise,
And some heart is throbbing with high exalta-
tion,
One stops to recline under the praise of a nation,
Whate'er man's mind, whate'er his will,
Nature is busy working still.

Though tumults arise and wars lay their waste,
Though lines of remembrance may be erased,
Though nations rise, decline and fall,
And troubles come as a crushing mall,
Ne'er sleeping nor waking but ceaselessly still,
Nature works in touch with the heavenly will.

—Nellie Almira Smith.

Elkhart.



LITTLE SWEETHEART BROWN EYES.

Dear little brown eyes,
Is studying hard tonight,
Sitting by the table,
Learning how to write.
Every day he reads his lesson
And studies it as well.
He knows the multiplication table
And has learned how to spell.

Dear little brown head
Over paper bending low,
Stowing up for the future,
Everything he wants to know.
Little sister is the teacher,
And at work she keeps him late
Writing copies and adding
Sums upon his little slate.

Little brown fingers,
They are busy all the day
Doing many errands,
Helping in so many ways,
Doing little deeds of kindness,
That helps us on our way,
Giving loving little messages,
That he knows just how to say.

Little sweetheart brown eyes,
Long days are before you yet,
Gray may grow your auburn locks,
And dim your eyes of jet.
Days of happiness and prosperity,
May await you ere long,
But now your life is pleasure
Like a sweet happy song.

—Alberta Mahan Stanley.

Centreville.



CORN SHUCKIN' TIME.

Dear old summer's a biddin' adieu ;
An' nature's a puttin' on a golden hue ;
 An' by the rooster's crowin', the hen's cackle ;
 The bleatin' o' the sheep, the lowin' o' the cattle ;
The barkin' o' the dog, the gruntin' o' the swine ;
You can tell that its corn shuckin' time.

Hunt the file an' whetstone, sharpen up the pins ;
Get the saw an' hammer, straighten out the bins ;
 Buy a box o' axle grease, dob it on the trucks ;
 Patch out the "end gates," put the "side-boards" up,
Call in the mules an' drive 'em "down the line,"
Don't you hear 'em brayin'? "Its corn shuckin' time."

Get out an' hustle, boys, never mind the frost ;
Keep up the "down row," let not an ear be lost ;
 Sail 'em in the wagon, pile 'em way up high ;
 You'll drive in with your "forty" bye an' bye ;
Hollow "hoo-a-hoo-a-hoo"! yell it out sublime,
Let the country know that its corn shuckin' time.

Now I'm in my glory, feelin' best of all ;
Never feel that way, 'ceptin' of a fall ;
 When the table's laden with fruits the summer bore,
 An' a feller feels like eatin' more an' more an' more.
You fellers in the city, your lot's nothin' side o' mine,
Down here in the country when its corn shuckin' time.

—William John Burtscher.

Evansville.



THE FATAL MILK CAN.

It occurred upon a Christmas day, when I witnessed my "first performance on any stage."

The play was "The Octoroon." It was a good, old-time comedy-farce, well-sprinkled with pathos spots. I saw it in Valentine Butsch's theater, "the Old Met," away back in the last century, so long ago that it frightens me to recall the date.

It was in the last days of the best stock company ever brought together in this country, and "Old White," the funniest man who ever lived, was in the cast. His talent for comedy amounted to genius of high order, but he died broken-hearted because he had never had an opportunity to show the world that he was a great tragedian.

At the time of which I speak, away back in the last century, my father lived at the edge of Indianapolis, and I drove to school every morning with him as he went to his office. My eldest brother and his new wife lived in the city and were joint proprietors of a new baby, over which my mother also exercised proprietary rights. She, for example, decreed that dairy milk was not good for the child, who, in one respect, at least, resembled the immortal "Pip." So I was delegated to carry milk to that infant every morning when I drove to school.

Upon "The Octoroon" Christmas day my youngest brother, who was seven and very fat, went to the city with me—I was nine—and the milk can, who was about a gallon and a half, and we three attended the matinee. I, being full of false pride, wanted to leave the can in a store under the theater, but my brother, whom we called "Brigadier," was of a strenuous turn of mind, looked upon the can as a thing of great value, if not of beauty, and insisted upon taking it with us to the play.

"Me'll tarry it," he said, "and me'll hold it, too."

How "me" held it when "The Octoroon" warmed up you will soon learn.

The Brigadier sat in the chair next to the aisle and carefully held the can in his chubby little arms as if it were a baby.

The play progressed beautifully, thrillingly, and the Brigadier clung to the milk can with a grip worthy of a mother's love. His eyes were almost out of his head with excitement. The fun of the play was furious, the interest was intense, the pathos was sweet and tear-inspiring. Alas! there was one touch of pathos too many. Some one was dying on the stage, perhaps it was the beautiful "Octoroon."

The interest was at its highest, the tear-charged hush was at its deepest, when suddenly the silence was broken by a terrific bang! bang! bang! The fatal can, overcome no doubt by the pathos of the play, had fallen from the Brigadier's lap and started down the steps, bumpity bump! bang! bang! bang! toward the stage with the evident intent to save the beautiful "Octoroon" if possible. With each succeeding step in the aisle the noise that milk can made grew louder and deeper till to me its frightful din seemed superfluous for any occasion short of the general resurrection. On it went, bang! bang! bang! till by one triumphal bound it sprang from the last step and landed squarely upon the sacred person of the bass fiddler.

The Brigadier looked at me in wild consternation and then, regardless of the "Octoroon" and her sorrows, started down the aisle in pursuit of the precious milk can. The Brigadier's legs were so short and fat that he stumbled and, following the can's example, rolled down the steps and rested placidly by its side close to that marvelous instrument, the bass viol.

Well, the audience simply rose up as one man and howled. "Old White" howled, the villain howled; even the dying woman howled, and the curtain came down in the middle of the act upon the wildest applause ever witnessed in the "Old Met."

A big Irish policeman, who looked to be about twenty-two times the size of the Brigadier, walked down the aisle, lifted the little fellow from under the bass fiddle by his ear and said:

"Take that d—d can out of here."

His request was complied with.

The Brigadier came back to his seat, the curtain rose and the play began again.

When the dying scene was reached the audience began to titter and soon it was evident the Brigadier's milk can had knocked all pathos out of the "Octoroon." While the woman was dying the laugh increased and the scene would have been a great deal worse than a failure had not White said lugubriously:

"Alas! she has gone." Then, aside to the audience: "I wish somebody would give that boy with the can a dog."

—Charles Major.

Shelbyville.



DISAPPOINTMENT.

I went to my childhood's dear old home
In the golden days of fall;
I sought the paths where I used to roam
And the grounds where I played at ball;
But the haunts were choked with saplings, tall,
That had sprung from the earthly loam,
And the pleasure grounds I sought were all
Lost 'neath the wooded dome.

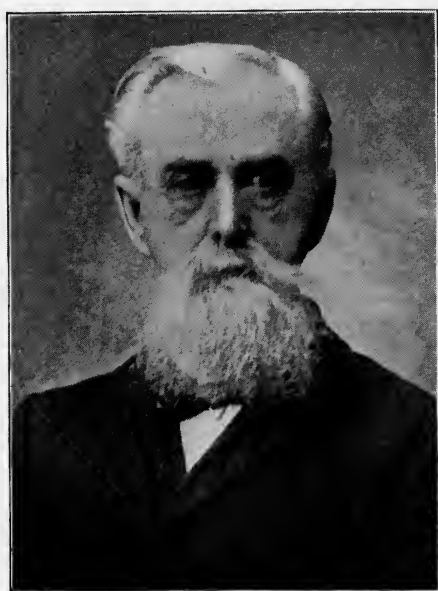
I went to the house where my mother dwelled
In her children's happy love;
Where her voice, in supplication, welled
To the throne of her God above;
No voice now to soothe, like a gentle dove,
The pain that my bosom swelled—
No kiss fondly given in rapture to prove
The wealth of affection she held.

The piano still sat in the parlor, unused,
While near was a vacant chair;
And the walls were adorned with beauty, confused,
Set by hands that were nimble and fair;
But no childish voices cadenced the air
Of the dim old hall, now abused
By the hand of Time, who everywhere,
Leaves the mark of his march, though refused.

As I stood enwrapt in reverted thought,
My childhood swept by in a train;
A moment I lived in the joys it brought,
But they vanished like dust in the rain;
And as I went forth to the world again,
Its value seemed equal to naught—
While the dead leaves were falling, my heart cried in
 pain,
"What is earth-life, by man to be sought?"

—John Willard Sappenfield.

Evansville.



THE OLD BRICK HOUSE ON THE HILL.

When the moon breaks forth in gladness,
And our muse in fancy plays.
When our hearts are touched with sadness,
As we think of other days;
Then awakes fond recollection,
And our memories catch a thrill,
As we turn with sweet reflection,
To the old Brick on the hill.

It was there we spent our morning,
In the sunlight's silvery gleam,
Where we heard no notes of warning
To disturb our golden dream;
It was then a world of glory,
Even yet it sends a thrill,
As we wake the olden story
Of the brick house on the hill.

When I think of things so weird,
Of the sunshine and the shade,
Of the favorite flowrets reared,
Which were born to bloom and fade,
Of the morning songsters singing,
And the lonesome whip-poor-will,
Oh, I find my heart still clinging
To that mansion on the hill.

But the mansion's now deserted;
"It has had its day," they say;
And the family have departed
To a mansion far away.
And though you say that I am frantic,
I should have a stronger will;
Yet there's no place so romantic
As the old Brick on the hill.

—Alfred Elmore.—

Covington.



PAST AND FUTURE.

In reviewing the past and the present,
The future I think I can see,
At best life has been so unpleasant,
My spirit now longs to be free.

Sometimes I have hopes full of gladness,
But soon do they vanish away,
For lo, the next moment comes sadness,
This lasting for many a day.

When time with its changes unceasing
Brings one gleam of joy to my heart,
The sorrow and care all releasing,
And bidding the gloom to depart.

Bright hope comes again all-sustaining,
If I could but trust all the way,
While spiritual strength I'm regaining
Clouds again darken my day.

Thus sunshine and shadows are chasing
Each other through life as we go,
But the kind hand of time is erasing
A part of the sorrow and woe.

Although there are wounds time can heal not,
And scars that are deeply set,
Our lives should be such that we'll feel not
A deep and lasting regret.

When we hear death's cold dark river surging,
And feel the cold waves sweeping o'er,
Then, from the last trial emerging
We'll dwell on a happier shore.

—Ada Ellen Rice.

Spencer.



ART IS DIVINE.

The slanting beams of the setting sun were softened into a ruddy glow as they streamed through the window panes of the art gallery.

The throng of fashionable people had come, admired, and remarked upon the beauty of the paintings, and then had departed to their luxurious homes. But no one had noticed the shabby, sad-faced little woman who had passed slowly by the pictures, gazing intently at each one as though to find some comfort therein. Remaining long after the others had gone, she at last gazed up to where the sun's rays fell upon the eastern wall. She stood transfixed at what she beheld. Across her memory rushed the panorama of her sad past life—the bright dreams of her girlhood which had been dispelled by stern realities which had come later. The one to whom she had given her truest love—a part of her very being—had proved unworthy, and she had not possessed the power to save him from his downward course.

Then the sorrow that had eaten so deeply into her heart, seemed also to destroy her vitality, so for several years she could not join the world's workers. Next the death of those nearest and dearest—and then stern poverty in all its horrors faced her unflinchingly; and now unknown and uncared for she was compelled to earn her daily bread by sewing in an establishment whose motto was, "hard work, little wages."

She felt that God had been very cruel to her and her set, hard mouth and sorrowful eyes had not invited the confidence of her fellow-workers.

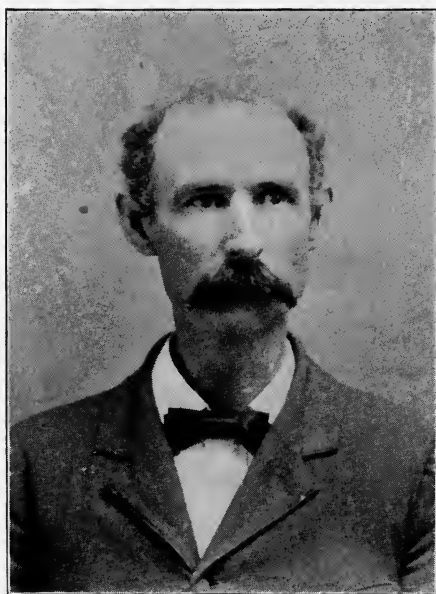
The setting sun seemed to produce a halo around the picture, for the face was that of the 'Man of Sorrows.' It seemed to the watcher as though the cruel thorns were pressing her bleeding temples.

"He is despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Oh, HE understands her grief. Are not His up-lifted eyes praying for those whom He so loves in this world? And her sorrows are so insignificant when compared to those of the Man of Galilee.

Her long-dwarfed soul arose from its slumber and in anguished prayer cried out,—then that for which so many years she had unhindered, filled her being with light. For "Peace, sweet peace" had illumined her countenance and serenely she passed out again into the world.

—Ethel Harris Case.

Marion.



THE PHILANTHROPIST.

The kings who reared the pyramids, the people there
 who wrought,
Have left their monuments, alone, the builders are
 forgot ;
No good results now live by them, those massive piles
 of stone,
From them mankind can reap no good, no good by
 them is sown ;
The only lesson they set forth, and it's a cruel thing,
Is of the servitude of man, the power of a king.
And thus it is with most of men, they satisfy their
 greed,
The present life is all they see, for all they e'er take
 heed ;
Though massive millions be acquired they give no
 serious thought
To great mankind beyond this life, they die and are
 forgot.
They pass and leave their massive wealth to legal
 battles fought,
And mankind reaps no lasting good, no lasting good
 was sought.
I have in mind a nobler man, a man of broader scope,
A man who lives for future years, the future is his
 hope ;
And a thousand cities in our land, will bless his name
 and say,
That he, though a millionaire, has built for future
 day ;
 Has built a thousand monuments, that will proclaim
 his fame,
And millions of posterity will learn to lisp his name.
Yet some, alas, will rail at him, this is a great man's
 fate,
But come it will, for come it must, philanthropy can
 wait.
Yes, wait for fame ; for it is his, to sober minds 'tis
 known,
His name will be a household word, he'll reap as
 he has sown ;
Then sing his praise, exalt his name, that all the world
 may hear,
For Carnegie, philanthropist, stands out without a
 peer.

Hartford City.

—John Alexander Slater.

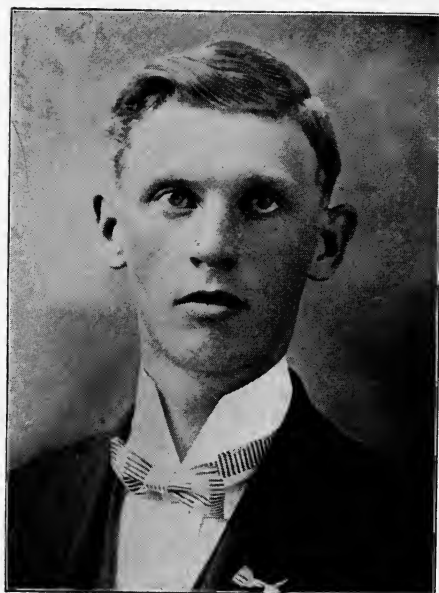


PARTING AND MEETING.

If I must leave thee, sweetheart, let it be
When saddened twilight sinks to dismal night,
When wailing winds bemoan the sighing flight
Of day's dead spirit in a rhapsody
Pitched shrill and hoarse in melancholy key.
I cannot bear that nature's heart be light,
Or Earth rejoice, or twinkling star shine bright,
While thy dear heart and mine weep wretchedly.
But when I may return and clasp again
Thy loving heart to mine, let Earth be clad
In gala dress of green, or yet of white,—
Let love-life all the world with flowers enchain,
Or jeweled ermine sparkle gleaming-glad,
While nature shares our rapturous delight.

—Albert Charlton Andrews.

Brookville.



A VISION.

Last night ere the twilight
Had long passed into the great beyond
While sitting in my study thinking,
Suddenly I felt myself sinking, sinking,
And all was white.
And night was there no more

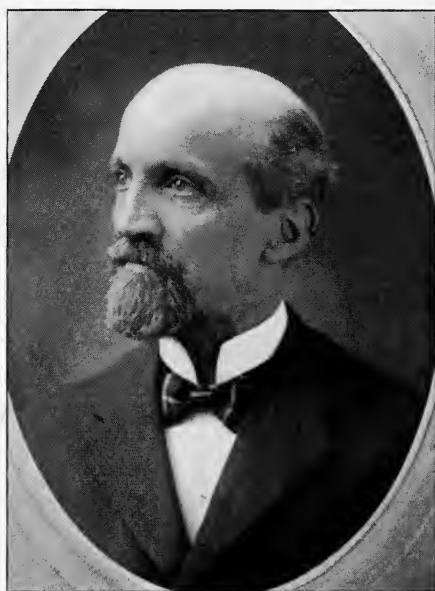
The door opened and on the floor
I heard the silent tread of spirit feet—
Invincible forms were entering
And around me were centering—
The clock struck five,
And life from me seemed to ebb.

How fast the time flew past!
I heard the spirits, one by one depart.
Half-unconsciously I sat there seeing
My spirit guests withdraw—time was fleeing—
I heard them close the door,
And before me all grew dark.

Suddenly I saw a light, and an angel in white
Appeared sitting in my study chair.
He looked at me smiling,
And his right hand was lying
On the page of an open book—
I looked and saw there my name.

The date and my fate
Was there written in golden letters.
I heard the angel explaining
But could not catch his meaning.
He finished and smiled
And, while I looked, vanished.

—Benjamin Franklin Woodcox.



THE RIVER OF TEARS.

A wonderful stream is the River of Tears,
That ran since the dawn of mortality's years;
Its mouth is indefinite space 'neath the skies;
Its sources are tender humanity's eyes.

The physical forces like weight, heat and cold,
Are reasons why other great rivers have rolled;
But passion induces this river to flow,
Whereon to float feelings of pleasure and woe.

The tears of friends bidding each other good bye,
To meet nevermore till they gather on High;
And other sad scenes among men upon Earth,
Grant unto this river renewal of birth.

The eyes of devotion oft bathe in that stream
To rinse out a probable mote or a beam,
Induing their vision with adequate sight
To see Love's real beauty in "Let there be Light."

'Tis ebbing and flowing around the sick bed,
And washing the shores where we bury the dead,
Subsiding no sooner than mourning departs,
The cloud of the funeral awing friend's hearts.

It nourishes scenery that is sublime,
Though here and there gone in a moment of time.
The waves roll along the pure linen banks white,
Then percolate through and are hidden from sight.

A mother in bed, near the River of Tears,
Is covered with soil to sleep thousands of years,
Aroused on the morn of the Infinite Day,
May learn that such rivers have all rolled away.

When mountains of sorrow are pressing the heart.
And feelings through language are failing to start;
And even your vision is tarnished with grief,
Go plunge in the River of Tears for relief.

—Aaron Spencer Zook.

Goshen.



A PAGE OF LIFE.

As o'er I turn a page of life,
Its lessons to renew,
I find this first,
That in the strife,
Be ever kind and true.

Be true as sun is o the day,
Then cheer the lonely heart.
Oh! lull to rest,
Old hate and wrong,
And teach the nobler part.

Let not the anchor cast its weight
With frowns upon your brow.
Oh Lord, help those
That cannot see
The pangs their thrusting now.

Speak kind, let not thy words be thorns,
To pierce the aching heart,
Which throngs the human
Mind with guile
Oft times, will tear drops start.

Scorn not the fallen on their way,
Help them to rise again,
That they may live
In joy and peace,
Unto eternal end.

Direct our footsteps for the right
While in this world below,
Praise unto Him
Who sends the light,
And guides us by its glow.

—Elizabeth Kruse.



THE LITTLE LEAVES.

A little leaf softly said
To the leaves by its side
"Soon we all must die,
For the north wind is blowing cold
And that is why I cry."

Its brothers and sisters all laughed,
And said, "I don't see why!"
"Nor I! nor I!"
The mother tree shook her head and sighed,
As she looked upon her children's heads,
And said, "Alas, dear ones, it is true,
The north wind will soon call you
To your death beds."

"I know the north wind's cruel songs;
He leaves you with me
But a brief summer's day,
Then hastens along and takes my children
away,
Covers them at my feet quite snug and warm,
And they never again hear his cruel song."

—Clara Puckett.

Winchester.



GOD GIVE US PEACE!

Emblem of Liberty,
Uncle Sam's flag we see
Gloriously high.
Planted by Jasper's hand—
Honored in every land;
By thee our boys will stand,
Will win or die.

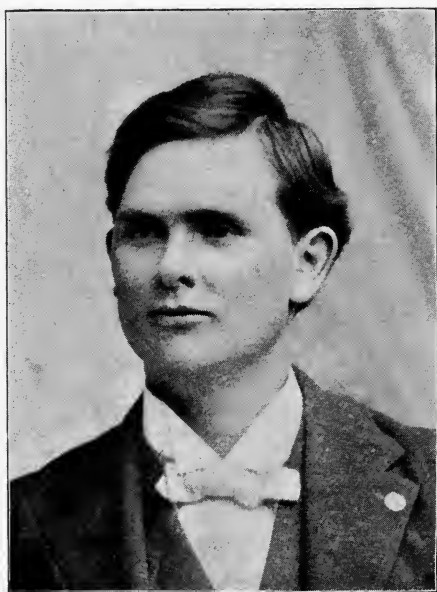
Millions of able men
Will do the best they can,
Forget it not.
These our beloved ones,
Noblest of mother's sons
Fear neither death nor Dons;
Love and fear God.

Here are still Washingtons,
Hobsons and Jeffersons;
Heroes, not small,
Who will do every bit
As Schley and Dewey did,
Who will aim, shoot and hit,
Who'll win or fall.

"Author of Liberty,"
King of humanity!
Let bloodshed cease!
'Mid groans and cannons' noise,
Hear this most humble voice:
God bless our Flag and Boys;
God give us peace!

—Joseph Reckers.

Richmond.



A SONG OF BROKEN RANKS.

The summer feast is over,
The cypress groves repine;
The bee has quit the clover
For stores of golden wine.

The roses with the fragrance,
Like phantoms stole away:
And leaves, like dusky vagrants,
Forsook their palsied spray.

The moonbeams in their splendor
On quiet hills disclose
Through stillness, lone and tender,
The turret's stern repose.

I'll leave my shield and sabre,
While battling hosts shall tread;
To cease with thought and labor,
And fall among the dead!

—Harvey Porter Layton.

Dresser.



GO, WINTER, GO!

Go, begrimed old winter, go.
Take with thee the ice and snow.
Already you have tarried long
To catch the sweet enchanting song
Of the blushing verdant spring,
And do not go to let her in.
But like the bee that honey sips,
You steal the nectar from her lips.
Go, frigid King, you horrid thing,
Make way for lovely Queen of Spring.

Go, grizzled monster, bleak and cold;
You are getting most too bold
To flirt with such a lovely Queen,
Who would come and spread her sheen
Of brightest garlands, and would stay,
If you would only go your way!
Then take her not in your cold arms,
And rob her of her sweetest charms,
Or lure her more within thy trap
To linger longer in her lap.

So go, grim winter, speed thy way,
Don't prolong thy blighting stay.
But hold! you are not to blame,
For we poor mortals are the same!
We, too, linger for the hours
That brings the sunshine and the flowers—
Lingering, longing for sweet spring
And all the joys it ushers in.
But go, grim winter, bless thy way;
I do not wonder at thy stay.

—Robert Irwin Patterson.

Muncie.



WHITEWATER IN THE MOONLIGHT.

Its music was sweet in life's early morn,
While gaily it laughed each barrier to scorn.
The sun kissed its face and it sparkled in glee
And danced o'er the pebbles abundant and free.

O River! sweet River! my childhood's delight!
Thy music's the same in the moonlight tonight!
The grasses grow soft and darken the shade
Where willows bend gently and shadows are laid.

The moonbeams are filtering through the tops of
the trees,
They quiver and dance with the leaves in the
breeze.

O River! sweet River! my childhood's delight!
Thy beauty's the same in the moonlight tonight.

The voice of our master in its music is heard;
Its beauty transcendent our spirits have stirred.
We feel a sweet peace—like Galilee stilled—
Life's tranquil sea with His presence is filled.

O River! sweet River! thy beauty so bright
Is the shadow of love in the moonlight tonight!

—Mary Alice Hoffman.

Metamora.



THE BLOOM WAS ON THE LILAC.

I opened up my window to the balmy air of spring,
The bloom was on the lilac and the swallow on the
wing,

The dewy grass like diamonds was sparkling in the
sun,

And in a world of ecstasy a spring day had begun.

I stood and gazed with tranquil bliss upon a scene so
fair,

I heard the red bird's piping voice and the robins
sweetly sing,

How plainly it did speak to me that God is everywhere.

And the bloom was on the lilac and the swallow on the
wing.

And as I stood in pensive mood, and looked upon the
scene,

I thought of loved ones gone before into that land un-
seen,

How some beneath the sod were laid to rest in early
spring,

When the bloom was on the lilac and the swallow on
the wing.

Oh! we miss them ever, always, and the years have
grown so long

Since they left us here so lonely, since they joined us
in our song.

But when earth is smiling gladly, Oh! we miss them
in the spring,

When the bloom is on the lilac and the swallow on
the wing.

Ah! how I've seen the years go by, how soon the gold-
en hours

Have passed into eternity, but still we have the flowers.

And now upon this lovely morn, I stand in early spring

The bloom is on the lilac and the swallow on the wing.

I know not when the hour's at hand that I am called
to go,

How many seasons I will see, nor do I care to know,

But only this, I hope 'twill be some time in early
spring,

When the bloom is on the lilac and the swallow on the
wing.

—Joseph Morris Widdows.

Alquina.



THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER.

Oft have I wandered in days now old,
Along the quaint and quiet road,
To the little school house on the hill—
My soul with merriment to fill.

When to my summons the master came,
His face aglow with a perpetual flame—
For with his many troubles and care
A patron was always welcome there.

Day in, day out, from morn till night,
The master tells of wrong and right,
Expounds the principles of endurance and strife
And prepares his boys and girls for future life.

Ever in highest hopes and aspirations abiding,
Through the live-long day planning and contriving—
That his pupils may accomplish more
On the morrow than the day before.

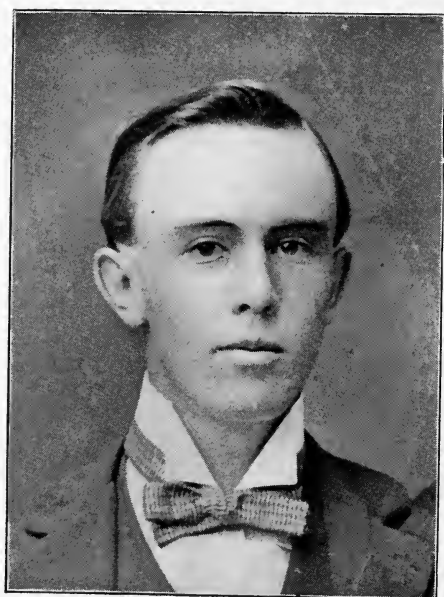
Grave is the look the master wears,
With wrinkled forehead from worrying cares;
A life so ideal and sublime
Has passed along the river of Time.

The master speaks with stern command,
And every pupil yields at his demand;
Yet not too irksome is his rule—
For he was once a boy at school.

"Get an education while you can,"
Was the advise of the courageous old man;—
"For in after years you'll always regret
If ignorance and privations should be met."

O, may the lessons he has taught,
In highest aspirations be wrought;
And when he goes to meet his Lord,
May he receive his just reward.

—Chester Arthur McCormick.



TRANSITION.

Sunlight retreating ;
Shadows reaching far ;
One moment's waiting,
And I will cross the bar.

Hopes in me burning ;
Friends left to fear.
Though, no returning,
Shed not a tear.

Life has its shadows ;
Death has its sting ;
What seems but sorrow,
Comfort will bring.

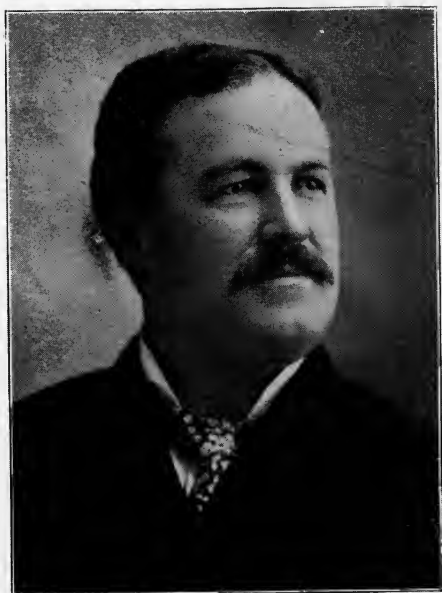
Daylight is darkness ;
Death but a sleep ;
Transition follows ;
Never—never weep.

Sunset surrounds me.
Moving from coast,
I see Him beckon.
Adrift ! But not lost.

Sunlight approaching ;
Waned the midnight star ;
Earth, care and sorrow,
Seen from afar.

—Thomas M. Agnew.

Logansport.



THE SONGS OF YESTERDAY.

“The songs of yesterday!” What meaning to that
term
That falls with tender cadence on the ear!
Their memory is ever pregnant germ
That blooms forth instant with a joy or tear.

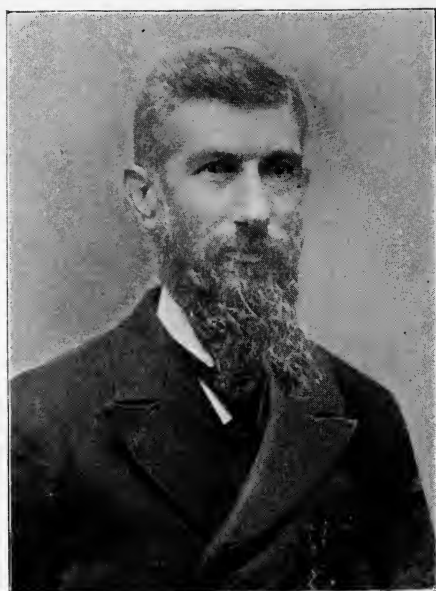
At cradle’s snowy depths those songs were heard;
At knee of loving mother, and at play;
At courtship’s sunny hours their notes have stirred;
Those lilting melodies of yesterday.

Not all the wealth of Ormus or of Ind,
Not all the joys that linger in Cathay,
Could take from me those words in mem’ry limned—
Those loved, those treasured songs of yesterday.

An urn unpillaged be the lot to me—
A sacred urn for song, for joyous lay
Sang on life’s varied paths, on troubled sea
By those who sang “the songs of yesterday.”

—Charles Albert McDonald.

South Bend.



A SPRING OUTING.

Sitting on the bank of old Arnold's Creek, a meandering stream flowing a mile back of the "Blue Jeans" town (Rising Sun, Ind.) I re-baited my fish hook and thinking little of the rebate plan I left behind me down in town, with a swish threw my line far out in mid-stream where a moment before I had seen a "yaller cat" snap at a water-skipper.

For a few moments I anxiously waited for the fish to jerk the dodler under, but slowly it drifted off down stream, then caught by an eddy lazily swinging toward shore and back up stream. Splash! went a muskrat on the opposite side of the creek and started across toward me.

Meeting a large turtle which had just come to the surface and mistaking it for a chunk or a minute mud island Mr. Rat proceeded to climb on top of his turtle-ship's back, when snap! he was taken by a hind leg; then such a jumping, jerking, diving fight for freedom which made the water boil until the wavelets set my dodler dancing like a buoy on the ocean.

Soon all was calm again, rat and turtle having sunk out of sight, my dodler was again floating out in mid-stream.

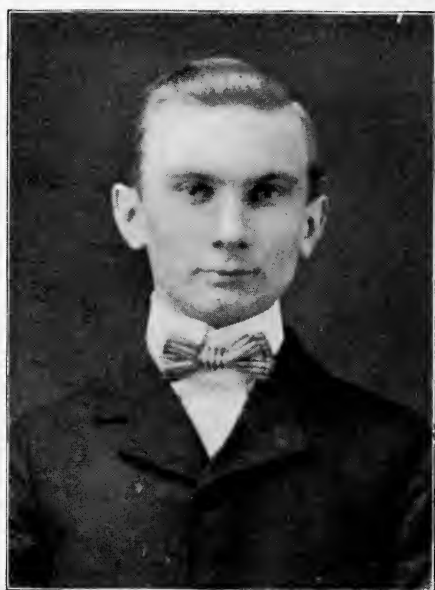
I lazily turned and rested my elbow on the grassy plat and viewed the "Johnny-jump-ups," daisies and puccoon that everywhere about me smiled and exhaled their fragrance.

Then my eyes closed and soon I felt that pleasant sensation of slumbering warmth settle over my body as the sun came from under a fleecy cloud, when all at once jerk, jerk, went my fishing rod almost from my sleepy grasp.

Fully aroused, I jumped to my feet. The dodler was out of sight. I jerked at the rod and slowly and heavily my "what-ever-it-was" came toward shore. Excitedly I grabbed the line and pulled in. To my astonishment, up to the surface came the musk-rat, turtle and the "yellow cat" all tangled together.

—Benjamin Franklin Buchanan.

Rising Sun.



QUIS EST MAGNUS?

How calm, how sweet the hallowed rest,—
When death hath claimed its own,—
Of Him who gave the world the best,
And claims a fair renown.

Who held in life one purpose true,—
His all to duty given,—
And hearing with the faithful few,
The sacred call from heaven.

Went forth to do for human-kind,
When others stood aside,
The little acts whose blessings bind
The good, the pure, the tried.

Of man's into one peaceful lay,
Wherein the whole day long
Soft music scatters night away,
And life is one sweet song.

Not he is great who with vain greed
Hoards up the nation's dross,
But he who takes the living creed
Of Him on Calvary's cross.

And to mankind about him strown
Gives joy, and strength, and aid.
Points to the sad the pathway grown
With flowers that never fade.

Ah! sweet, methinks,—when life is o'er,
And dark within the tomb
The body sleeps to toil no more,
Amid encircling gloom,—

Will be the peace of that great soul,
In truth's own valor dressed,
Which found inscribed on life's hard goal:
"In all he did his best!"

—Winfield Scott Hiigel.



A MERRY 'XMAS.

(To My Mother.)

It's merry 'Xmas, mother, I hold no joys from you,
I count the gray hairs in your head as joys that you've
passed thro'.

Though you're as old as I am young,
Loye's tenderness has three-fold tongue.

For fragrant o'er your latter days
'Tis sunshine of my childhood days.

Your face the same I always knew,
Your patient smile the good and true,
But here I am with that passed thro'—

An' it's merry 'Xmas, mother, I hold no joys from you.

Hangin' them stockings—a thing of the past—
Has faded away with "Old Santa" at last.

And the sunbeams that you gave me
Was a song for days to be,

For sweet as kisses ling'ring long,
Was melody of my childhood's song;—

An' that welcome face of yours has deep furrows in
your brow,

But I see that smile a comin' an' they're all vanished
now—

There, there—I know what you've passed thro'—
So it's merry 'Xmas, mother, I hold no joys from you.

An' sickness may come and ketch us a livin' here in
town,

An' prices may go up and wages may go down,

Put as long as I'm a livin', and got airy a dime,

We'll have a little 'Xmas and blessings shall be thine;

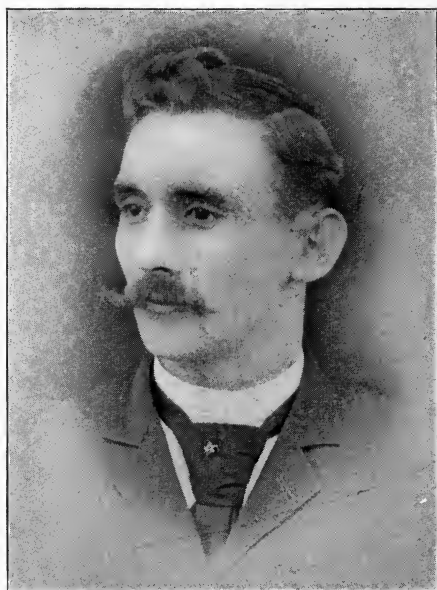
For God is watchin', mother, an' we'll keep the 'Xmas
true,

So smile away your sorrows an' think as you used to
do,

When 'Xmas was a baby—for I hold no joys from you.

—Gail Fielder.

Winchester.



PAT PLOWING CORN.

"Whoa haw! whoa haw! Gee-ee-ee-e!
Thun'er and nation, Bill, can't you see
Where you're goin'! Clear out—gee-ee!
You're breakin' down the corn.
Confound you! Just look what you've spiled.
I guess restin's makin' you wild—
You'd better not been born."

Poor Pat, who thoroughly loved his ale,
Was plowing corn within a vale
Hard by the town of Bloomingdale.
At once, he leaves his plow
To meet his friend Jim Carr up town,
And to the dram-shop go to drown
Those cares that cloud the brow.

Jim set the first drink up to him
And then he "set 'em up" to Jim;
Both roaring with their merry din
Till noon-time reached the plain.
Then reeling down the stony hill,
Pat reached the plow and braying Bill,
And turned to plow again.

When halfway down along the row,
A distant dinner horn did blow
Which old Bill heeded with a go,
A race course wouldn't scorn.

* * * * *

"Aw-ee, aw-ee, aw-ee—ee—e!
Thun'er an' nation, man, can't you see?
With legs all tangled up—aw-ee,
You're breakin' down your corn—
Look at that row; see what you've spiled.
I guess drinkin's makin' you wild;
You'd better not been born."

—John Gregory Reidelbach.

Winamac.



WHEN BAD LUCK COMES.

When bad luck comes yer way
An' everything goes wrong
Don't spend yer time frettin'
But sing some happy song.

Jest wear a patient, cheerful smile
An' to yer neighbors say,
Though bad luck's comin' fer a while,
The good 'll come some day.

Keep the lamp of hope a-burnin'
Through misfortune's darkest night,
Then in yer path-way will be strewn
Rich gems of pure delight.

—Homer Winfield Smith.

Rainesville.



MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

In a country churchyard, brown and sere,
Where violets in spring are peeping
There's a sacred spot, to me so dear,
'Tis the grave where mother's sleeping.

In our childhood's day, God called her home,
And left us sadly weeping.
Yet, to me, oft His solace comes
By the grave where mother's sleeping.

Naught now can harm that lifeless breast,
Tho' o'er it storms be sweeping,
For angels guard that place of rest,—
The grave where mother's sleeping.

In yonder courts at Jesus' side
Her angel watch she's keeping,
Lest any harm should those betide
Near the grave where mother's sleeping.

O, Father, when sowing here is o'er,
And has come the time of reaping,
May we meet then beyond the shore—
'Yond the graves where we lay sleeping.

—Fred Robert Farnam.

Chesterton.



TO ALL WRITERS.

If with his pen
One shall indite—
Be he Hoosier, or alien of foreign domain—
A truth or a thought,
By which good may be wrought
To children of men
Who seek after light,
That writer, though humble, has not lived in vain.

—Ned Thatcher.

Anderson.



WHEN I PLAYED THE PART OF SANTA CLAUS.

The most memorable and most utterly unforgettable Christmas in my life was the one on which I essayed to do the part of Santa Claus in a Sunday-school entertainment. The committee on arrangements in the church which I attended (because some one else attended regularly with her parents) selected me to play Santa for the one and particular reason that I knew a man from whom I could borrow a white fur overcoat and a set of elongated whiskers of the same hue. This all happened years ago, and I was at that age when I thought playing Santa would be as easy as I afterward admitted myself to have been.

Christmas night came and the ladies of the church pasted on my whiskers and tucked me in my fur shroud. The church was packed and it was 110 in the shade of the gas lights. A lot of little tots came forward and said things that nobody heard beyond the third row; then the superintendent of the Sunday-school announced that Santa Claus had stopped off on his way from Lapland to South Pole, and that he was waiting outside the chimney pot with his reindeer and a corps of able and sprightly assistants.

That was the signal for me to pop out of a monstrous fireplace at the rear of the platform. I may have looked cold enough to start people to shivering, but I observed that nobody stopped fanning. The children said "Oo-oo-oo" and crimped their toes with excitement. The old people laughed, and some miserable wretch asked in a loud and malicious tone of voice if I didn't want to come over and sit by the register awhile, till I got my patent leathers warm? I was so warm that I imagined I was about to slip out of my coat of fur on account of the perspiration. My first duty was to tell the children that they had to be good a whole year or I wouldn't give them a speck. They all said they'd be as good as possible, and I began to dole out the presents to my assistants. The presents hung on a tree and they had a stepladder for me to mount in my efforts to do the right thing by the little ones.

I began at the top because I thought it would be easier and safer to come down than to go up. There is where I displayed great foresight. It was much easier to come down. Just as I was getting down to good, hard work and was mispronouncing the badly written names of the children, one of my capable and over-assiduous gromes bumped into the stepladder. I was at the tip-top and on tip-toe when the catastrophe occurred. There was nothing for me to clutch but a string of popcorn, and that did not seem to bear the wear and tear of concussion.

I fell into the 'tree-top, and down came Baby Bunting and all. In my descent I stripped that glorious tree of all that was worth coveting, but I left my whiskers hanging on the topmost branch. The tree eventually upset and the ladder caromed off the superintendent's head, and there was nothing left but a fur coat, some evergreen mayonaisse and a crestfallen atmosphere. The worst of it was that the tree fell across the mouth of the fireplace and I had to stay inside the church and say the things under my breath that I wanted to say to the stars. Aside from this particular occasion all other Christmases have looked alike to me.

—George Barr McCutcheon.



TWO BLOSSOMS.

“Among the pit-falls in our way
The most of us walk blindly;
So, men, be wary, watch and pray,
And judge your brother kindly.”

An old gentleman mused in the glorious May sunshine. His grey eyes, dimmed by age, rested lovingly on the huge magnolia tree that, with the tall lilac bush, cast a long shadow on the geranium bordered park walk. He inhaled the perfume of the blossoms deeply, as he sat lost in thought. Around him scampered a cortege of merry children, playing hide and seek, quite heedless of the sign: “Keep off the Grass.” Attracted by their joyous laughter he looked at them just in time to see a prankisome Miss, who had been hiding behind the trunk of the magnolia tree, reach

up and touch a delicate petal of one of the tender blossoms. Soon after the youngsters had skipped away, some women sauntered to the same tree, and took some of the flowers, examining the bud the child had touched, but it was not plucked. More people went to the tree; more blossoms were gathered; still the flower was left caressed by the breeze.

The Old Gentleman resting heavily on his hickory cane hobbled to the tree to ascertain the reason for the bud still being there. Carefully his shrivelled hands raised the exquisitely white bud; thoughtfully he inspected it. As he broke the slender stem the fragrance of the magnolia was almost stifling. Examining the bud closely he found running along the edge of one of the graceful petals a slight discoloration caused by the mischievous fingers of the child. Thus, in an innocent way, the beauty of the bud had been marred. To the people it was imperfect and by them cast aside. But the Old Gentleman had been attracted by its sweetness, and to him it had not defect.

While thinking of the bud, which he listlessly held in his hand, the Old Gentleman looked steadily at a handsome, young woman, from whom a group of youths and maidens were standing aloof. To his mind she was infinitely fairer than those casting scornful glances at her. She seemed as far removed from the others as the bud in his hand was removed from the blossoms on the trees.

The Old Gentleman knit his bristling brow when he recalled the unsavory reports current about this young woman; for he knew their falsity. He wondered if they had ever learned the parable of the mote: It certainly was applicable to them.

Indeed this young woman's numerous acts of kindness and charity had repeatedly manifested the nobility of her character, which alas, was hidden by the reputation she bore. Ah! had not her many good deeds been sent into the world unnoticed, just as the fragrance of the bud had been? But he smiled at this thought, for he remembered that she had been appreciated by one person. A child reared in poverty; whose environments were the worst; whose father was a dissipated, evil man; whose mother was dead—fully appreciated the sterling qualities of that young woman. To this unfortunate little girl the woman went and fearlessly snatched her from the fathomless abyss into which she was about to be plunged, guided her along the path of righteousness, from which the young woman herself had never strayed. The Old Gentleman asked himself: "How many of the young people, who are now shunning her, would have done likewise?" The answer came back: "Possibly none."

The young woman turned to leave the park. She caught the friendly twinkle in the Old Gentleman's eyes and, hesitatingly ventured to smile. He graciously returned it. The young woman walked on happily. The smile was a balm to her troubled heart—it made her forget the frowns she had been receiving. The Old Gentleman's eyes brightened as he watched her disappear. To him her beautiful face, blooming with the rosy coloring of youth, was as sweet as the blossom on his knee. The magnolia was to him, a symbol of her blighted name and he considered her to be as pure as the perfume of the blossom he was holding.

—Blanche Clothilde Johnson.

Evansville.



AT CURTAIN-FALL.

Soon, I think, will fall the curtain on life's tragi-comedy,
Though I wait her all unknowing what my few last lines shall be.
I, long since, my plot unraveled, heedless how the critics caviled,
And my part is now so little there's no longer need of me.

In the far, fair days behind me when I first was on the stage,
I thought I should be the hero; to the world I flung my gage.
Ne'er a heart than mine beat gladder, fame seemed as a smooth-
ranged ladder,
Ardent, glowing heart of boyhood, how it chills and fails with age.

Then the Master of the drama gave an ancient role to play—
 Lover—in the old, yet ever-new and ever-wondrous way,
 Ah, the shine and shade of living, hasty quarrels, sweet forgiving!
 Oh, the marvel of the moonlight! Oh, the miracle of day!

All our speech was set to music, music our two glad hearts made;
I no more craved fame and fortune, loved the minor parts we played.
But the joy-dial's flying finger would not let her further linger;
Done her sweet part in the drama, from my clasping arms she
 strayed.

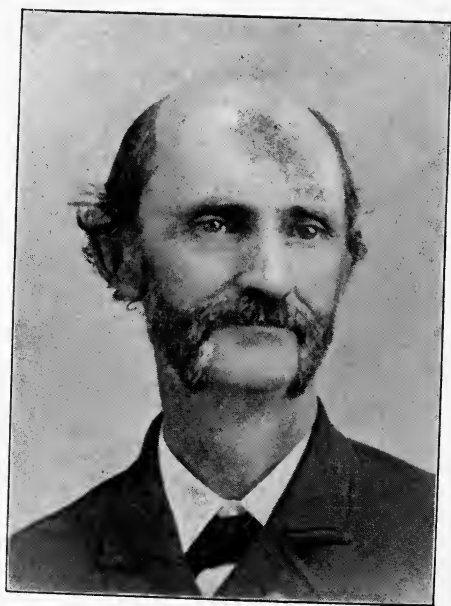
Always earth is glad, nor cares she what of loss men's hearts may
hold;
Still the red-bird called his sweetheart, still the autumn leaves
turned gold,
Still came winter's dazzling glory, still the spring-tide's flow'r-
writ story,
Lyric winds sang through the tree tops crooning dear old songs
of old.

And soft-sandaled years strewed heart's-ease and white poppies
in their flight—
Naught is left me from that love-dream, save sometime a sob at
night,
And a heart thrilled through its sadness, oftentimes by other's
gladness,
And a sweet hope ever present that somewhere 'twill all come
right.

Yes, the play is almost over, soon the curtain-bell will call;
Would I'd said my speeches better! Ah, well! He who wrote it all
Knows how hard it was to render; He can be but kind and tender
"Well done, child, you did your best," I think He'll say at curtain
fall.

—Ethel Bowman Ronald.

Marion.



EVOLUTION.

I will take my ancient lyre in my weak and trembling hand,
Though the song I find within it may be hard to understand.
'Tis the song that Nature's singing; listen to the whispering leaves,
Read its notes in vale and mountain and in history's garnered
sheaves.

You have often felt its music, with its solemn undertone
As in silence you were musing on the mystical unknown,
Or have thrilled unto its cadence, in a night of dread and woe,
As you breathed the sulphur vapor of the passion-fires below.

Have you comprehended, fully, its sweet music, as a whole,
As it sings the evolution of the spark into the soul?
Nothing is that is not changing, filled with palpitating power,
From the march of solar systems to the perfume of a flower.

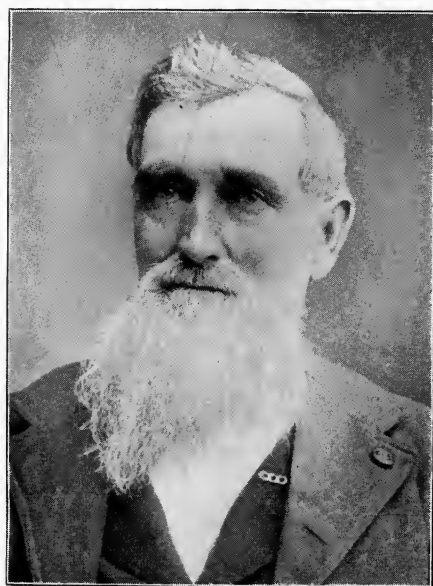
From the mire and dust beneath us, from the filthy, crawling thing
To the poor and cringing menial and the proud, empurpled king,
All creation's marching onward, not a step is made in vain,
Death is better birth and wiser, knowledge finds its root in pain.

We are part of all beneath us, we are part of all beyond,
And the tiger in our being greets the angel, pure and fond,
And the angel once was tiger, learned the lessons, crude and
strange,
Climbed to higher grades knowing through the spiral route of
change.

Do not murmur o'er a sorrow, do not trouble at a crime
Or lament the slow progression up the rugged hills of Time;
Nothing is that is not needed to evolve a grander birth,
Nothing is but builds the wisdom of the graduating earth.

Edwin Elmore Parker.

Ft. Wayne.



HOW TO MAINTAIN THE SOIL.

In the study of the question of fertility of the soil we have belief that there is not one atom more or less of anything in this world today than there was when it first came from the hand of the Creator.

Nature has constantly kept two opposite forces at work, the one tearing down, and the other building up. It is to this tearing down force that the earth owes its fertility; and to it we must look for its continuance. No difference what the component elements are that operate to tear down or change the hard dry minerals in the earth into food for plants, it is enough to know that sunshine, moisture and fair air are three of the main agents in the process, and that the deeper and freer these three agents are permitted to penetrate the ground the deeper and more abundant will be the available plant food. If you paint an iron bar and expose it to the open air the decay would be slow; put another out without the paint and the scales of rust upon it will soon give evidence of decay.

In like manner the finer you pulverize the soil, the faster will you liberate plant food.

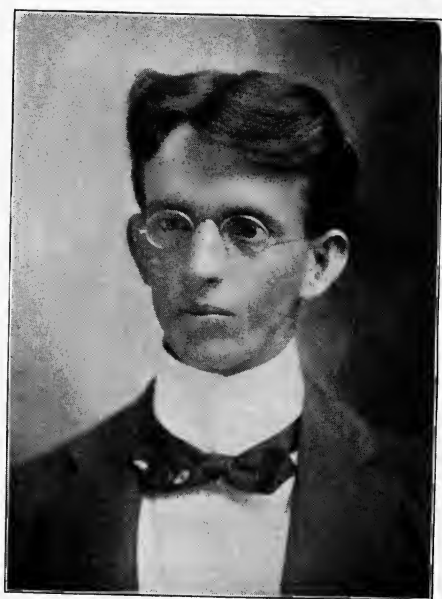
If by long continued crops, removing the entire crop without returning anything in the way of vegetation you have used up, in crops removed, the original vegetable matter, no difference how fine you have pulverized the soil it will pack so closely that the air and sunshine can only penetrate a few inches deep, which depth will mark the depth of your available plant food. And it will not take many years more to so impoverish the soil that it will not respond even to the use of commercial fertilizers because your treatment has sealed the ground against the entrance of the agents that change minerals into food for plants as completely as fruit is preserved from similar agents when sealed up in a jar.

Roots of any kind, allow the air to follow them deep into the ground, and when they decay they add humus to the ground, without which crops can no more grow than light bread can be made without yeast.

If crops have been properly cultivated through the season when they cease growing there will be considerable plant food that was released by continued pulverizing the soil, and not used up by the crop, which if left alone would leak away and be lost. But if some catch crop be turned under while in a green and tender state, will not only hand over to the succeeding crop what would otherwise have been lost, but benefit the ground in the way previously indicated.

—Leander Chapman Fish.

Shoals.



OUR COUNTRY.

Dear country, the hope of the valiant and free,
Thy exiles afar are dreaming of thee,
No fields of the earth so enchantingly shine,
No air breathes such incense, such music as thine.

Oh union of state, Oh union of souls,
Thy promise awaits, thy future unfolds,
And earth at the dawning is hailing the sun,
That rises where people and ruler are one.

The greatest, the grandest, the home of the free,
The echoes of justice and true liberty
Are heralded from ocean to east and to west,
In our own native country, the home of the blest.

Sing loud our hosannas, our country proclaim,
No other excels it in hope, love, or name.
The essence of glory in thy banner of peace,
May its influence grow, its power increase.

Oh freedom of life, Oh freedom of soul,
Our nation's our hope, our Christ is our goal,
No tyrant to govern where freedom has trod,
Our ruler's the people, our ruler is God.

Oh union of truth, Oh union of love,
Thy insignia was given by one from above,
Thy stars shall e'er shine as a pure beacon light,
And guide every nation to justice and right.

—J. Filmore Laird.

Tippecanoe.



A SUMMER GIRL.

O amber evening, O Suzanne!
The high Kentucky hill is lit
With gracious glory where the sun
Points level to the top of it;
The river-breezes rise and sigh,
The mists go up, the dark comes down,
And faint and fainter, blue and high,
The smoke hangs over yonder town.

O waves, O willows, O Suzanne!
The waves are laughing at the prow;
The willows reach their slender leaves
To touch the curls above your brow;
The waves are laughing at the prow,—
The waves are weeping on the sand;—
The light curves up, the dark creeps down
Upon us, sitting hand in hand.

And O my darling, O Suzanne,
We'll tie the boat and go ashore,
We'll tie the boat and touch the land;
But first, ah, kiss me one time more,
And one time more, before we part,—
The daylight's gone, the breezes sigh,
The waters grieve upon their way
As I on mine, Suzanne! Good bye.

—Olive Sanxay.

Madison.



APRIL SHOWERS.

Capricious, fanciful and ever changing is old mother earth, yet in all her moods we love her still, in each of her whims she is more irresistible than the last. Today she is spoiling her bright eyes with tears, but artful creature, she is hiding her face only to reappear smilingly, coaxing, teasing, more fascinating than ever. And the tears? They have a purpose, it is accomplished. They have fallen on her breast like messengers to unknown lands bidding the flowers to awaken in their bright colors and breathe their sweetest breaths and beautify their mistress.

I opened my window and leaned far out to catch the delicious air that the fresh April shower had shaken from the folds of its waterproof, and as I sat saturating myself with its freshness a brown coated friend perched himself in the topmost branch of a tree near by and from under his wet coat he drew out his little old violin. With a happy little toss of his head and a merry wink from his brown eye he looked at me as to say: "You think my violin out of tune or a string broken because I've carried it in the rain, but listen." And from the strings he brought heart songs—songs without words—the sweetest ones of all.

—Ella Schnee Bennett.

New Harmony.



TOMORROW.

(From "Starshine and Dew.")

We live too much in our To-morrow—
The day that never comes—
We reap in it, we beg, we borrow,
We pay our tax on joy and sorrow,
And long—and long—for that To-morrow—
To-morrow never comes!

To-morrow's flowers, To-morrow's singing,—
Sweet laughter runs to tears,—
To-morrow, think what it is bringing!—
To-morrow, hope is ever springing
Up just to hear To-morrow's singing;
When laughter runs to tears.

We hope—the hope dies out in fever—
The Wide Eyes look in ours,—
We pray, and then we hear forever
The wings of sighs—Ah, God! deliver,
And make us fearless by that fever
To face those Eyes in ours!

To-morrow's dawn is never given
To break upon us all;
We wake before To-morrow's heaven
Wakes for us, and our lives are riven—
Though we implore the Light is given
Never unto us all!

—Remington Allen Johnston.

Ossian.



HER WORDS.

If you will follow I will shed
Purest roses where you tread.

THE ANSWER.

No sweeter language ever fell
From mortal tongue or pen.
The sacred and enchanting spell
Awakens love's bright ken.

For who would choose a thorny path
Where goading frowns prevail,
And where for kindness tempered wrath
The quietude assail.

But where friendship's flowers bloom
And kissed by zephyrs bland,
The soul is led above life's gloom
By inspiration's hand.

I will follow where you go,
If roses bloom for me,
It makes a paradise below
Of Eden purity.

Then strew the flowers along my way,
Life's vista dark to cheer.
Not wait, them on my casket lay,
When this poor clay is sear.

What would I care, my spirit fled,
For wreaths to decorate
This form, dressed for its lowly bed;
Ah, that would be too late.

Then strew the flowers while I live
My lonely path above,
For them pure friendship I will give,
That hand will ever love.

—Edward Danville Wright.

Coatesville.



LULLABY TO THE FLOWERS.

Lullaby, hushaby, flowers go to sleep,
Mother is coming with the white sheet,
She will tuck you all snug in your beds,
While she is covering the rest of our heads.
Lullaby, hushaby, flowers go to sleep,
Mother is coming with the white sheet.

Lullaby, hushaby, the flowers are asleep,
Mother is here with the white sheet,
Now she is tucking them all snug in their beds
Now she is covering the rest of our heads.
Lullaby, hushaby, the flowers are asleep,
Mother is here with the white sheet.

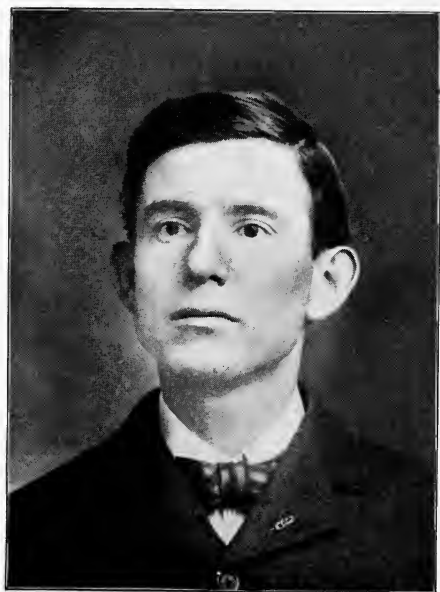
Wake up! Wake up! Spring calls out,
Wake up, little flowers, the birdies are here,
Singing their songs and flying about,
Waiting patiently for you to appear.
Wake up, little flowers, the birdies are here
Waiting patiently for you to appear.

Why should we linger, the flowers said
Come, let us be on our feet,
For every sign of winter has fled,
But this one, our mother's white sheet.
Why should we linger, the flowers said,
For every sign of winter has fled.

Hurrah! Hurrah! cried the birds all together,
For mother is gone and now we are free,
Oh! how we love this bright summer weather,
And the flowers are here too, you see.
Hurrah! Hurrah! cried the birds all together,
Oh! how we love this bright summer weather.

—Athol Biggs.

Warsaw.



THE MISSION OF LIFE.

One summer, a beautiful morning
Crept in with the passing time,
And invited the life of the valley
To weigh with a theme sublime.

The oak, and the rose, and the thistle
Were first to engage in the strife,
As to which best fulfilled its mission,
And what was its mission in life.

The oak claimed the throne of the forest
Because of his strength and his age,
And maintained that he sheltered the weary
From the sun, and the storm in its rage.

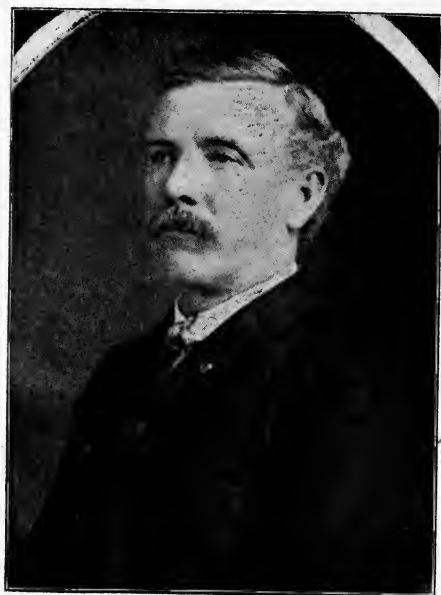
The rose made a bow to the breezes,
Thus showing her humble care,
And said that she clothed all sorrow
With her petals bright and fair.

The thistle lamented her treatment,
And gave as the reason why,
That she never once gave battle
Till she heard the battle cry.

Let the world, then, be consistent,
And attribute all that's good
To the one who made of his chances
The best of life that he could.

—Walton F. Stover.

Linton.



O AMERICA, WHAT A BURNING SHAME IS
THIS!

The nineteen centuries that have gone by
Hath seen no peace. "War!" "War!" has been
the cry
And still is heard. All nations of the earth
With war-like armor on belie the birth
Of Mary's Son. The good He came to do
Must stand aside and never will be true
Until the nations of the earth shall pause
And sheathe their swords, and listen to His laws.
But, then, ah me, I see a poor Boer die,
Across the Veldt I hear a mother's cry,
And yet the nations stand and see it all;
Let greed, and lust, and might the brave enthrall,
Brave Kruger and De Wet must stand aside
And hear the Lion roar until his Hide
Contains their Lamb. My eyes are full of tears,
My heart beats fast, my soul is full of fears.
Beneath our own bright flag I see a sight
That startles me. We know it is not right;
Across the sea our boys have died in vain,
We sought to free a land from cruel Spain.
The peace we give is of no better brand,
A Stain is on our Flag, Blood is on our Hand.
Is there no hope, no beckoning ray of light
Must we go down in darkness of the night?
Is a Phil'pino of so little worth
That we must shed his blood and stain the earth
Until it cries to heaven and brings us shame
And they shall hate our flag, our very name?
For shame! for shame! let us at least be just,
Give them their freedom, or their honor trust.

—Samuel Janes.

Pittsboro.



THE POSTMAN.

How welcome the sound of the postman's knock
As he goes from street to street,
No steps more welcome upon the walk
Than those of his busy feet.

The tidings of cheer and happy thoughts
Have found their various ways,
And friends tho' afar, near are brought
To brighten our weary days.

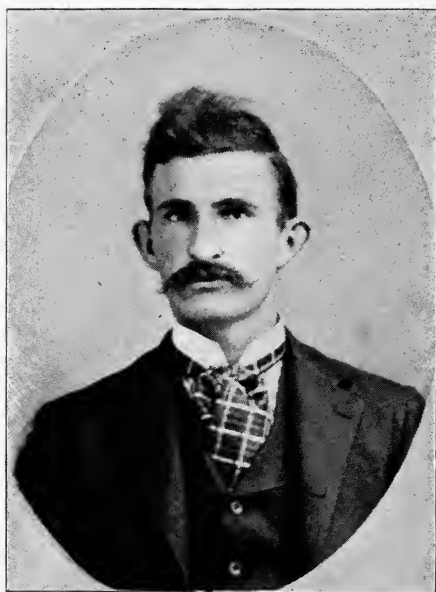
From youthful heart and the tiny hand
Come the lines as precious as gems,
Like flowers in May that brighten the land
And in memory live till life ends.

The hopeful missive from youth and maid,
His bundles ne'er fail to disclose,
The writing, if humble, no word will be said,
The theme's as fresh as a rose.

Thrice welcome the sound of the postman's step,
As he journeys from door to door,
Brings joy for today, and hope for us yet,
And love for the wealthy and poor.

—Priscilla Ainge.

Elkhart.



MY DESIRE.

I want my life to be the humble means
Of bringing sunshine where the clouds of sorrow roll ;
To help the helpless in their hours of need ;
And save some dying soul.

I want to cheer some one along life's way,
To wipe away the tears from weary, weeping eyes
To bear some weaker brother's heavy load ;
And help the fallen rise.

If by some deed of mine, or word of love
I comfort some sad life now filled with aching pain,
Bring healing to some bleeding heart,
My life is not in vain.

If I can cause hope to spring up anew
In some despairing soul where hope and faith have
died
Or often sorrow in some saddened heart
I shall be satisfied.

—Robert Blunt.

Austin.



FORGET ME NOT.

When I was young and the world seemed bright
And flowers were my chief delight
I planted in a favorite spot,
The little flower, Forget Me Not.

The plant was given me by a friend
Who said his friendship ne'er would end,
It shed its fragrant sweet perfume
Each night and morning thro' my room.

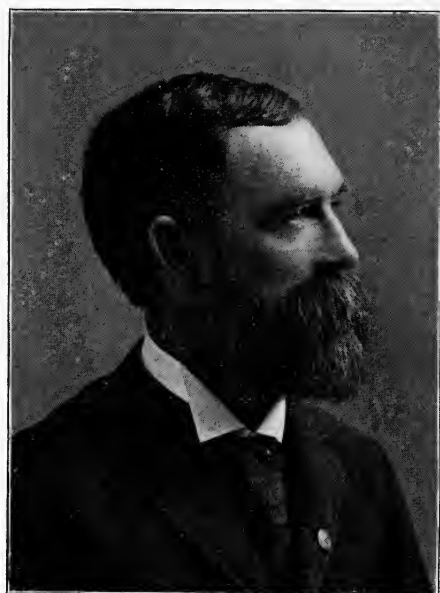
I left my plant in other's care
My fate the blossom could not share,
I left it with the faithful friend
Who said his friendship ne'er would end.

Today across the deep blue sea
A dainty missive came to me;
It said, Tho' you dear friend are gone
Forget Me Not—It still blooms on.

And when in other lands you see
This little flower so dear to me
Keep in your heart one tender spot
For the little flower—Forget Me Not.

—Jane Smyth Edwards Jones.

Washington.



THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING AT RED CROSS
PARK.

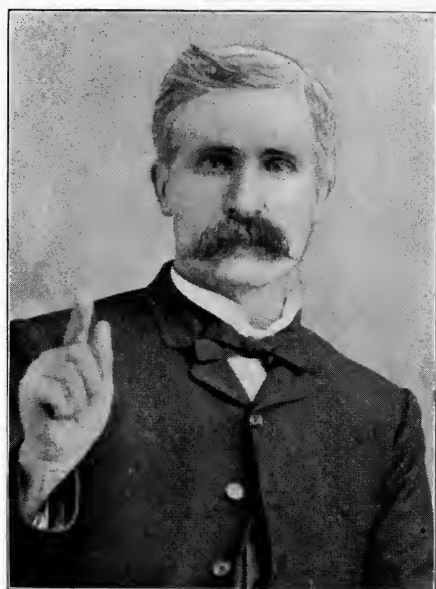
The year is dead, I saw him die ;—
I heard his last expiring sigh ;
He breathed his last in midnight gloom,
And Time conveyed him to the tomb.
His grave, I saw no mourners hem ;
As night-winds sighed his requiem.
No eye dropped one regretful tear,
A tribute to the buried year.

The year is dead! Faults great and small
Are gone with him, beyond recall ;
Then let oblivion's waters hide
Them, all profound, beneath the tide.
"Good lord what fools we mortals be!"
We spend our lives in revelry ;
Till time and death, with fixed decree
Submerge us in oblivion's sea.

Dear God, with loving hand restrain
From mad conceits and fables vain,
Our childish ways ; mid mirth and pain,
Till death, or new years comes again !

—Joseph Gardner.

Bedford.



MY NEIGHBOR'S BOY AND MINE.

The high-school had a show last night,
And of all the stars to shine;
None surpassed in brilliancy,
My neighbor's boy and mine.

They were stationed at the entrance.
Inside the swinging door;
And took up tickets right and left,
Like they'd been there before.

They took no part with the darkey crowd,
That did the minstrel act;
But when the railroad farce came on,
They got right on the track.

My neighbor's boy had an easy part,
Jist walked in the depo';
And sot down there till some one said,
'Twas time for him to go.

My boy played the "komical" role,
The country Jake, and farmer;
With whiskers red, and stogy boots,
Now wasn't he a charmer.

He sat down on a bench and looked,
Jist like a country dunce;
He hadn't a word to say in the play,
And they didn't prompt him once.

When he got up to cross the stage,
With a real farmer stride;
The audience seemed to be so pleased,
My bosom swelled with pride.

They encored him all over the house,
His mother was wild with joy;
We never dreamed such honors would fall,
Upon our darling boy.

—John Emery Troutman.

Rochester.



AN ACHING HEART.

My sad-worn heart is slowly breaking,
While time onward wings its way,
The endless monotony of constant aching
Will finally reach its goal some day.

I view the past—'tis filled with gloom,
The present is daily burthen bearing;
I realize meeting my eternity and doom
Where life ceases, and I'm done caring.

Welcome hope, come bring me cheer;
'Though your presence only lasts the while
I rest—knowing your strength is near;
In peace, I'll let my sad heart smile.

Your powerful balm can stay the pain—
Lull the aching void with peaceful art;
Your heavenly mission won't be in vain,
But, quickly, you'll heal my broken heart,

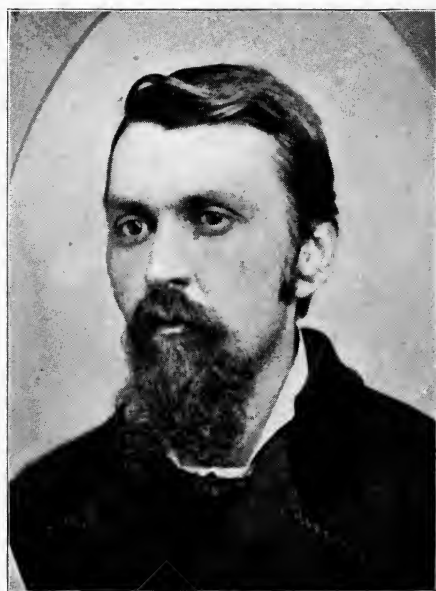
With inspiration's life-giving embrace,
You'll peacefully calm and still my breast,
Worldly tempests you'll help me face
And my aching heart soothe to rest.

Rest, rest from trouble, sorrow and grief;
My soul with rapturous joy you'll fill;
My pathway lighten across rocks and reef,
'Till in triumph I'll anchor, by God's will.

O! blessed hope, o'er life's surging sea
Waft me—never, never from me part,
Or, my aim and efforts will useless be,
While sojourning here with an aching heart.

—Mary Elizabeth Fiscus.

Coal City.



THE SPANISH FLEET.

Silently there steamed into
Manila's treacherous bay,
The commodore whom fate had named
To stand in front—some day.

Self was not predominant,
But there was work to do;
Each one was at his post—
They bade the world adieu.

There lay the Spanish fleet,
Stubborn as an angry bull;
But Dewey calmly swept the coast—
The man who's always mindful.

Ah, what a calm! 'tis always so
Before a fearful storm;
Then came the simple order
As words were ever born.

The constant roar of shot and shell
Played upon the fleet—
Leaped and ground like a nether stone,
And crushed like weighty sleet.

Round upon round was poured
By brave boys behind the guns;
'Twas an awful hour of death
For Spain's defiant sons.

Burning, sinking, bursting,
One by one the ships were dying,
While the Stars and Stripes were waving
And Dewey's missiles flying.

"Cease firing!" The mists have cleared—
Where once was living breath,
Now wrapped in folds of water,
The foe asleep in death.

'Twas a glorious victory
For Dewey and his men;
'Till the Earth shall melt with fervent heat,
The glory will last till then.

—George Edward Smith

Floyds Knob.



SUMMER NIGHT.

The dreamy night again is come;
The moon and stars to make it fair
Shine from the heaven's azure dome,
And with soft radiance fill the air.
'Tis royal summer! Crown her queen
With gems her own warm heart has bro't,
Sweet flowers, fairest earth has seen,
With golden, shining wheat inwrought.

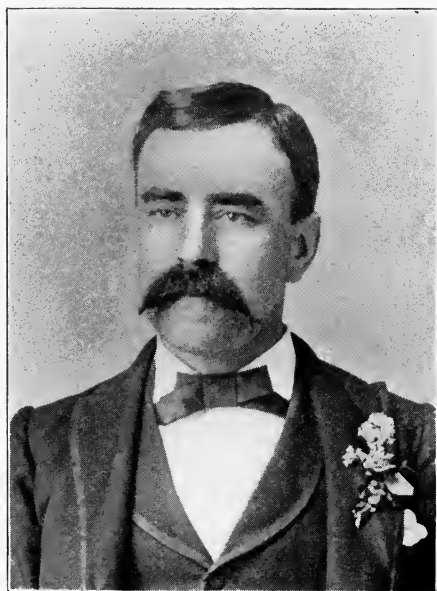
We sit within the vine-wreathed door
Where roses breathe their odors sweet;
The leaves that bend the portal o'er
Cast dancing shadows at our feet.
These leaves that through the sunny day
"Clapped all their little hands in glee,"
As night's fantastic shadows play,
Still in their dreams wave merrily.

O night, thy glories to unfold,
How slowly did the day decline,
And close its gates of burnished gold
To leave these realms of beauty thine!
We waited for thy dewy wings,
Thy silent feet, thy cooling hands;
Thy softened light new pleasure brings.
And care aloof in shadow stands.

Thou bringest blessings silent night!
Then let thy moments slowly wane,
To bring another morning's light,
To bring the hours of care again.

—Eliza LaBoiteaux Brown.

Liberty.



"INDIANA."

As o'er our country proudly floats
Our glorious "star-spangled banner,"
We wonder sometimes which one of the stars
Represents our own Indiana.

There should ever be one shining star,
In this beautiful bright constellation,
Whose effulgent rays, should dazzle the rest
As it peacefully waves o'er the nation.

This single star we will cherish and love,
We have christened it—"Grand Indiana."
May its brilliancy never fade or be dimmed,
For its people are gentle of manner.

Our prairies stretch far away to the north,
Pearly lakes fitly jewel the land,
Our forests are noted far over the world,
And our caverns are famous and grand.

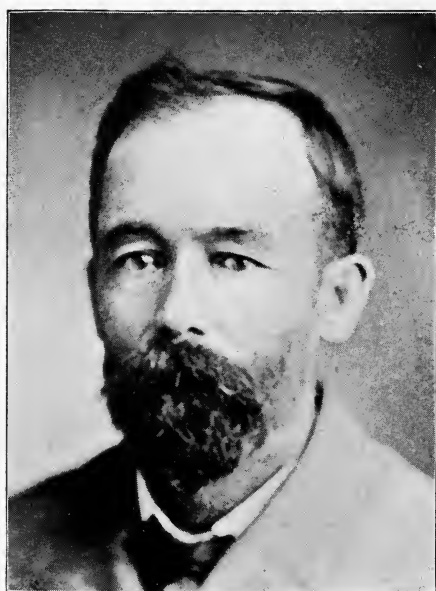
Indiana is justly proud of its schools,
Its churches, and culture and art;
And proud of its cities, and pleasant homes,
Where all are welcomed with generous heart.

Indiana is famed for her natural gas,
And her valuable quarries of stone.
She is equally proud of her mines of coal,
For her minerals are second to none.

Indiana's fair girls and brave boys,
Are scattered all over the earth;
But in whatever clime they may be,
They still boast of their Hoosier birth.

From the esthetic east, to the rugged west,
From the great lakes to mild Louisiana,
Where'er we go, let us never forget
To love and respect Indiana.

—Oscar Canada Salyards.



EXTRACTS FROM "THE SULTAN'S LAST RACE."

I longed for, yet dreaded, the message,
That my pathway in life would decide;
Was Death, that grim monster, the victor?
Was she at that moment his bride?
Yet Hope, oft delusive, still lingered,
Though with ruin the ranches were gray;
On the brink of despair, I remembered,
It was SULTAN that bore her away.

The fire burned out, ere the sun went down;
It was then, that I ceased to chafe;
For the Major rode up with the joyful news,
"Mary and Sultan are safe,—
He brought her away from this burning plain,
Like a meteor cleaving the air,—
A few black specks on her long white dress,
And the smell of the smoke in her hair."

Three cheers were sent up by the cow-boys,
When they knew what the Sultan had done;
A cheer for the girl, a cheer for the steed,
And a cheer for the race he had won.
Then the bravest of all the brave boys said.
"The poor little prairie flower,
What we endured for a half a day
Would have done her to death in an hour."

This tale is yet told on the Brazos,
And this eye-witnesses say;
"An Angel in white, on a flying steed,
Went South through the smoke that day."

—Albert Greenwood.

Newport



AMERICA FOR WOMEN.

America, thou land of the free,
What good thing shall we tell of thee?
Thou "land of the free and home of the brave,"
O'er whose sunlit fields the starry flags wave.
What sort of a record dost thou daily make?
Will the future years thy praises awake?
Art thou blessing or cursing mankind every day?
O "land of the noble free" what canst thou say?
"Many long years ago across the broad sea,
Lived a man named Columbus, a brave man was he;
Strange thoughts filled his mind, and he earnestly tried
To find a new way 'cross the waters so wide.
"But money he lacked, and many an hour
He hopefully prayed that some higher power
Might open a way that his plans might be blest,
And he be able to sail far away to the West.
"At last 'twas a woman who gave him the aid;
Brave Queen Isabella a sacrifice made,
Her jewels so bright she willingly gave,
That a trial be given Columbus the brave.
"After months of privation and dangers untold,
I, America, was found, with millions in gold;
And a woman, remember, furnished the way
That found me the land so much blest today.
"I am known far and near as the friend of the poor,
No one howe'er humble is turned from my door,
There's room and a welcome for all of mankind,
And happiness, joy and comfort they find.
"In no other land has woman such power,
She's honored and favored each day and hour,
She teaches our children, and office she holds,
She's working for God and salvation of souls.
"In the broad mission fields no other can do
One-half of the good that woman so true
Is doing for heathen now groping in sin;
She goes forth a martyr sure victory to win.
"I, America, am proud that my women are true
To God, and to me, keeping goodness in view,
And as long as He reigneth and ruleth above,
May they keep 'unity of spirit in bonds of love.'"

—Anna Sublette Jones.

Alexandria.



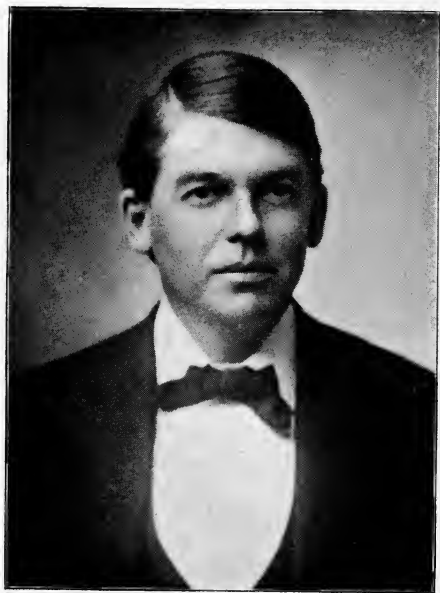
REST FOR THE WEARY.

It was a warm summer evening when a lad of probably sixteen came slowly up to the gate near a fine country mansion. His clothes were ragged and ill-fitting but he seemed clean in other ways. His shoes were badly worn. An old straw hat covered a growth of long flaxen hair.

As he raised the latch to enter he caught the sound of merry voices on his left. Just then a smiling face peered cautiously through the leafy screen of a near by grape arbor, and a pleasant voice called the boy's attention. He entered and silently closed the gate behind him and walked rapidly toward the arbor. Soon he saw an opening and going up to it he looked inside, where he saw two girls and a boy all a few years younger than himself. The eldest girl invited him into the house. She started and he followed, and they soon came to the entrance. She opened the door and ushered him into a cozy room, where a beautiful lady was sitting near a window sewing. She looked up as they entered. The interruption was soon explained, and that the lad seemed tired and hungry. The woman led the way to an adjoining room where an appetizing supper was soon served. After satisfying his hunger he was asked to enter another room where a bed was prepared for him. He was told that it was at his disposal and the lady withdrew. He quickly undressed and laid down, and was soon in the land of pleasant dreams.

—Gus Van Osdoll.

Holton.



THE TRAGEDY OF RED MOUNTAIN.

A few miles to the north of Birmingham, Alabama, rises a great cone of earth which is known in that vicinity as Red Mountain. High above the crests of the surrounding mountain peaks the pointed summit of this great cone of red earth rears its head. Upon the southern face of the mountain, near the top of it, is the entrance to an underground cavern.

Shortly after the close of the Civil War a small band of guerillas under the leadership of an outlaw of the name of Podington,—Lucifer Podington—frequented the mountains of south-west Alabama. The frequent depredations of this lawless band were such as to keep the law-abiding citizens of that section in a state of constant fear. The governor of the state had set a price upon the head of Captain Podington; and, although Podington was well known by many of the citizens of Birmingham, and was frequently seen in that locality, his capture was never accomplished by mortal man.

One hot summer night,—it was in the month of June of the year 1872—Podington and his lawless crew, who happened to be skulking in the vicinity of Birmingham, took refuge in the cavern beneath Red Mountain. That night a thunder storm broke in all its fury about the crest of Red Mountain. The rain came down in sheets and torrents which loosened the red earth which held in place a great boulder which hung above the spacious doorway of the natural cavern. The huge boulder, loosened by the rain together with tons of earth, slid from its place, completely filled the cavern's mouth and entombed, alive, the lawless band who slumbered within!

Some years after this occurrence had taken place, a party of hunters who were digging for a marmot discovered and reopened the entrance of this cavern. Within this spacious sepulchre was found the bones of seven horses and the skeletons of seven men.

In one corner of this tomb, apart from his comrades, was found a human skeleton sitting upon the damp floor of the cave with its back resting against the wall of the cavern. Beside the grinning skeleton lay a brace of rusted pistols and a small tin case, within which was a leather-bound diary. Upon the last musty page of this diary was written, in a firm, bold hand, these words:

“Gone to join the Last Muster,”

June 7th, 1872.

Lucifer Podington,
Cap't. Army C. S. A.”

—Edgar Lee Maines.



"IT IS FINISHED."

"It is finished," cried the Savior, as He groaned at Calvary;
As He gave His precious life-blood, that through faith we might be
free;

As He suffered here below; as He paid the debt we owe,
In His precious life-blood's flow—paid it all for you and me.

It is finished! It is finished! Jesus has prepared the way.
He has built the sure foundation that eternally shall stay.
Why dispute the words He said? Why reject the blood He shed,
That can quicken from the dead wandering souls in sin, astray?

It is finished—what is finished? Ah! salvation's way is done.
It was finished in the life-blood of the Father's righteous Son.
That which justice has denied Jesus has for thee supplied.
If thou only wilt abide in His grace, oh wandering one.

It is finished! It is finished! And the plan is now complete.
Come and lay thy heavy burden down at Jesus' bleeding feet.
Come and trust thy risen Lord; lean upon His mighty word;
Find within His blood interred holy peace, supreme and sweet.

Christ has made the great atonement; He the law has satisfied;
And He bids us not in justice, but in grace divine abide.
Erring soul long gone astray, hear His voice so earnest say
"Why reject! Why turn away from the Friend who for thee died?"

Ah! thy load is black and heavy, and thy soul is fallen low,
And the way seems dark and gloomy, and thy guilt is great I know:
But doest thou in sin forget Jesus loves thee even yet!
Ah, He paid the awful debt when He suffered long ago.

He has paid the awful ransom, and He calls to thee to-day.
Gentle, loving are the accents, oh! why wilt thou disobey?
He thy soul will now retrieve if thou only wilt believe.
Come—the gift of life receive; Claim His promise while you may

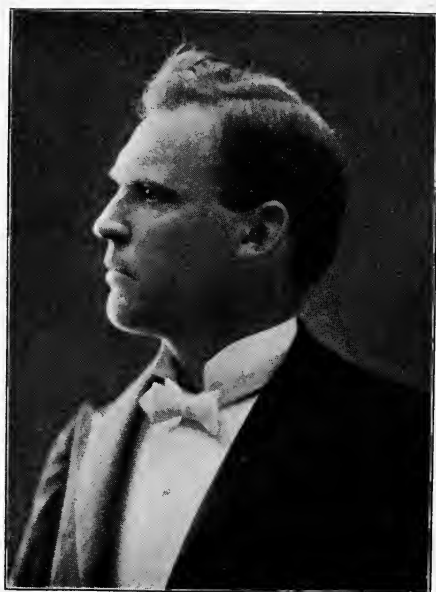
It is finished! It is finished! Over land and over sea,
Herald forth the joyous message: Christ has died to make you free!
On the cross He long ago paid the awful debt you owe
In His precious life-blood's flow—paid it all to ransom thee!

It is finished! It is finished! Jesus, at thy bleeding feet,
Helpless, dead and lost I fling me now to claim Thy promise sweet.
Oh, my soul is all a blight—sin has made it black as night,
But I come to Thee for light—Thou canst save and make complete.

It is finished! It is finished! Jesus, Thou and Thou alone,
Canst for all my black transgressions and my sinful deeds atone.
I've no recompense to bring, at Thy feet, oh, Christ, to fling.
Simply to Thy word I cling; It can ne'er be overthrown.

—Gertrude Phoebe Doerr.

Brownstown.



FLASHES OF WISDOM.

Our yesterdays are but our tomorrows with whiskers on.

* * * *

There are more fine intellects buried in laziness than are buried in poverty.

* * * *

Mistakes are like crooked corn rows; you can't see them until they are made.

* * * *

A man must first make a success of himself, before he can make a success of life.

* * * *

Some men are not a success anywhere, except at the little end of a cigar or pipe stem.

* * * *

I have seen people so stingy that they seldom took a full breath for fear their lungs would wear out.

* * * *

In some respects people are like bricks; they are made of clay. The difference seems to be, principally, in the quality of the clay.

* * * *

This is a very wicked world we live in, though very few people care to leave it even when called upon to go, because they are not quite sure of their destination.

* * * *

There is only one valid contract, made on full consideration, that you are not bound to live up to, and that is the marriage contract. The courts will not only refuse to make you live up to it, but they will help you break it.

* * * *

Fools, like orators, are born, not made. For this the orator is not to blame, neither is the fool. About the only difference between them is, you can make a fool out of an orator, but you can't make an orator out of a fool. Every man is a fool some time in his life. A wise man may profit by experience, but a fool never does.

* * * *

Do not do things on weekday that you would be ashamed to do on Sunday—manual labor excepted. If you do not live a Christian on Weekday, your Sundays will be too short in which to get forgiveness for your meanness.

* * * *

When you are dead those who were your nearest friends will tell your good deeds; those whom you robbed will think of your bad deeds; God will judge you by all your deeds. You will be a good deal longer dead than you were alive.

* * * *

Quit your shamming now. Tomorrow will be too late.

John Baker.

Angola.



JIM CLEVERS.

He Looks Ahead and Makes Preparations for the Future.

Mister Editor—It are a long time till the presidenshel campane yet, but I have been swingin round the sircle and consultin with some ov the leading dimicrats in the country. They believe in takin time by the forelock, or some other kind ov lock, and beginning the work of preparation, with some previousness.

The main troubles to be overcome are that ther's so many kinds ov dimocratic prinssiples an they all hav to be compermised. Thers the hard money Dimocrat what wears a standin collar an a ramrod backbone, an the free silver Dimacrat what has hayseed in his hair an spectacles in the bosom of his britches. Then thers the ante expanshun and imperialism dimacrats, an a whole lot of other kinds. I wish there were only one kind of dimacrats jest fer handiness.

I found out that the main trouble in the future would be to get up a nashel platform that would suit all parties, an I hav undertook to serround the difficulty. I am going to get it up on an entirely new plan. The ida was suggested to me by a tin sign I seen in Frank Brown's groserly. It were one of these signs what read different when you look at them from different sides. It were a soap sign, and when you are in front, it reads: "Ivory Soap," When you are on the other side it reads: "It floats," and when you are on the other side it reads: "Fits the Hand."

Now that are the way I am going to get up the next Nashnel Dimacrat platform. I am workin on it now, and when it are finished, ef you look at it from New York an the effete east it will read: "Gold Standard-Sound Currensy;" ef you look at it from Nebraska an the boundless west it will read, "Free-Silver—16 to 1" an ef you look at it from Ind yana an the middle west it will read, "No expansun—Free Trade."

It are a great work, but I will pull through ef I don't go crazy and the ink bottle holds out. The ida are not entirely new, fer it are the plan that Bryan made his speeches on last campane, an the boys sa that I am as smart as Bryen.

Shoalf

Cyrus M. Hane.



A SCULPTOR.

He stood in his Atelier
And modeled in clay,
The dreams of his soul
Were soon to see day.

Each stroke of the hammer
To life it awoke,
And he chiseled away
Until it quite spoke.

At last he stepped back
His work to admire,
Her contour was perfect,
All soul could desire.

SOLILOQUY.

You're sacred to me
You're all that is pure,
You take me to realm
Earth cannot allure.

Sold to a Croesus
Because of his pelf,
Can I sell my soul?
You, best of myself.

No, "Art Collector"—
I desecrate art!
The soul of my soul
And heart of my heart!

All in creation
Could not fill the void
You my fair statue
Would take from poor Lloyd.

Have said I have loved,
Ah! never before,
'Tis my affinity,
(What can I wish more?)

—MEB Culbertson.

Richmond.



SLEEP ON.

Sleep on, my darling boy, sleep on,
And let the smile that blossoms on thy lips
Bespeak the breaking of the dawn
In dreamland's happy realms, where sunwashed
ships
In placid harbors **ever** lie at ease,
Laden with souls from o'er earth's stormy seas.

Sleep on; I would not have thee wake
To meet the years that hold so much of wrong;
Far better now that thou shouldst take
Thy one short year, matchless with mother-
song,
And make it part of thine eternal dream,
Under the skies of paradise agleam.

Sleep on. What though thine eyes shall miss
Fair summer dawns and sun-enraptured days?
What though thy lips know not the kiss
Of one pure woman whom love's scepter sways?
Thou, too, shalt miss the blinding storms that
break
Across the winter world in summer's wake.

Thy heart the pulse of pain shall miss,
That follows close a fair false woman's crime.
The hovel and the harlot's kiss
Can claim thee not. Beyond the touch of time,
Calm and secure thy sinless spirit lies
Safe in the harbor of the happy skies.

Sleep on; and blessed is the thought
That thou shalt wake no more amid the pain
Of stifling days and nights with terror fraught.
Under the drifting snow and summer rain,
We leave thy little form of faded clay;
Thy soul in some far haven sings to day.

—Edmund Jay Wilson.

Dublin.



HOW THE TIME ROLLED BY.

When Marigold Ainsworth was seventeen years old her father died, leaving her an heiress. Her mother died during her infancy, and a step-mother came to govern the home just two years prior to the Judge's death.

Marigold was beautiful, perfectly formed, haughty and high spirited. She and her step-mother did not live harmoniously and one afternoon a long conference was held with Professor Harry Hawthorne, of the Village Academy with a result that Miss Marigold was packed off to his keeping. Hawthorne had long loved the charming girl, but his love had been well hidden from everyone.

Marigold accidentally overheard the conference between her mother and the Professor, and determined to disprove the ugly charges of wildness, and show the world what metal she was made of—and she did. Her studies were well learned, her deportment such as to cause wonderment from the other students, the Professor and her step-mother. The examination was passed with high merit and the term ended.

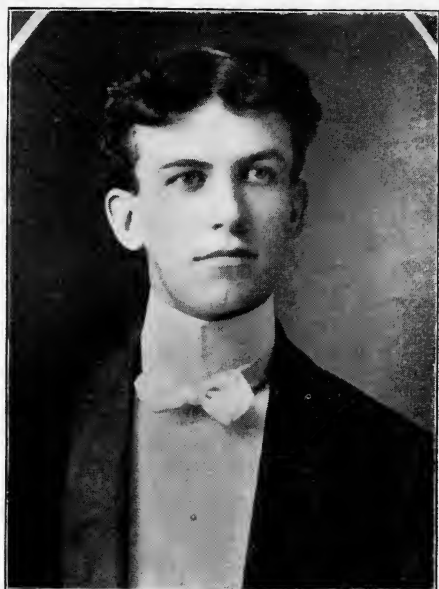
The evening of the final day Marigold visited the empty school-room for her books. The bareness and cheerlessness of the familiar and beloved room was impressive. She glanced at the big chair occupied by the Professor and went to it. She saw his manly, loving face; his kind words were in her ear and throwing herself upon the empty chair sobbed aloud, "My Master" and knew then she loved him. A quick step, a frantic "My Angel" and the Professor held her in both arms as he poured forth his love in the happy girl's burning ears. He told her how long he had loved her and how hard he would work for her happiness. But he must go away and earn that which would keep her forever in surroundings equal to her home life. She could not speak—her love was so great. He grasped both her white hands and told her he would not kiss her lips, he never wanted her to allow that, until she could give her hand and heart with the kiss. He then left her.

Twenty years rolled away and Marigold still beautiful and even more graciously queenly, occupied the old homestead. Her step-mother had married a rich man, leaving the old place in sole charge of Marigold. Time had not changed the proud and beautiful woman, excepting one or two grey hairs just above the temple, adding to her regal beauty. She often thought of her school-master and often softly said "How the time rolls by" but she did not grow old with the passing years, and remained Marigold Ainsworth. Many offers of marriage she had, and from those in wealth and high rank. Her heart was with Harry Hawthorne and always would be. Her friends, associates and neighbors finally decided she was either stony-hearted or had given her heart to an unknown one far, far away. And they guessed right.

On the day of her thirty-fifth birth, she was more cheery and happy than in many former ones. She mused and thought of her absent one all day. At eventime the maid brought up a card—"Harry Hawthorne"—and her soul was filled with love. Their meeting was a joyous one. He was just fifty years old that day and told her he had returned a rich man to claim the only love of his heart. He battled against the thought that she had married or even died, and now that he found her the same beautiful, gracious, queenly Marigold, he wanted her forever. She simply raised her ruby lips and pressed them lovingly to his, saying: "You told me to give my kiss to the man I loved and would marry—and there it is."

In the large brown mansion on the picturesque hill just beyond the quiet village, rests within its portals one of the happiest families known in that section. Beautiful Marigold with her bright daughter and lively boy make a lovely setting around the brightly burning log fire as the Honorable Henry Hawthorne, glancing over his paper, views the scene. His wife glances up to catch his fond eye, and quietly slipping over to his side, winds both arms around his neck and softly murmurs: "Kiss me Harry—we will always be happy." And so they are. The rolling of Father Time makes more certain the determined vow registered years ago by the loving mother and wife—to show the world what kind of metal she was made of. Her destiny was made when she overheard her stepmother's charges against her. Happily so.

—Alma Esther King.



HOOSIER SCHOOL DAYS.

On the country school house!
That stood on yonder hill;
Is still a source of pleasure
For the memories it has filled.
There midst youths enchantment
We look back and with pride
Remember long ago the days,
When we stood on the old hill side.

We were but lads and lasses.
What jolly times we found
Wandering mid the oak trees
And playing on the ground.
There the railroad crossed the corner,
And the brook right down below
Was another shady spot
Where the boys had learned to row.

And then the spellin' school
In the fall when the nights were cold
We'd hitch up Deck and Blister
And then we'd get a scold;
Ma afeärin' us wild children
Would have a run-a-way,
But we'd pay no attention
For we knew it was her way.

And I recollect Aunt Dosey
Who came to school one day,
Agrumblin' cause her Johnnie
Got hurt when in a play.
Our teacher he was frightened
'Cause he was but a mite,
And when Aunt Dosey shook her fist,
He said that she was right.

All those rustic scenes
Can never be forgot:
The house, the hill, the valley
And the little shady spot.
Altho the brook has dried away
And the oak grove disappeared
There are still some silent pathways
That bring back by gone years.

Oh the country school house!
That stood on yonder hill;
Is still a source of pleasure
For the memories it has filled.
There midst youths enchantment
We look back and with pride
Remember long ago the days
When we stood there side by side.

—Howard Dean Chapel.



CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is a prophetic day, the fullness of which we cannot comprehend, neither could the wise men of the East comprehend the meaning of "Christ," whose birth was the first Christmas; they came to worship an earthly king, while all the time they were doing homage to the Great Messiah, the king of the world.

No word in the language has so many shades of meaning to different persons as Christmas. No anniversary of the calendar means so little to one or so much to another.

Here and there we meet people who fully comprehend the importance of Christmas and we find them enjoying the truest happiness from its observance. To the common mind all too often it's a day of selfish pleasure. To the Christian the birth of Christ means the birth of worship.

True worship is universal, it not only is the comprehension of the life and teachings of Christ, giving to Him the love due Him, but also there is due from each one a love for one another. For it is the manifestation of brotherly love that makes Christmas the happiest day of the year.

In olden times it was kept by fasting and prayer. But as the current of time passes away so do manners and customs of the people change, and today Christmas is kept by feasting and giving presents. This is the custom of the people in general, yet each individual celebrates it differently. Sometimes it is celebrated by the chimes of the marriage bell; sometimes by a visit of the Angel of Death. Some enjoy the day by dancing and drinking wines, while others go among the poor lending aid and speaking sympathizing words, or even giving a friendly smile, by which often-times a wayward or fallen piece of humanity is raised and pointed to a better life.

And what could be a greater deed, at this glad season of the year than to be the good Angel who could bring hope into some one's life; then we could join our voices in sweetest harmony—"Love One Another." Asking also that God may bless "Every One." This is Christmas in all its nobleness and sincerity.

Then why could not every one celebrate Christmas correctly and enjoy it perfectly? We are feasting upon all the products of the ages past, and enjoy the best opportunities yet known in the world's history of advancement, we rest under the protecting wing of the greatest and most advanced nation of the world.

Christmas is also a day of Thanksgiving; the thanks, however, should not be wrought in the market places and street corners that they may be heard of by men, but should be answered in the asking.

So let each Christmas be brighter and brighter because we sway the reigns of empire in command for the good of human kind as some men scheme its evil: Then will blessings bright crown for all happy Christmas greetings.

—Lottie Garner South.



GOOD BYE.

How strangely sweet the melody
That sounds in some wild minor key
Across the lute strings of the heart,
When e'er with loved ones we must part;
With overflowing eyes we try
To say those words, "Good bye, good bye."

Or when at night some fancy old,
Some story of a love untold
Comes flitting through the memory,
Then passes for eternity,
And the night winds in the poplars sigh
Those tender words, "Good bye, good bye."

—Homer Elbert Cotton

Bloomington.



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